

FINANCIAL TIMES

Weekend FT
Sprawling madness of the modern Olympics



The farmer who left the herd



A full-time job being oh so naughty



World Business Newspaper

WEEKEND JULY 13/JULY 14 1996

N Ireland peace moves 'in ruins' after marches

The president of Sinn Féin, Gerry Adams, said the peace process in Northern Ireland had been left in 'absolute ruins' by the police decision allowing Protestants to march through Catholic areas.

European Court rejects beef ban appeal
The European Court of Justice rejected the UK government's appeal for an immediate lifting of the European Union's worldwide ban on British beef exports.

British Royal divorce terms agreed
Britain's Prince and Princess of Wales will start divorce proceedings on Monday, ending the heir to the throne's 15-year marriage on August 28.

Credit Lyonnais, the troubled French state-owned banking group, rejected suggestions that it had gone against normal practice in allocating only a small proportion of its FF40bn (\$7.75bn) issue to other French banks.

Czech confidence vote postponed
Czech prime minister Václav Klaus attacked a decision by the opposition Social Democrats to postpone a parliamentary vote of confidence in his new centre-right coalition government.

Seoul to reform stock exchanges
South Korea announced reforms to the Seoul stock market after the arrest of the nation's top securities regulator who was accused of accepting at least Won110m (\$135,000) from companies seeking listings.

Hollywood boost for Scotland
Hollywood films about Scotland helped lift tourism spending by 7 per cent increase to £2.2bn (\$3.4bn) there, after a fall of 8 per cent the previous year.

Fall in US sales: US retail sales fell last month after a big gain in May, providing the first hint that the pace of economic growth may slow after a strong second quarter.

London stocks weather Wall St storm
London stocks stabilised to end the day slightly down after an uneasy morning when dealers feared another sell-off in US shares after Thursday's 83-point decline.

Japan hangings prompt protests
Japanese human rights groups protested against the hanging of three convicted murderers the first executions under the seven-month-old administration of Prime Minister Ryutaro Hashimoto.

Approval for RSI probe: The US House of Representatives blocked a Republican attempt to stop the federal government investigating repetitive strain injuries.

China offers N Korea food aid: China has offered 100,000 tonnes of food to North Korea to prevent famine after floods destroyed crops last year, improving ties that had cooled in recent years.

Steffi Graf's father to face trial
Peter Graf, the father of tennis star Steffi Graf, will go on trial in September on charges of attempting to evade nearly \$14m in taxes.

Companies in this issue
Alzyme 5 Lloyds Bank 4
BAA 4 Mediaset 1
British Bloodstock 5 Network Technology 5
British Energy 4 Proteus Int 5
Chrysler 1 Sandvik 5
Continental Foods 5 Somerfield 24
Credit Lyonnais 5 TelQuest Ventures 3
GE 5 Telepi 5
Gesteing 5 Telesat Canada 5
Kantahl 5 Time Warner 5
Kish 5 Vernone 4
Kvaerner 5 Volvo 5
LTCB 5 WTC 3
Littlewoods 4 Zetters 4

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Alleged payments to former Socialist party

Former Italian PMs face trial on political funding

Two former Italian prime ministers, Mr Silvio Berlusconi and Mr Bettino Craxi, have been ordered to stand trial for illegal funding of the former Italian Socialist party.

The charges relate to Mr Livolati's role at Fininvest, where he was finance director and is still chief executive. Mr Livolati said he was 'astounded' by the decision, and could not understand how investigators had 'involved me in a case which I have absolutely nothing to do with'.

invest has pledged to maintain cash and liquid assets of at least £3,000bn to cover any liabilities. Mr Fedele Confalonieri, Mediaset and Fininvest chairman, said that directors would resign if they were found guilty of wrongdoing.

Chrysler quarterly profits surge to \$1.72bn



South Africa's president Nelson Mandela came to Trafalgar Square yesterday on the final day of his visit to England. He gave a farewell address from South Africa House, long the scene of anti-apartheid demonstrations. Report, Page 4; Interview, Page 8

Chrysler - the smallest but most profitable of the US 'Big Three' carmakers - saw its pretax profit surge from \$238m in the second quarter of last year to \$1.72bn this year.

Lloyd's confirms recovery with £1bn profit

Rebel Names set to lose battle as insurance market anticipates backing for rescue plan

Lloyd's of London yesterday confirmed its turnaround in some style, reporting a record £1.084bn (£1.08bn) profit for 1995 under its three year accounting system.

Lloyd's is also expected to see off convincingly a challenge by rebel Names seeking substantial improvements to the package, which includes a £3.1bn out-of-court settlement.

plan has won the backing of most large Names 'action groups'. Mr David Rowland, chairman, is expected to say on Monday that only £25m-£30m has been raised from syndicate agents on top of the £260m committed so far.

Yeltsin orders more troops after second Moscow bomb

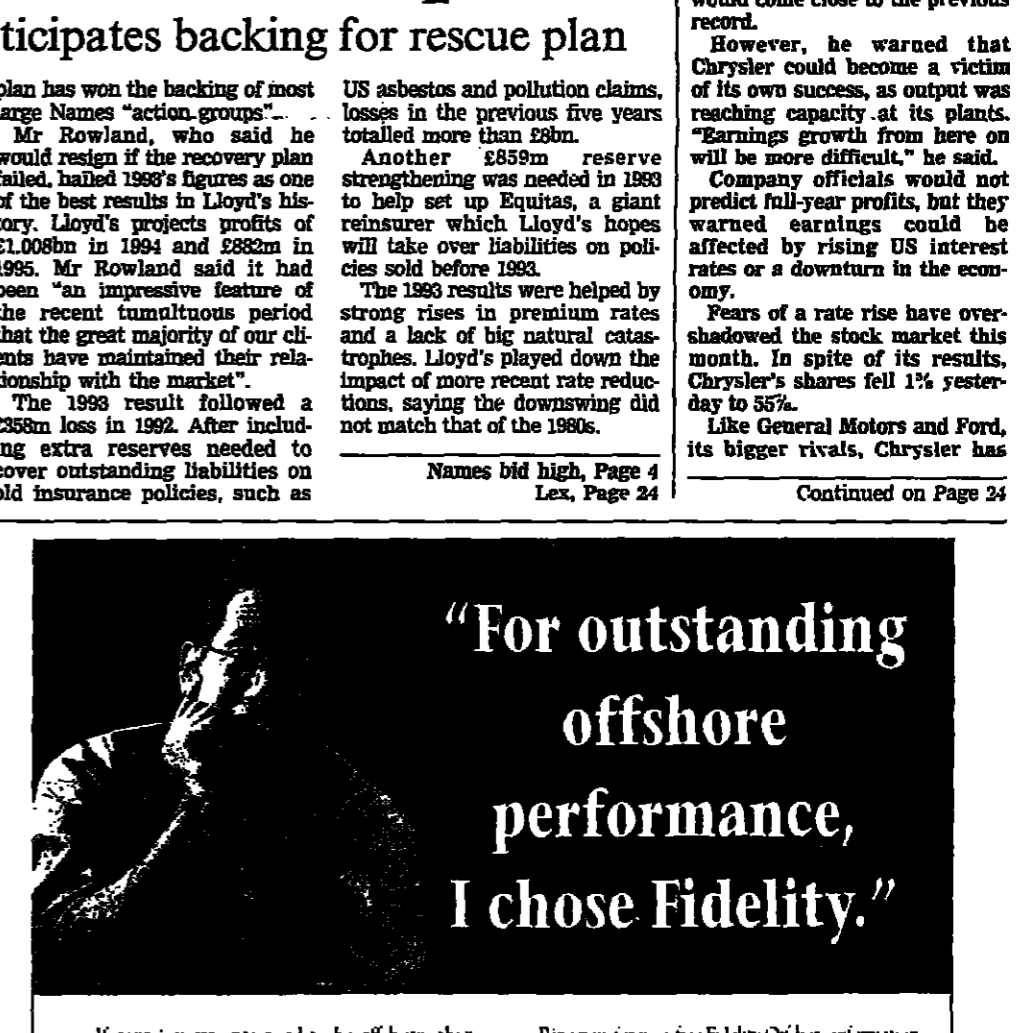
Russian president Boris Yeltsin yesterday pledged top action against terrorism and his government ordered 1,000 extra troops into Moscow yesterday after a bomb exploded on a trolleybus, injuring 28 passengers.

may have grown accustomed to violence in the shadowy business world, but they are still not used to terrorist outrages.

Mr Luzhkov said the incident could be the work of Chechen terrorists protesting at the latest surge of fighting in southern Russia, or organised criminal elements trying to deter the security services from moving against them.

Table with 4 columns: FT-SE 100, FT-SE Eurotrack 100, FT-SE-A All-Share, Nikkei, Dow Jones Ind Ave, S & P Composite, US LUNCHTIME RATES, NORTH SEA OIL (Average), LONDON MONEY, STOCK MARKET INDICES, STERLING, DOLLAR, GOLD, CONTENTS

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NEWS: INTERNATIONAL

US sales fall may presage growth dip

By Michael Prouse in Washington

US retail sales fell modestly last month after a big gain in May, providing the first hint that the pace of economic growth may slow in coming months after an uncomfortably strong second quarter.

trend remained quite strong. Sales rose at an annualised rate of 5.5 per cent in cash terms in the second quarter as a whole. Excluding cars, a volatile sector, the annualised increase was 9.3 per cent.

Congress votes to prolong a study of RSI

By Jurek Martin in Washington

The US House of Representatives has voted down a Republican attempt to prevent the federal government from even investigating repetitive strain injuries, one of the most frequent contemporary workplace afflictions.

the problem, which has spread in the last decade to affect notably computer keyboard users. The bill's sponsors immediately blamed their defeat on what Congressman Henry Bonilla, the Republican from Texas, described as the "strong arm of organised labour".

Chechen casualties rise as Russians continue offensive

Dozens of Chechen civilians were reported to have been killed or wounded yesterday as heavy fighting continued across the rebel region for a fourth day and Russian aircraft dropped bombs on a village, agencies report from Moscow.

bombs hitting the village and sending up clouds of smoke and dust. Russian troops launched an attack against the village on Tuesday, saying a big group of rebels was stationed there.



A Chechen fighter holding a wound on his head near the village of Gheki, which was bombed yesterday by Russian aircraft.

West has last word in Russia

Chrystia Freeland reports on a linguistic invasion by 10,000 English words

After painstakingly puzzling out Russia's Cyrillic script, foreign visitors these days are likely to discover that the exotic alphabet disguises phrases as familiar as *blue jeans* and *computer accessories*.

underlings to erase the *faul* (file) from the *komputer*. If these precautions fail, some Russian businessmen may resort to the services of a *killer*, or professional assassin.

and senior politicians reports directly to the president and is charged with drafting a series of laws to defend the Russian language, possibly including regulations on language use in the mass media and restrictions on non-Russian advertisements in public places.

words like *troutier* (from the French *trout*, or pavement). The cudsels were taken up again after the second world war by Stalin. Part of a "battle against bowing low before the west", the dictator's war on borrowed words sought to replace terms such as *buldozer* and *eksikator* (excavator) with more long-winded Russian equivalents.

Subsidy row over new French sports stadium

By David Owen in Paris

A Paris court yesterday questioned whether French taxpayers should compensate the managers of the new national stadium being built north of Paris for "unexpected events", such as the cancellation of football matches.

the grounds the document may have broken the government's own rules on subsidies. But the decision is not expected to affect construction of the 80,000-seat stadium, which is due to be opened in 18 months' time and to host the 1998 football World Cup final.

named contested by France, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. The first official match the stadium is to host is the France versus England rugby union fixture set for February 1998, but England is currently in a dispute with France and the other three countries over a separate television deal signed by England's Rugby Football Union, and may be excluded from the Five Nations tournament.

which holds the licensing contract. The ruling, which is the latest in a number of recent judicial interventions on high-profile aspects of French life, may have a bearing on how the holders of the contract are compensated for unexpected developments, such as cancelled fixtures.

interpreted as such a subsidy. But the government agency said the decision had "no direct effect on the contract. Nor did it call into question the construction of the stadium. France will be ready to host the 1998 World Cup in the best of conditions," it said.

of "unexpected events" could include the consortium's failure to find a French first division football team to make its home at the stadium. Under the contract, the consortium stands to be compensated for such a failure, with the amount put by Mr Pierre Parisot, its chairman, at FF700m a year initially, rising to FF770m.

Czech opposition flexes its muscles

By Vincent Boland in Prague

A fresh political dispute has broken out in the Czech Republic over the postponement of a parliamentary vote of confidence in the new centre-right coalition government of Mr Václav Klaus, the prime minister.

programme available before the vote. He said this breached an agreement brokered by President Václav Havel that called for consultations between the coalition and the CSSD on the content of the programme.

The decision is an indication of his determination to assert parliament's newly won power over the government. It also highlights the problems Mr Klaus will face, during his government's second term, in dealing with the opposition-controlled parliament.

programme to the press while withholding it from MPs. A summary of the programme, which Mr Klaus will deliver in full to parliament on the day of the vote, was published yesterday by the pro-Klaus daily, *Mlada Fronta Dnes*.

Confusion has arisen because of reports in the French press that the definition of "unexpected events" could include the consortium's failure to find a French first division football team to make its home at the stadium.

US-Can

INTERNATIONAL NEWS DIGEST

Arms export curbs agreed

Negotiators from 31 countries agreed yesterday to curb global arms exports, after two days of closed-door talks. The US and Russia managed to end a disagreement over the disclosure of sensitive information that had threatened to block the first post-cold war export control regime for weapons and military technology.

Indonesia offers tax lure

The Indonesian government has announced a 10-year tax holiday for companies making new investments in certain sectors, but the ministry of finance has yet to make clear whether the concession applies to foreign as well as local companies.

Cambodia wins \$500m in aid

The Cambodian government yesterday received pledges of \$500m in economic aid from international donors to help fund reconstruction projects. Cambodia relies on foreign aid for almost half its annual expenditure.

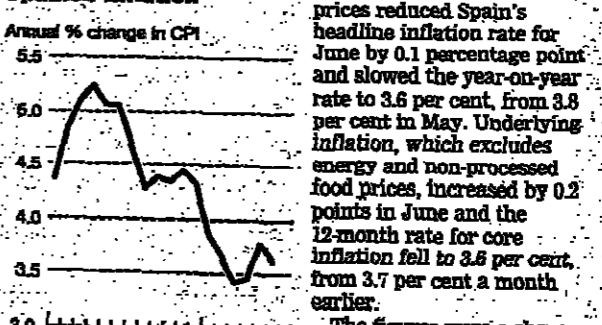
Rome delays draft media bill

The Italian government yesterday postponed until Wednesday approval of draft legislation which could have a far-reaching effect on the regulation of the telecommunications and media industries.

Steffi Graf's father nearer trial

One of Germany's most prominent cases of alleged tax evasion moved nearer to the courtroom yesterday when a district court in Mannheim gave the go-ahead for the prosecution of Mr Peter Graf, father of tennis star and Wimbledon ladies' champion Ms Steffi Graf, and his tax adviser.

Spain beats inflation forecast



A sharp fall in fresh food prices reduced Spain's headline inflation rate for June by 0.1 percentage point and slowed the year-on-year rate to 0.1 per cent, from 0.2 per cent in May. Underlying inflation, which excludes energy and non-processed food prices, increased by 0.2 points in June and the 12-month rate for core inflation fell to 3.6 per cent, from 3.7 per cent a month earlier.

Vertical advertisements on the right edge of the page, including 'Japan lift eco', 'Triple human', 'Suu K', and 'US-Can'.

JAVICO 150

Japan's tearaway starts break-up of the family

Gerard Baker on the reasoning behind LTCB's decision to sell big chunks of its cross-holdings

By the strict standards of Japanese financial institutions, the Long-Term Credit Bank of Japan is proving itself something of an iconoclast. In February, it became the first bank publicly to declare an intention to make itself smaller, at least in terms of its financial assets. In a country whose financial institutions pride themselves on scale above all else, it was a revolutionary move.

This week, however, LTCB went much further, outlining a plan by which it threatens to storm the very citadel of the Japanese capitalist system. Later this year it will begin selling large numbers of the shares it holds in big Japanese companies.

The system of cross-shareholding, where companies hold each other's equity as a way of cementing their corporate links, is central to the Japanese method of doing business. Inter-company trading is an important element of the system, but its real core and its initial raison d'être was always corporate finance. Banks own more than 24 per cent of all equity on the Tokyo stock exchange.

The LTCB move can be seen as a preliminary step towards the destruction of that system, taking the whole Japanese economy a good deal closer to the US or UK system, where shares are held primarily for investment purposes. The

implications are far-reaching for financial markets, too. The change would free up a much greater proportion of the shares gamely traded on the Japanese stock market, the so-called free float, with enormous implications for prices and valuations.

LTCB officials are anxious to play down such apocalyptic interpretations of their actions. The bank would not be disposing of more than a relatively small proportion of its total shareholdings, at least to start with, it said. Officials specifically denied press reports that it was to sell 10 per cent of its equity - a fifth of the total book value of the shares it owns - would be up for sale.

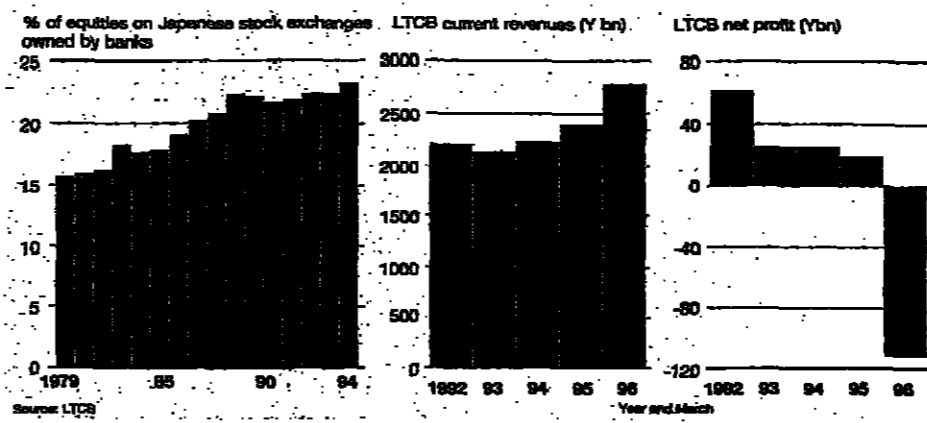
But it was the reasoning behind the decision - whose premises apply equally to all banks - which makes it genuinely ground-breaking. "The decision was taken after we

The cross-shareholding arrangement has been in place for most of the post-war period. Banks sit at the centre of large industrial webs, owning, directly or through affiliated companies, up to a third of the total equity of big companies in the group.

In their turn, those companies all own shares in the bank. It is an arrangement that has produced mutual benefits in the past. Banks tend to take a longer-term view of their relationship with their customers when they have a large equity stake in them. For the non-financial members of the family that has ensured a steady supply of capital for the financial institutions, it means a steady supply of customers.

But in the past few years, the costs to the banks of holding the equity have grown sharply. Most of the shares were bought in the 1950s and

A luxury the bank could no longer afford



bought back the shares at the market price.

That has not only exhausted most of the hidden capital gains, it has also significantly raised the cost of holding the shares relative to other assets, since the book value of the equities has risen substantially, lowering the yield.

The market value of LTCB's

holding the shares has diminished. Banks can even lend money at about 3.3 per cent. "By selling the shares we can redeploy the funds much more effectively," LTCB says.

At the same time the barely tangible value of the cross-shareholding is declining too. Increasingly, big companies depend much less on their group bank for lending, since they have direct access to capital markets. Capital is also much less scarce than it was in the past. That has led to increased competition for lending among banks. Companies now frequently stray outside the confines of the family for financing at the most competitive rate.

And, from the banks' side, the search for higher margins is leading them to seek more business with smaller companies, many of whom are not directly affiliated with any one group. "The trend of cross-shareholding is certainly in long-term decline," says an official at one of the largest banks. "We now do much more business than we did even a few years ago with companies outside our immediate group."

None of this means the relationships central to Japanese business will be dissolved soon. Indeed over the past 10 years, despite frequent predictions to the contrary, the proportion of shares held for relationship purposes seems actually to have risen.

But what is now different is that the bad debt crisis of the past few years has forced the banks' hand. They believe they need to start taking a more orthodox, commercial view of the disposition of their assets. That can only result in a significant reappraisal of the value of their increasingly expensive family ties.

None of this means the relationships central to Japanese business will be dissolved soon. But the bad debt crisis of the past few years has forced the banks' hand

looked carefully at the very poor performance of these assets relative to others," the bank says. The yield on the assets was simply not sufficient to allow the bank to maintain them. They were becoming a luxury the bank could no longer afford.

1960s, when share prices were much lower. In the past few years, banks' bad debt problems have forced them to sell the stocks and use the vast capital gain realised thereby to offset the bad loan losses. But, to maintain the relationship, they have almost always

shares for example is now only slightly more than ¥3,000bn - only about 20 per cent above the book value, compared with a gap of over 50 per cent for most banks a few years ago. With shares yielding an average of only 0.7 per cent at current market values, the attrac-

portions were not outside normal arrangements. "It is easy to criticise it now that it has gone well," he said. "It wasn't so clear a few weeks ago."

However, the three disaffected banks said that, according to long-standing practice in the French bond market, they each should have been allocated between 7 per cent and 10 per cent of the total amount.

Mr Bonette also stressed that the decisions, and the responsibility for the way in which the deal was structured, should be shared equally between Crédit Lyonnais and two other banks,

the US institutions which acted as line managers, Merrill Lynch and Morgan Stanley.

"From the moment they were appointed, all decisions - on pricing, timing, and how it would be launched - were taken by all three," he said.

He suggested it was unjust for Crédit Lyonnais to carry all the blame for the way in which the deal was structured.

Tensions first surfaced between the leading private sector banks and Crédit Lyonnais when the French government last year finalised a rescue package for the latter involving state aid.

Time Warner in local deal with Ameritech

By Tony Jackson in New York

Time Warner, the US entertainment group, has completed plans to offer local telephone services in the midwestern states of Ohio, Wisconsin and Indiana.

The group said it had agreed with Ameritech, the Chicago-based local phone company, on connecting the two networks so that customers of each company could talk to one another.

Time Warner, the second big-

gest cable TV operator in the US, will provide the service over its cable network, to both business and residential customers. The company has long-standing ambitions in telephony.

For Ameritech, the deal demonstrates the introduction of competition into its local monopoly. Under this year's deregulation of the telecoms industry, this is a condition local phone companies must meet before being allowed into the long-distance market.

Crédit Lyonnais rejects bond claims

By Andrew Jack in Paris and Samer Iskandar in London

Crédit Lyonnais, the troubled French state-owned banking group, yesterday attempted to counter suggestions that it had broken ranks with normal practice in allocating only a small proportion of its FF90bn (£7.7bn) securitisation issue to other French banks.

Mr Loïc Bonette, head of syndications at the bank in Paris, said that the measures taken were justified by the fact that a deal of such a size had never been carried out before, nor one in French francs or

with such short-term maturities.

The deal, Cyber-Val 07-96, is the largest bond issue not directly sold by a government.

Two leading French banks - Société Générale and Banque Nationale de Paris - and Caisse des Dépôts, a government-controlled financial institution, refused to participate in the deal when they each were offered only 1 per cent of the total amount to sell to their clients.

Mr Bonette said that other eurozone issues typically allocated only 1 per cent to other French banks and so the pro-

portions were not outside normal arrangements. "It is easy to criticise it now that it has gone well," he said. "It wasn't so clear a few weeks ago."

However, the three disaffected banks said that, according to long-standing practice in the French bond market, they each should have been allocated between 7 per cent and 10 per cent of the total amount.

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Alizyme falls to biotech bears

By Simon Kuper

Alizyme has become the latest victim of the bear market in biotechnology stocks.

The Cambridge-based company expects to raise only about £4.5m net - a third of its original target - when it floats on the Aim on Thursday.

The placing price will be 80p - valuing the company at £10.4m - against an initial 150p target. The 8.33m shares issued will represent 48 per cent of the enlarged share capital.

Three weeks ago the com-

pany, founded to develop drugs for obesity and gastro-intestinal disorders, said it hoped to raise £12m-£15m, with a valuation of £20m-£30m.

The market's appetite for biotechnology stocks, particularly smaller ones, appears sated. Analysts say these companies have raised about £300m on the stock market in the first five months of the year, with institutions being asked to invest in five flotations and several rights issues on the main market alone.

Many investors have difficul-

ties valuing biotechnology companies, which make losses but promise profits after several years when their products reach the market.

British Biotech's £143m rights issue, launched last month, was the largest ever in the sector and fully underwritten by Kleinwort Benson. But the demands on institutions have reduced the cash available to support trading in the stocks, accelerating their fall.

The disappointing response to Alizyme's issue follows the postponed flotation of Cam-

brico, a small drugs company.

Mr Jurek Sikorski, chief executive of Proteus International, the biotechnology company which raised £9.4m in a rights issue in April, said some recent cash calls had "not been balanced with much news about products making progress in the clinic."

An adviser to Alizyme admitted its placing would have had more success a month ago, and said the company was happy "to get it away" at all. Alizyme made pre-tax losses of £300,412 in the five months to May 31.

Proteus produces first revenues

By Simon Kuper

Proteus International, the Macclesfield-based biotechnology company, achieved its first revenues last year.

But the shares, which trade on the USM, fell 5p to 87p aggravated by unfavourable sentiment towards the sector.

Sales from licensing deals in the year to March 31 were £1.1m, which together with research cuts helped reduce pre-tax losses 32 per cent to £5.4m (£7.9m).

Of the licensing income, £1m derived from Proteus' vaccine for prostate cancer, licensed to ML Laboratories, the pharmaceutical company. The vaccine entered Phase II clinical trials this week. ML has paid Proteus an initial licensing fee, to be followed by milestone payments up to £4.75m. ML hopes to have the product on the market by 1998, but Mr Jurek Sikorski, Proteus' chief executive, said he was "not so optimistic" on the timing.

Proteus has received a £406,000 grant from the Department of Trade and Industry to underpin its DNA-binding drugs programme.

It has 37 employees, down from 110 two years ago. The company intends to move to the main market.

Losses per share fell from 25.47p to 16.49p. Analysts forecast sales of £1.7m, with pre-tax losses of £2.8m this year.

Societies face the sticky problem of envelopes

Motoko Rich on the preparations for a quartet of conversions

As four of the UK's largest building societies prepare to float on the stock exchange next year, one of their biggest challenges will be how to deal with the prosaic but unwieldy task of opening envelopes.

"It takes longer to open the envelopes than to process the member application forms for shares," says Mr Tom Morrison, chief registrar at the Royal Bank of Scotland, which will manage the Halifax's share register.

The Halifax float will represent the single largest extension of share ownership in Britain as some 9m members receive shares.

In addition to opening envelopes, RBS and Lloyds TSB, which has been appointed as share registrar to Alliance & Leicester and the Woolwich, will be responsible for setting up and maintaining the share registers and distributing share certificates to members.

For all the floating societies and their registrars, the spectre of a rubbish skip in south-east London, smouldering with burning Abbey National share certificates, is a stark reminder of what could go wrong in a conversion.

In 1985, Abbey was the first building society to convert to a bank and issue free shares to members. The then Lloyds Bank was its registrar, and one of the mailing houses with a contract to distribute some of

the share certificates inexplicably dumped 500,000 in a skip and burned them.

On the first day of trading, chaos ensued as some members who did not have share certificates tried to sell their stakes. Even those with certificates were unable to sell shares as quickly as they wanted, and Abbey issued too many shares to some customers who had several accounts in slightly different names.

Both Abbey and Lloyds TSB say they have moved on from then. Abbey took its share register in-house in 1994 and has spent more than £2m on computer systems which will handle the introduction of its 1.4m new shareholders in its takeover of National & Provincial, which will be completed later this summer.

Mr Richard Vause, director of receiving banking services at Lloyds Registrars, says: "We have learned considerable lessons from the Abbey conversion in terms of the details that go into the planning process. We now control all the operational elements of the process very closely and have people on all sites."

The key to a successful registrar is sophisticated technology. Abbey has developed a document imaging process which allows all its shareholder information to be stored electronically. RBS is using barcodes on all its application forms. Registrars must also

have technology which can accommodate Crest, the new paperless share settlement system.

Prior to a registrar taking over a members list, it is the building society's responsibility to "de-duplicate" its list to make sure there are no repeats among shareholders, who may have more than one account with a society.

The converting building societies have selected their registrars from a dwindling pool. As recently as 15 months ago, there were about 150 registrars. Now there are less than 25, with some of the larger players such as National Westminster selling its business to RBS in 1994 and Barclays withdrawing from the market earlier this year, transferring its customer base to Independent Registrars Group. When Barclays withdrew it said it could not justify heavy IT investment in a low-margin business.

Those who are left in the market say they can use the skills developed as registrars to generate other business. "Our skills can be used in other areas of outsourcing, such as paper handling," says Mr Vause. RBS offers its services to company share option or profit sharing schemes, and runs a cheap dealing service.

"Share registration was traditionally a very reactive industry, but now we are becoming more pro-active," says Mr Morrison.



British Bloodstock back on firmer ground

The British Bloodstock Agency has moved on to firmer ground in the past year and a sharp improvement in profits has enabled it to pay its first dividend for six years, writes Gary Evans.

Pre-tax figures for the period ended March 31 grew from £66,000 to £153,000, and after stripping out exceptional losses was an underlying increase of £284,000. Turnover rose 5 per cent to £5.9m.

Major Christo Philipson, chairman, pictured above with managing directors, Adrian Nicoll (left) and Colin Bothway (right) at Tattersalls July sales at Newmarket, said the group's Irish operations made a significant contribution to the result, with a turnaround into profit.

Major Philipson said an improvement in bloodstock prices was "patchy", while average prices at some of the leading

sales were down on the previous year. Private sales showed an increase however, thanks to the sale of three important stallions to Japan.

There is a final dividend of 1.5p, but in view of the seasonal nature of the business, BBA does not intend to pay interims. As from next month, its shares will be quoted on the Alternative Investment Market.

MBO at Continental Foods

By David Blackwell

Mr David Ciorrel is leading a £16.1m management buy-out of Continental Foods, the listed snacks and drinks group.

He will effectively raise his stake in the group from 16 to 30 per cent.

The buy-out will be through CF Holdings, a company established by International Mezzanine Investment. CF Holdings is offering 105p cash for the ordinary shares, which rose 34p to close at 108p yesterday. In addition, it is offering 23p

cash for warrants, totalling £500,000.

Mr Ciorrel is concentrating on Continental Foods after selling International Communication Data, the USM-traded marketing services and database group, which was bought last April for £9.4m by RR Donnelley, the US printing group. As ICD chairman he fought off an unwelcome bid from PSB Group, the direct marketing concern.

Yesterday, he said he was taking Continental private because the share price had

been weak for the past 18 months, making it difficult to grow the business through further acquisitions. The group would then be re-listed.

Continental also reported pre-tax profits of £1.52m on sales of £30.2m, up from a previous £1.09m on sales of £22.8m. The results reflect the first full-year contribution from Red Mill, the savoury snacks business.

Earnings per share were 8.6p (9.6p). There will be no final dividend if the buy-out proceeds.

Network Tech placing at 114p

Network Technology, the Sussex-based computer equipment group which is planning a flotation on the Aim, is hoping to raise £5m through a placing of up to 4.68m shares at 114p.

Of the proceeds, £3.2m will be used to redeem preference shares, including those held by 31 Group, and £1.8m will be invested in expansion.

After the placing, the company's founders and directors will own 55.5 per cent and 31 will retain 25.5 per cent.

Managing director of holidays division resigns and prepares to make an offer Rank puts Shearings up for sale

By Scheherazade Daneshkhu, Leisure Industries Correspondent Rank, the diversified leisure group, put its coach holiday business up for sale yesterday...

announcement was prompted by the resignation of Mr Angus Crichton-Miller, previously managing director of the holidays division...

Its sale will reduce Rank's collection of businesses to 16 and Mr Teare is expected to streamline it further...

capital-intensive Oasis Villages, costing up to £100m each. The first of these near Penrith in England's Lake District...

Amro Roare Govett, which said the stock was overvalued. It cut its pre-tax profits forecast by £18m to £465m for 1996...

Goldsboro bid looks close to failure

Westminster Health Care's £73.1m hostile bid for rival Goldsboro looked close to failure yesterday...

Southern Water directors' gains

The four directors of Southern Water are set to gain more than £2m from the utility's takeover by Scottish Power...

Tunstall shares fall on warning

Shares in Tunstall, the manufacturer of emergency communications systems for the elderly, fell 15 per cent yesterday after the company issued a profits warning...

Scottish TV plans media group

Scottish Television's £120m bid for Caledonian Publishing, publisher of The Herald in Glasgow, is part of a move to create a broadly based media company in Scotland...



Gus Macdonald: planning Scottish car and fashion magazines

Scottish TV has also been looking at the market in Scotland for new television channels including cable. One advantage of the deal for Scottish TV - Trinity International, publishers of the Liverpool Daily Post...

Blue Arrow board changes

Ms Diana Cornish, the former managing director of Brook Street, is to return to the forefront of the recruitment industry as chief executive of Blue Arrow Personnel Services...

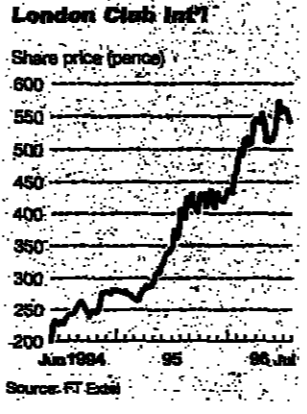
London Clubs investors wonder whether their luck will hold

Scheherazade Daneshkhu weighs up prospects for the gaming group

The wood-paneled elegance of a former Rothschild mansion on Park Lane is home to one of London's most profitable casinos...



Alan Goodenough: looking to diversify overseas



opportunity arose to buy a sensible chunk of provincial casinos without a silly entry price, that would be of interest...

Lloyd's vehicle to raise £23m

Syndicate Capital Trust, the Lloyd's investment vehicle, is raising £23m net through a 2-for-3 rights issue to fund investments in the new generation of corporate investors in the market...

Emap assures on non-executives

The Association of British Insurers has obtained assurances from Emap, the media and exhibitions group, on the minimum number of non-executive directors it plans to have in future...

Prism Leisure 22% ahead

Prism Leisure Corporation, the computer games reseller, achieved a 22 per cent growth in pre-tax profits to £21.1m in the year to March 29...

Avocet Mining £2.1m in red

Spending to bring its Malaysian gold mine into production and to improve its recently-acquired tungsten mines led Avocet Mining to report a £2.1m loss for the full year...

VAI contests espionage allegations

VAI, the civil engineering group, has applied to Austrian courts for an injunction prohibiting Kvaerner, the Norwegian engineering and shipbuilding group, from making allegations that VAI had been guilty of industrial espionage...

VAI contests espionage allegations

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PLACING AND INTERMEDIARIES OFFER The Allied Carpets Intermediaries offer closes on 17 July 1996. If you want to apply for shares in Allied Carpets and have not already contacted your stockbroker or shareshop, you should do so as soon as possible. THE MINIMUM APPLICATION IS £1,500

RESULTS Table with columns for Company, Turnover (£m), Profit (£m), EPS (p), Dividends (p), etc. Includes Avocet Mining, British Bloodstock, Channel Handbags, etc.

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COMMODITIES AND AGRICULTURE

WEEK IN THE MARKETS Copper volatility returns

Volatility returned to the London Metal Exchange's copper market at the end of this week after a period in which the extreme nervousness caused by the Sumitomo crisis had receded and calmer conditions had prevailed.

At one stage yesterday the three months delivery price dipped to \$1,790 a tonne, within 40c of the 94-year low in the immediate aftermath of Sumitomo's revelation of the enormous scale of its copper market losses. A later recovery took the price to \$1,861.50 at the close, down \$3 on the day and \$56 on the week.

A fresh wave of investment fund selling on Thursday had shaken the copper market's precarious balance and heightened continuing uncertainty about the Sumitomo situation. News yesterday that LME stocks were down by only 976 tonnes, much less than had been expected, removed one potential boost to sentiment and opened the way for further technically-inspired selling.

liquidation encouraged by the recent slackness of physical demand, stainless steel mills using scrap and stocks, and expectations that Russian shipments would begin rising soon. The gold market ended an uncertain week near the top of its recent trading range after a brief early buying had taken the price through a stubborn resistance point. "Gold finally got through \$383 [a Troy ounce], which has given it a new feel," one dealer told Reuters.

Thursday's fall on Wall Street was also enlisted into the bullish argument. "If [US] the stock market is weakening dramatically then its fair to argue that the Fed may not be as keen to raise rates, and therefore the supportive inflationary arguments returns for gold."

At yesterday's London Bullion Market close the gold price stood at \$383.56 an ounce, up 75 cents on the day and \$2.30 on the week. At the London Commodity Exchange cocoa futures closed a little higher but were still sharply lower over the week.

The bulk of the fall came on Wednesday, when a heavy wave of speculative selling briefly pushed the September price below \$1,000 a tonne for the first time in three and a half months and brought to an abrupt end the massive premium the contract had been commanding over forward positions.

WEEKLY PRICE CHANGES table with columns: Latest, Change, Year, High, Low

BASE METALS LONDON METAL EXCHANGE table with columns: Metal, Price, Change

PRECIOUS METALS table with columns: Metal, Price, Change

ENERGY table with columns: Energy, Price, Change

PRECIOUS METALS table with columns: Metal, Price, Change

Precious Metals continued table with columns: Metal, Price, Change

ENERGY table with columns: Energy, Price, Change

PRECIOUS METALS table with columns: Metal, Price, Change

GRAINS AND OIL SEEDS table with columns: Grain, Price, Change

ENERGY table with columns: Energy, Price, Change

PRECIOUS METALS table with columns: Metal, Price, Change

SOFTS table with columns: Soft, Price, Change

ENERGY table with columns: Energy, Price, Change

PRECIOUS METALS table with columns: Metal, Price, Change

MEAT AND LIVESTOCK table with columns: Meat, Price, Change

ENERGY table with columns: Energy, Price, Change

PRECIOUS METALS table with columns: Metal, Price, Change

WORLD BOND PRICES MARKET REPORT By Lisa Bransten in New York and Richard Lapper in London The yield on the benchmark 30-year Treasury bond moved below 7 per cent in early afternoon trading as continued weakness on the equity market led traders to bet there would be a flight to safety in bonds.

US INTEREST RATES table with columns: Rate, Yield, Change

LONG GILT FUTURES OPTIONS table with columns: Rate, Yield, Change

US TREASURY BOND FUTURES table with columns: Rate, Yield, Change

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GERMANY table with columns: Rate, Yield, Change

UK GILTS PRICES table with columns: Rate, Yield, Change

OTHER FIXED INTEREST table with columns: Rate, Yield, Change

COMMENT & ANALYSIS

FINANCIAL TIMES

Number One Southwark Bridge, London SE1 9HL
Tel: +44 171-873 3000 Telex: 922186 Fax: +44 171-407 5700
Saturday July 13 1996

Play it again, Ken

It looks good, sounds good, feels good. Inflation is ticking over quietly at a little over 3 per cent. UK national income is purling along at a growth rate of about the same, ready to move smoothly ahead at the touch of the accelerator. House owners toast the government as a rising market hands them large paper profits...

Wake up, chancellor! You are dreaming of 1988. A decade has passed since Nigel Lawson was presiding over a combination of high growth and low inflation for which Lady Thatcher was to dub him "my brilliant chancellor".

Mr Kenneth Clarke will not need to be reminded of one big difference between then and his own period as chancellor. Mr Clarke had the unpopular task of picking up the fiscal bill left behind from the excesses of the 1980s. After a period of breathless growth between 1986 and mid-1988, the economy braked sharply and public finances moved from a cumulative surplus of £23bn between 1988 and 1990 to a borrowing requirement of £45bn three years later. The government's continuing deficit therefore stands as a sober warning against over-confidence in growth.

This is why it is worth running the tape back briefly to early 1988 when the economic indicators were, in some respects, remarkably similar to those of mid-1996. In its latest forecast, published this week, the Treasury suggests that after annual growth of 2½ per cent last year and about the same this year, the UK economy will accelerate to a growth rate of 3½ per cent in 1997. Meanwhile, underlying inflation is expected to be only 2½ per cent at the end of next year.

These expectations seem plausible. This week, official figures showed that the "headline" inflation figure for last month had fallen to an annual rate of 2.1 per cent. Wage pressures are subdued, as are commodity prices and inflation in other industrial countries. Moreover, the chancellor's panel of independent forecasters is in broad agreement that inflation will be only about 2½ per cent at the end of next year, within the government's target.

Higher growth

Mr Clarke will, therefore, come under pressure to give the economy a bit of a push before the next election. For higher growth is needed to help reduce the fiscal deficit. It would also help to bring down unemployment, which is unlikely to fall below 2m before the end of next year.

These will seem strong arguments in an election year. They

begin to look more dangerous, however, if one changes a digit in the year and applies them to 1986. Then, as now, the economy was moving ahead at a moderate pace (economic growth running at 3 per cent in the second quarter). After respectable growth in the previous year, there was a risk that it might falter. Inflation had come down dramatically, to only 2.7 per cent compared with more than 7 per cent a year earlier. The big difference then was that the unemployment, at more than 3m, provided not only a strong motive for running a looser economic policy, but seemed to offer a huge margin of safety against the danger of reviving inflation.

Classic boom and bust

The result of the decision to expand the economy was, however, a classic boom and bust. The government's high hopes of breaking through into new territory of fast economic growth ended disastrously in the recession of the early 1990s, when the economy contracted by a cumulative 2 per cent, while unemployment moved back up from 1.6m in 1990 to nearly 3m three years later. As a result, happy voters became angry job seekers and debt-laden households. If opinion polls are to be believed, they will turn the government out of office in spite of the better outlook.

Since history repeats itself with big plot changes, comparison with the 1980s should not be pushed too far. However, the most notable point is that inflation did not peak until the end of the decade, some 4 years after the economy was pushed into its accelerating path. Now the signs of inflation again seem absent, but the beginning of recovery in the housing market should be a warning. Welcome as it may be to those trapped in negative equity, rising house prices have historically been one of the strongest engines of UK excess demand and inflation. The fact that this form of inflation makes the voter "feel good" is no excuse.

This year and next, UK citizens stand to gain a £30bn windfall from building society mergers and conversions to banks. They will have access to another £20bn from maturing Tax Exempt Savings Accounts. Such sums, added to gains from the equity market and strong monetary growth, may encourage consumers to spend and spend.

The risks of a weak economy need to be balanced against that of unsustainable growth. Mr Clarke has suggested in recent utterances that he knows this lesson of history. He will need determination to teach it to his party.

Still dancing after all these years

Nelson Mandela has transformed his UK visit from a formal celebration into a personal triumph, say Michael Holman, Richard Lambert and Quentin Peel

It is early morning at Buckingham Palace, an hour before breakfast, and the gravel is just being swept. But already the Queen's distinguished houseguest is up with a spring in his step. Mr Nelson Mandela, president of South Africa, and without doubt the world's most popular politician, is reveling in his first state visit to the capital of the former colonial power. "I feel like an old battery that has been recharged. It has been fantastic," he says.

Just six days from his 78th birthday, Mr Mandela looks frail and needs the help of a hearing aid. Yet there is a twinkle in his eye and a sharpness in his repartee which belies his age.

The plush red-carpeted reception rooms have been prepared since dawn for his expected stream of visitors, but the South African leader's first thought is to shake hands with the liveried footman holding open the double door, to the latter's obvious surprise and delight. It is the sort of touch which has transformed his visit from a formal celebration into a personal triumph.

The night before, he was dancing in the royal box at the Albert Hall, when he hosted a pop concert for the British royal family, in return for their state banquet at the palace. Yesterday, he took to the streets of Britain, one of London's roughest black districts, to embrace the street kids for whom he is a hero. Two days before, he was given no fewer than four standing ovations by business leaders in the Confederation of British Industry, when he appealed for their cash for South Africa.

"I did expect a warm reception, but not to the extent to which it has occurred," he says. "It has passed my wildest expectations."

He would not want anyone to exaggerate his role in the revolution which has transformed his country over the past five years, and dismantled its apartheid system. "I have always wanted it to be understood that I don't have virtues or qualities distinct from my colleagues," he says. "Many of the ideas I put out do not just come from my brain. They are the result of intensive discussions."

Yet he also knows perfectly well that he is his country's best salesman in seeking the international investment essential for economic growth, to heal the wounds of the past. That is the main purpose of

his trip to Britain and France, and he keeps returning to the theme.

In spite of the enthusiasm of his reception, he knows that the business people who applauded him so heartily remain concerned about the investment climate.

"The events of February 1996, and even more so those of April [when the rand fell by 20 per cent against the dollar] fundamentally altered the economic environment in our country," he admits. So too did the government's decision to increase its prime lending rate twice to defend the currency.

Yet he argues that the rand was overvalued against the dollar, and the economic improvements of the past two years far outweigh the risks.

"We have transformed the negative growth rate of two decades into a positive one of 3 per cent," he says. "That is still not sufficient to provide employment for the 5m unemployed. We will only be able to reduce our unemployment when we reach a growth rate of 6 per cent, which we reckon will be by the turn of the century."

His investment pitch is based on the commitment of his government to a progressive policy of liberalisation and deregulation, in spite of the presence within its ranks of both the South African Communist Party, and most of the trade union movement.

"We are moving away from the inward-looking, isolationist and highly protected economy of the past into one that is part of the world economy, and which is competitive," he says. "We are phasing out tariffs and exchange controls."

Economics has never been Mr Mandela's forte, but clearly he has been well briefed for this trip, notwithstanding his engaging reference to the rand's performance against a "bucket of currencies".

He explains the high level of wages as a result of the former apartheid policies, where white workers earned several times more than their black counterparts, for identical tasks. Now the black workers are demanding parity, which means a substantial rise in the overall wage level. "They are still struggling to achieve parity with whites," he says.

Now he is seeking to persuade his union allies of the need for restraint. "Our strategy in dealing with our former enemies has been dialogue, discussion, criticism and



patience. Now we have to apply that method in dealing with our own allies, the labour unions, who help to put us in to power.

"We don't necessarily agree with everything they do. We are telling them: 'When you go on strike, you are projecting a negative image of our country.' It is a wrong perception to think that the workers are holding us to ransom."

To prove the point, he cites the government's commitment to privatisation. "We have announced that we are privatising," he says. "Some parastatals will be privatised completely. Others will form partnerships. And still others will be left as they are, provided they are run efficiently, and can make a profit. We are moving away from subsidising inefficient parastatals, and we are applying a tight monetary policy. I think those methods are going to bring about a dramatic change in our economic situation."

Warning to his theme, he needs no prompting to tackle two other investor concerns: the level of crime in general, and the political conflict in the troubled province of KwaZulu-Natal. In the latter, he

accepts the new dispensation without any qualifications," he insists. "There is no question of them leaving the country. We have had this brain drain, but the majority of the whites who are qualified are remaining in the country."

Yet he admits, once again, that his own role is crucial. "They say: 'We hear the president. But what is going to be the position after him?'"

He makes no secret of his age, but draws his reassurance for a stable handover from the strength and tradition of the ruling ANC. He says he will stand down at the 1999 election, in spite of "tremendous pressure from inside and outside South Africa, including from some opposition parties" to stay on.

"It is important to surround yourself with strong and independent personalities, who will tell you when you are getting old," he adds. "My presence as a septuagenarian may be frustrating a number of initiatives that could be put forward by younger and more robust men and women."

"I have, personally, no doubt that there will be life after Mandela."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Number One Southwark Bridge, London SE1 9HL

We are keen to encourage letters from readers around the world. Letters may be faxed to +44 171-873 5938 (please set fax to 'fine'). e-mail: letters.editor@ft.com Translation may be available for letters written in the main international languages.

Delta has curious view of airline alliances

From Mr Timothy J. Doka.

Sir, I read with interest the comments made by a Delta Air Lines official regarding the proposed alliance between American Airlines and British Airways in your July 9 story, "Delta urges veto on BA-American link". Apparently, what is bad for Delta is when two of Delta's leading competitors try to team up to bring consumers more choice and better service.

In your story, the Delta official describes the American-British Airways alliance as a "bad deal" that will not "foster competition". This is a curious statement coming from a US airline that already enjoys the benefits of not one but two alliances with European carriers; one with Swissair, Austrian Airlines, and Sabena in Belgium and the other with Virgin Atlantic of the UK.

Could it be that Delta and its alliance partners, especially Virgin, have engaged in a desperate effort

to thwart this alliance because they know it will force them to compete harder for transatlantic business? Do they think the best chance to conclude an open skies deal between the US and the UK should be scuttled so they can block this alliance while protecting their own?

The American Airlines-British Airways alliance will provide more choices for consumers and more competition in the airline industry. It also provides a strong incentive for the US and UK governments to craft an aviation treaty that will liberalise air travel between the two countries. Delta's and Virgin's transparent effort to avoid competition should be vetoed, not the American-British Airways alliance.

Timothy J. Doka, managing director, American Airlines, PO Box 619618, Dallas/Fort Worth Airport, Texas 75261-9618, US

Controlling risks in food chain

From Mr Peter Bazalgette.

Sir, Joe Rogaly argues for the abolition of the Ministry of Agriculture Fisheries and Food ("End of the line for Maff", July 6/7). By all means. But I am disappointed he did not consider two factors which will bedevil any such body, whether a government minister or an independent food and drug authority.

The first is the idea that the government has to be responsible for every step of the food chain and every adverse effect that nature throws at us. In fact, just five supermarket groups now sell the majority of our food. They have high standards and clearly play the most influential role of all. But even when there is a problem it is ludicrous with what facility we "blame the government". Mr Rogaly says Maff "messed up" on salmonella and "flopped" on listeria. Did civil servants create these bacteria? And did not consumers demand the cheap, mass-produced food that causes growing bacterial contamination?

The second factor is consumers' inability to understand the plethora of scientific data. Incidences of salmonella poisoning are far higher now than at the height of the scare in 1988. Listeriosis is not conquered. Our comprehension of the real risks, then and now, is virtually non-existent and our appreciation of the food processes and chemistry involved is worse. At the same time scientific data provides an almost meaningless level of detail to fuel the scares (parts per billion and so on).

If Mr Rogaly and his fellow abolitionists get their way let the first task of a new body be to help us all understand real risk. In the process let us hope it can dispel the myth that public bodies are omniscient and omnipotent. We must be responsible for the consequences of our own food choices.

Peter Bazalgette, 29 Kensington Park Gardens, London W11 2QS, UK

Conspiracy theory

From Mr Peter Clark.

Sir, I have a conspiracy to prevent any public discussion of how there can be a single currency without a single issuing/underwriting/guarantee authority, the necessary political control and political responsibility for which would be a de facto federal government of Europe?

This may be a good or bad thing but without any public discussion any decision on a single currency (whatever way) will be bad. Yugoslavia, Ireland and Chechnya show us what happens when politicians lead people into unions without their fully informed consent.

I have been unable to get any answer from British or European politicians and have given up trying to raise the subject with TV and radio presenters.

Peter Clark, 46 Louise Road, Stratford, London, UK

Reorganisation of the BBC will strengthen its public service role

From Mr Colin Browne.

Sir, Your leader writer does us a disservice in suggesting that the BBC has paid too little attention to the question of what its role should be in the exploding broadcasting market of the future ("Birt's choice", July 8).

In early May we published our document *Extending Choice in the Digital Age* - a carefully considered analysis of the way we see the broadcast and new media markets developing over the next 10 years, and the BBC's role in this rapidly changing environment. Our

thinking was covered at some length in the Financial Times. We set out a model to carry public service broadcasting into the next century, with a central commitment to expand and improve services to licence payers, while developing additional revenue from new commercial services.

This in turn reflected the approach in the government's White Paper, *Serving the Nation, Competing Worldwide*, which set the tone for the many hours of debate, inside and outside parliament, on the new charter and agreement for

the BBC. Throughout the debates there was clear cross-party support for the continuation of the BBC's central role as a public service broadcaster, funded primarily by licence fee.

As a contribution to that debate, we also completed and published, last year, the most comprehensive consultation exercise ever undertaken on the nature of our output, involving audiences and programme makers.

The results were overwhelming. Most people valued the authority, quality and integrity of the BBC's

programmes and services.

The internal reorganisation we announced last month is designed to put in place the right structure to deliver our promises to audiences, allowing us to make the most effective use of our finite resources. They will strengthen and enhance those services - including the World Service - not weaken them.

Colin Browne, director of corporate affairs, BBC, Broadcasting House, London W1A 1AA, UK

Fine farewell

From Ms Frances Banks.

Sir, Peter Aspin's wispish review of the Three Tenors' concert ("A romp with no novelty", July 8) seemed to me entirely misjudged. Carreras, Domingo and Pavarotti together singing *Hickory Hickory Dock* would have been exciting enough. I didn't hear the echo, and I didn't notice the rain.

A suitable farewell performance - please?

Frances Banks, Flat 6, 84 Cadogan Square, London SW1X 0DZ, UK

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Man in the News • Sir Hugh Annesley

Caught between two forces

John Murray Brown and John Kampfner on how the Portadown march has undone the chief constable's attempts to bridge Ulster's divisions

As Northern Ireland has hurtled back into sectarian strife this week, the focus for much of the blame has been on Sir Hugh Annesley, chief constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary.

First, his decision to stop an Orange parade from passing through the Roman Catholic estate of Garvaghy Road in Portadown brought tens of thousands of loyalists on to Ulster's streets. The demonstrators accused the largely Protestant officers of being the lackeys of Dublin.

Then, after four nights of mayhem across the province, he ordered his exhausted officers to force the Catholic residents off the streets and allow the Protestants to march through. Might was seen to have been right.

Cardinal Cahal Daly, Ireland's Roman Catholic primate, accused the chief constable of "capitulation". The painstaking efforts of years to improve the standing of the RUC among the nationalist minority were rubbed.

Once again, the police were seen as agents of Protestant hegemony. It was the turn of Northern Ireland's nationalists to talk to the barricades, with rioting in Catholic areas and shots fired at police in Belfast. As the victorious Orangemen paraded through Gar-

vaghy Road on Thursday, Sir Hugh stepped into the eerily empty People's Park in Portadown to explain his actions. "There is no use pointing to the RUC. I don't have a magic wand. Even the four church leaders couldn't smooch in getting a compromise," he said. His language was infused with exasperation. "In this force I have been impartial if I've done nothing else," he said. "I am sick and so are my colleagues, sick to death of being stuck in the middle of an unwinnable situation."

For Sir Hugh, who recently announced his intention to retire in November, it is an unhappy end to seven years at the head of the UK's second largest police force. Until this week, he had a record as a steady and impartial hand.

An Ulster Protestant brought up in Dublin, he took over at the height of the troubles after a high-flying career with London's Metropolitan police. He was no stranger to terrorism, having been head of

special operations at Scotland Yard. His policy, he said at the time, was to contain violence - the task of eradicating it was for the politicians.

When peace came with the IRA ceasefire of August 1994, Sir Hugh responded to the challenge. He took most of the armoured police vehicles off the roads, made his constables don soft caps and told them to return to the beat.

It was all part of a wider effort to demonstrate that the RUC was accountable and unbiased. Sir Hugh dismissed calls from republicans for radical reform, such as renaming the force. He believed the police were winning the battle for nationalist hearts and minds.

Throughout the troubles, those connected with the security forces were ostracised by Catholic neighbours and considered by the IRA a "legitimate target". However, the strategy of integration paid dividends. Of the first batch of recruits after the ceasefire, 20

per cent were Catholics, the highest proportion yet.

But the events in Portadown reflect the pressures of policing Northern Ireland's divided community - difficulties that outsiders find hard to understand.

The first Orange parades began 100 years after the Battle of the Boyne in 1690 in which the Dutch King William of Orange defeated the Catholic King James II. As demonstrations of Protestant pre-eminence, they have taken on added vigour with talk of giving the Irish Republic a say in Ulster's governance and greater rights for the nationalist minority.

In the annual marches, which reach a peak on July 12, thousands of Orangemen in orange sashes march to life and drum bands to demonstrate Ulster's loyalty to the British crown. Most parades are confined to friendly territory. However, each time a march in a contested area is re-routed it is seen as a surren-

der of territory. Portadown is just such a flashpoint, with only a sliver of the route going past a Catholic estate.

Unionists and nationalists say that both Sir Hugh and ministers opted for the worst of both worlds, first in preventing the march, then in allowing it through. Both sides are sceptical of his claims to have acted independently of the politicians, taking purely "operational" decisions.

Suspicion that he had been following instructions from the Northern Ireland Office was stirred when Dublin spoke of London breaking an "agreed approach" that the march would not be let through. But a senior member of the government said that although the three Northern Ireland ministers had been "kept informed" on an hourly basis, they had not tried to interfere.

It was not hard to appreciate why Sir Hugh appeared so forlorn on Thursday. Months ago, he had supported the idea of an independent tribunal to

arbitrate over the route of marches that are controversial - only 20 or so of the 3,000 that take place in Ulster every summer. The chief constable knows there is no such thing as a purely operational policy in a society where any decision is seen by one community as a concession to the other.

An hour after the street battles in Portadown, Sir Patrick Mayhew, Northern Ireland secretary, told the Commons he wanted just such an "independent eye". But it is too late to undo the damage done by this week's events. "We must have root and branch change," says Mr Chris Ryder, a former member of the Northern Ireland police authority which oversees the RUC. "This was an epic misjudgment and the shock waves will last for a long time."

Intriguingly, Sir Hugh said he had more to say, but would wait until a later date - perhaps until after his retirement when he is expected to hand over to Mr Ronnie Flanagan, one of his deputies and widely seen as the force's favourite.

"Sir Hugh was guided by the cardinal principle of saving lives," one minister said. "He has done a formidably good job." The remark had all the hallmarks of a valedictory of the faint praise reserved for a man who has fallen on his sword.



Philip Stephens

A return to the landscape of the past

Commemorating a battle of 300 years ago would be comic were its implications for today not so tragic

Once again sectarianism has triumphed over sanity, rioting has trampled on the rule of law. A year, even nine months, ago Northern Ireland seemed a different place. In a few short days the familiar landscape of violence has been restored.

Many will say that was inevitable. When the terrorists of Sinn Féin/IRA ended their ceasefire with bombs in London and Manchester, they doubtless planned for the resumption of the conflict on the streets of Northern Ireland. But they wanted others to bear the opprobrium. Sure enough, the men (there are no women) of the province's Protestant Orange Order have played directly into republican hands.

Marching along the nationalist Garvaghy Road in Drumree and the Lower Ormeau Road in Belfast, militant unionism in the province has claimed an infamous victory. It has shown once again how force of numbers can defy the authority of the state to which it swears fealty. Its leaders see no contradiction in pledging loyalty to the Queen and then ignoring her laws.

The Orange parades have reasserted the Protestant supremacy which unionists saw threatened by John Major's attempts to lure the IRA to the negotiating table. As nationalists have rioted in their turn, events this week have torn down the fragile bridges across the sectarian divide built so painstakingly over two years of relative peace.

In the process the British government has been humiliated and the Royal Ulster Constabulary discredited. Sir Hugh Annesley, the chief constable, was right in his initial decision to bar the Orangemen from their traditional route in Drumree. Once the decision was taken, to back down in the face of the mob was to concede that might in Ulster prevails over right.

But a frightened unionism has made an historic mistake. It may be irreversible. In its quest to find security in the past, it has been as blind as is the republican movement to the present. It is oblivious to the mood in the rest of the United Kingdom, careless of its mainland allies in opposition to a united Ireland.

To Mr David Trimble, the Ulster Unionist leader, the right of the Orange Order to march unimpeded along the Queen's highway and the burning of the Irish tricolour on Protestant bonfires are an expression of "Britishness". But it is one of the many curious paradoxes of Northern Ireland that each such demonstration serves only to amplify the gulf between Ulsterman and Englishman.

To watch, from the other side of the Irish sea, the ser-

ried rows of mean-faced marchers commemorating a battle fought between two kings more than 300 years ago is to gaze upon an alien culture. The bowler hats, the pipes and drums, the orange sashes: it would be faintly comic if it were not so tragic.

There can be no pretence that this is simply a quaint tradition, a piece of folklore akin to the Morris dancers of rural England. In its exclusive Protestantism and cultivated militarism, the Orange Order is Northern Ireland's most deliberate expression of unionist hegemony.

But in the pubs and clubs of London, Birmingham and Manchester this weekend there will be no celebration of a "British" victory over Irish nationalism. There will be talk, of course, of the royal family, of how much Princess Diana has extracted from Prince Charles as the price of divorce. Mention William of Orange, Ulster's King Billy, and you will get nothing but a blank stare.

Perhaps I have been somewhat unfair to Mr Trimble. He has been caught between constitutional and street politics. The vivid television shots this week of the unionist leader straddled between the police and Orange lines at Drumree provided an indelible image of his dilemma. And in the multi-party talks which began last month on the political future of the province Mr Trimble has taken a more constructive approach than his public pronouncements suggest. He suffers too from disloyalty and backstabbing among his party colleagues at Westminster.

Nor can there be any excuse in all this for the orchestrated rioting by nationalists in London and Belfast. It is not hard to imagine the grim satisfaction that the return of barricades and rubber bullets has brought to the murderous commanders of the IRA.

But if the British government loses this week, so too have the leaders of moderate unionism. They have been seen once again to lose control of the community they represent.

The outlook then is bleak. The political talks must continue. New arrangements can and must be made to secure a compromise between the rights of Protestants to march and those of Catholics to tranquillity and security.

But the risk is that politicians in London and perhaps in Dublin will quietly give up on Northern Ireland, opting for a return to the policy of containment seen during the 1970s and 1980s. And herein lies the cruellest irony of all. Militant unionism is driven by fear that Westminster plans to wash its hands of Northern Ireland. There is no such plot. But the Orangemen imperil their own cause. Another decade or so of sectarian violence and many in Britain would begin to ask whether the principle was worth the price.

An unstoppable plague frozen in its tracks

Daniel Green on the new optimism in the battle against Aids

When we finally defeat this epidemic, historians will look back and observe that 1996 marked a strategic turning point in the global effort against HIV and Aids. With those words, the organisers closed the 11th International Conference on Aids in Vancouver, Canada. More than 14,000 participants, plus 2,000 staff and volunteer organisers, had witnessed an extraordinary mixture of science, show business, humour, tragedy, protest and commerce.

The science offered a vision of Aids no longer as an unstoppable plague but an illness that can be treated. Clinical trials data presented at the meeting showed that new, three-drug combinations stop the replication of HIV, the virus that causes Aids. Without replication, the virus quickly disappears from the bloodstream, at least as far as tests can show.

With no virus circulating, the immune system begins to recover and patients' health returns. In one trial, patients on a triple therapy for 48 weeks showed 15 times the increase in the number of CD4 cells - the part of the immune system attacked by HIV - than those on an older, two-drug regime. These beneficial effects are experienced by a large majority of the people in clinical trials. That means HIV can be frozen in its tracks, for 48 weeks at least.

The power of the new drugs to tackle HIV, a virus identified in the mid-1980s, has surprised researchers. About \$2bn

a year is spent on Aids research each year, but until now there was little to show for it. The one great hope, Glaxo Wellcome's AZT, turned out to be a let-down. That may yet be the case with the triple therapies. But so dramatic was the effect on most patients that speaker after speaker hailed the trials' results as unthinkable even six months ago.

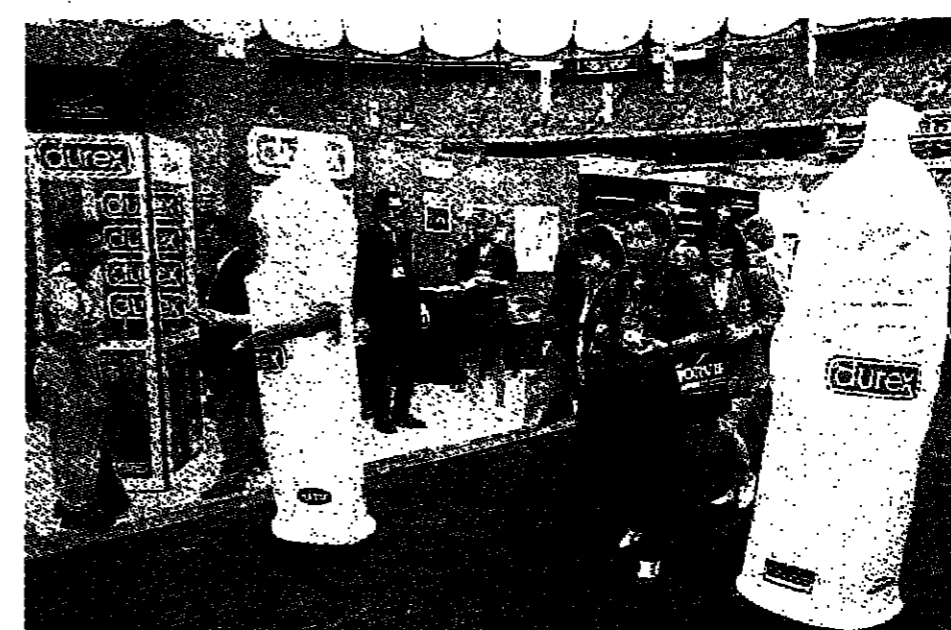
The news was not all good. Patients have to perform feats of gastronomic precision with their daily regimen of 15 or 20 pills. Some must be taken more than two hours after and one hour before food, some with a lot of water, and some not together with the others.

Failure to obey these rules is worse than not taking drugs at all. Unless the virus is hit fast and hard, resistance to the drug can build up within weeks. Increasing the dose to "normal" levels from too low a base then no longer works.

Side-effects are still a problem. Nine people in one 97-strong trial dropped out because they developed kidney stones. Trials so far have been on a small scale, lasting for less than a year. New strains of HIV are spreading.

Perhaps most important, the patients are not "cured". The virus remains dormant in the body for a long time. Exactly how long is a question that should be answered over the next few months, says Dr David Ho of the Rockefeller University in New York.

One test scheduled for October is designed to find out



Something for the weekend, sir: staff dressed as condoms hand packs to Aids conference visitors

whether recently infected patients, immediately treated for one year on the most powerful triple therapy, will have had the virus completely eliminated. The test is risky: a patient must volunteer to stop taking the medicines. If even a handful of virus particles have survived in what scientists call "sanctuaries" in the body, the infection will return.

If that does happen, however, there are plenty more avenues for scientists to explore. Advances in understanding how HIV works at a molecular level have created what one speaker called a "road map for future drug research". There are at least another 10 mechanisms essential to the life-cycle of HIV that will be targeted by research scientists, as well as the intriguing idea that proteins that occur naturally in the body could be harnessed to defend CD4 cells from HIV.

Science was the star of the Vancouver show but the supporting cast ranged from men in six-foot condom suits handing out packs of contracep-

tives, to actress-turned-Aids-activist Elizabeth Taylor. There was hard-nosed business to be done too. The manufacturers of Aids drugs - mainly Merck and Abbott Laboratories in the US, Roche of Switzerland and Glaxo Wellcome of the UK - jostled for position in front of the cameras, or discreetly let it be known they were subsidising meetings devoted to HIV/Aids in developing countries.

Some companies marshalled economists to show that expensive though the new drugs

were - a year's supply for triple therapy costs between \$10,000 (£5,400) and \$15,000 - they were cheaper than looking after someone who was dying. None of this dissuaded Aids activists from accusing drug companies of hype and profiteering. Most days, members of Act Up, the most prominent group, descended on one of the companies' stands and plastered it with stickers.

But the conference also marked the integration of most of the activists' movements into the mainstream of the Aids world. Act Up members were involved in the organisation of the conference and had passes that allowed them into the exhibitions to launch their raids. They condemned one fringe group which threw red dye over a group of scientists.

Most of the Aids victims attending simply told their stories. Ms Katherine Nyirenda, a 24-year-old Zambian living with Aids, left her hospital bed to tell how she had been chased from her home after being infected with Aids and refused shelter by her relatives. In Zambia, she said, one urban woman in five was HIV positive by the age of 30, and children as young as eight were nursing their dying parents.

Twenty-two million people are infected with HIV, with more than 90 per cent in developing countries. The total is rising by 7,000 a day, with some of the fastest increases among women and heterosexual men. But the gloom of the previous conference two years ago in Yokohama, Japan, was gone. In its place was a feeling that hope had a rational basis.

non-registered shares hitherto held only by the family to top management members. "They have become members of the family pool," says Mr Baer.

Some traditional banks have gone a step further. Brown Brothers Harriman in New York, for example, now bars any child of a partner from employment within the firm.

Ironically, some of the most talented financiers who have found themselves frozen out by the family's dominance have themselves been members of the family.

Again, Rothschild proves the point. The founder of the London firm, Nathan, set out for England in 1788 because he clashed so frequently with his father, Mayer Amschel Rothschild. "There was not room enough for all of us in Frankfurt," he told London friends.

In the present generation, too, Jacob Rothschild is widely reckoned to have much more of the banking flair that characterised some of his ancestors than the fractious and occasionally erratic Sir Evelyn.

"There is a feeling that if you were really good, you would be able to make it on your own. In the family firm people can always point to your name, and say you would not have made it on your own," said the descendant of another famous banking family.

The biggest constraint on family banks today, however, is capital. While private partnerships remain entirely practical in sectors such as asset management and corporate advisory work, which demand little capital, ordinary commercial banking, securities underwriting and trading have become much too hungry for capital to be supported by family pockets.

"Family-owned banks have become progressively less important as the amounts of capital involved in things like underwriting have become so enormous," says Mr William Solomon, deputy chairman of Rea Brothers, a London merchant bank controlled by his family.

The Rothschilds may not yet be condemned to clogs, but heredity and capital are now conspiring to make their future as a family-dominated business less certain.



Founding fathers (from left): Mayer Amschel Rothschild, Johann Heinrich Schröder and Sir Francis Baring

Rothschilds and the decline of relative values

Banks run by dynasties are under pressure from rivals with professional managers and more capital, says George Graham

Other London merchant banks have retained a predominantly family ownership structure. But most, including Schroders, Hambros and Fleming's, have brought in outsiders to the top management positions.

Schroders, which is now run by Mr Win Bischoff, has flourished, developing a strong corporate finance division and dramatically expanding its fund management business to produce an outstanding profits record.

Rothschild, where the family has remained, in the words of one London banker, "owner, trainer and jockey", cannot boast anything like the same profitability.

One of the few comparable banks which kept strong family control, Barings, came calamitously adrift last

year when it had to be rescued by the Dutch financial group ING after suffering enormous trading losses in Singapore and Japan.

In Britain, banking has always been a more dynastic business than most industrial sectors. Industrial successions spanning four or five generations can be found in continental Europe; Siemens and Thyssen spring to mind in Germany, while in France whole industries have retained a strong dynastic flavour - notably cognac, where it is often observed that "the son-in-law also rises". Such family continuity is rare in British industry, where "clogs to clogs in three generations" has been the more usual adage.

Many UK banks, however, have retained strong family connections, springing in part from the traditional partnership structure that once dominated finance. Other surviving partnerships include firms such as Lombard Odier in Switzerland, Hoares in the UK and Goldman Sachs in the US.

Families can survive internal feuds. The Rothschilds are proof enough of that. But few families succeed in passing the torch gracefully from generation to generation without, sooner or later, falling foul of inheritance tax.

And fewer still can insure for ever against the chance that the next generation will produce no children with the talent or the inclination to take over the family business - or no children at all. Producing the right heir is all the more difficult in families which, tacitly or overtly, exclude their daughters from management.

Sir Sigmund Warburg, founder of the S.G. Warburg merchant bank, often referred to his brightest young employees as "my sons". His own son, George, however, left after only a few years with the family business to start operations on his own, and later came to financial grief.

Mr Thomas Baer, chairman of Julius Baer Holdings, a large Swiss family-controlled bank, says that his own family is fortunately large. "But there is no sense in forcing them into a career they have no interest in." Baer moved last year to open up the

founder of the London firm, Nathan, set out for England in 1788 because he clashed so frequently with his father, Mayer Amschel Rothschild. "There was not room enough for all of us in Frankfurt," he told London friends.

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The Rothschilds may not yet be condemned to clogs, but heredity and capital are now conspiring to make their future as a family-dominated business less certain.

UNIT TRUSTS

WINNERS AND LOSERS

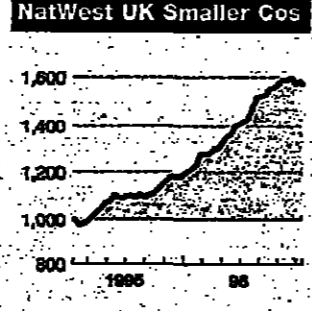
TOP FIVE OVER 1 YEAR

Table listing top five unit trusts over a 1-year period, including NatWest UK Smaller Cos and Govett American Growth.

BOTTOM FIVE OVER 1 YEAR

Table listing bottom five unit trusts over a 1-year period, including Old Mutual Thailand Acc and Old Mutual Emerging Asia Inc.

NatWest UK Smaller Cos



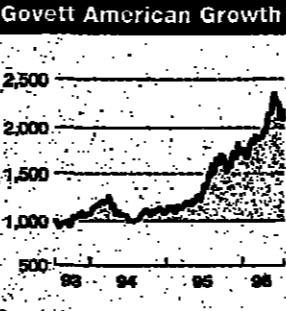
TOP FIVE OVER 3 YEARS

Table listing top five unit trusts over a 3-year period, including Profico Technology and Morgan Growth Europe.

BOTTOM FIVE OVER 3 YEARS

Table listing bottom five unit trusts over a 3-year period, including Save & Prosper Korea and Save & Prosper Japan.

Govett American Growth



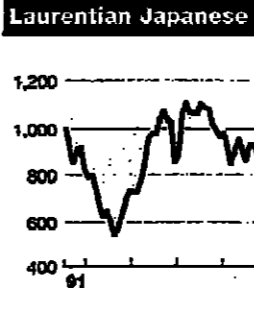
TOP FIVE OVER 5 YEARS

Table listing top five unit trusts over a 5-year period, including Profico Technology and HRI Samuel US Smaller Cos.

BOTTOM FIVE OVER 5 YEARS

Table listing bottom five unit trusts over a 5-year period, including Friends Prov Japanese Sm Cos and Friends Prov Japanese Gen Inc.

Laurentian Japanese



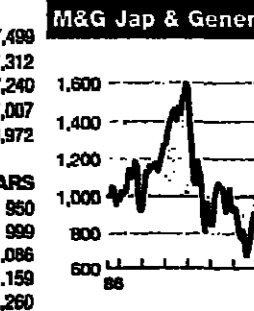
TOP FIVE OVER 10 YEARS

Table listing top five unit trusts over a 10-year period, including Friends Prov Australian and Garmore Hong Kong.

BOTTOM FIVE OVER 10 YEARS

Table listing bottom five unit trusts over a 10-year period, including Friends Prov Japanese Sm Cos and Friends Prov Japanese Gen Inc.

M&G Jap & General Acc



Tables show the result of investing £1,000 over different time periods. Trusts are ranked on 3-year performance. Warning: past performance is not a guide to future performance.

Source: HSW (01625 511311)

Indices

Table showing performance of various indices from 1993 to 1996, including Average UK Trust and Average Investment Trust.

UK Growth

Table showing performance of UK Growth unit trusts, including Jupiter UK Growth and Barclays Uni Leisure.

UK Growth & Income

Table showing performance of UK Growth & Income unit trusts, including Mercury UK Equity and Credit Suisse Growth Port Inc.

UK Smaller Companies

Table showing performance of UK Smaller Companies unit trusts, including HRI Samuel UK Emerging Co's and INVECO UK Smaller Companies.

UK Equity Income

Table showing performance of UK Equity Income unit trusts, including Jupiter Income and GT Income.

UK Equity & Bond Income

Table showing performance of UK Equity & Bond Income unit trusts, including Profico Extra Income and NPI Worldwide Income.

UK Eq & Bd

Table showing performance of UK Eq & Bd unit trusts, including BWD Balanced Portfolio and Credit Suisse High Income Port.

Convertibles

Table showing performance of Convertibles unit trusts, including Bailie Gifford Conv & General and Framlington Convertible.

GIIT & Fixed Interest

Table showing performance of GIIT & Fixed Interest unit trusts, including Thomson Preference Inc and Exeter Zero Preference.

International Equity Income

Table showing performance of International Equity Income unit trusts, including Pembroke Equity Income and Martin Currie Int'l Income.

International Fixed Interest

Table showing performance of International Fixed Interest unit trusts, including Baring Global Bond and TSB International Income Inc.

International Equity & Bond

Table showing performance of International Equity & Bond unit trusts, including NPI Worldwide Income and Cazenove Portfolio.

Int Growth

Table showing performance of Int Growth unit trusts, including Profico Technology and Framlington Health.

North America

Table showing performance of North America unit trusts, including Govett American Growth and HRI Samuel US Smaller Cos.

Europe

Table showing performance of Europe unit trusts, including Morgan Growth Europe and Baring Europe Select.

Japan

Table showing performance of Japan unit trusts, including HRI Samuel Japan Technology and Martin Currie Japan.

Far East inc Japan

Table showing performance of Far East inc Japan unit trusts, including Schroder Far East Growth Inc and Abtrust Pacific.

Far East exc Japan

Table showing performance of Far East exc Japan unit trusts, including Old Mutual Thailand Acc and Fidelity ASEAN.

Best Peps

Table showing performance of Best Peps unit trusts, including Morgan Growth Europe and Jupiter Europe.

Australasia

Table showing performance of Australasia unit trusts, including M&G Australasian & General Acc and Friends Prov Australian.

Commodity & Energy

Table showing performance of Commodity & Energy unit trusts, including Mercury Gold & General and Save & Prosper Gold & Exp'n.

Investment Trust Units

Table showing performance of Investment Trust Units, including Quilter Investment Trusts Inc and Exeter Fund of Investment Trs.

Fund of Funds

Table showing performance of Fund of Funds, including Portfolio Fund of Funds and Morgan Growth Managed Inc.

Financial & Property

Table showing performance of Financial & Property unit trusts, including Barclays Uni Financial and Save & Prosper Financial Secs.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS

WINNERS AND LOSERS

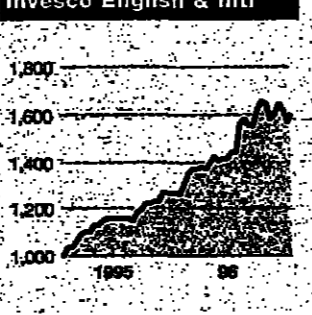
TOP FIVE OVER 1 YEAR

Table listing top five investment trusts over a 1-year period, including Invesco English & Intl and North American Gas.

BOTTOM FIVE OVER 1 YEAR

Table listing bottom five investment trusts over a 1-year period, including Contra-Cyclical Capital and Emcor Dual Capital.

Invesco English & Intl



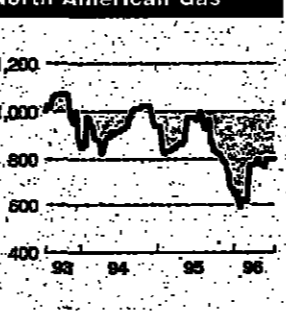
TOP FIVE OVER 3 YEARS

Table listing top five investment trusts over a 3-year period, including TR Technology and Kleinwort Development Fund.

BOTTOM FIVE OVER 3 YEARS

Table listing bottom five investment trusts over a 3-year period, including Contra-Cyclical Capital and East German.

North American Gas



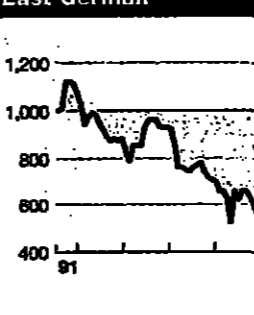
TOP FIVE OVER 5 YEARS

Table listing top five investment trusts over a 5-year period, including TR Technology and MCT Capital.

BOTTOM FIVE OVER 5 YEARS

Table listing bottom five investment trusts over a 5-year period, including Emcor Dual Capital and Emcor Dual Capital.

East German



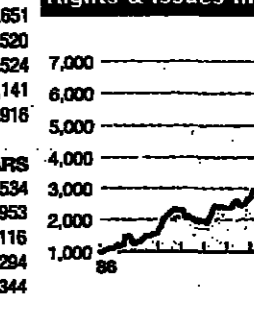
TOP FIVE OVER 10 YEARS

Table listing top five investment trusts over a 10-year period, including Cardiff and Pacific Assets.

BOTTOM FIVE OVER 10 YEARS

Table listing bottom five investment trusts over a 10-year period, including Newmarket Venture Capital and New Throgmorton (1983) Capital.

Rights & Issues Inc



Tables show the result of investing £1,000 over different time periods. Trusts are ranked on 3-year performance. Warning: past performance is not a guide to future performance. For investment trust prices see main paper.

UK General

Table showing performance of UK General unit trusts, including Finsbury Trust and Mercury Keystone.

UK Capital Growth

Table showing performance of UK Capital Growth unit trusts, including Welsh Industrial and Kleinwort Endowment Policy.

Smaller Companies

Table showing performance of Smaller Companies unit trusts, including INVECO English & Intl and Henderson Strategic.

UK Income Growth

Table showing performance of UK Income Growth unit trusts, including Morgan Growth Income and Value and Income.

Venture and Devt Cap

Table showing performance of Venture and Devt Cap unit trusts, including Kleinwort Development Fund and Foreign & Colonial Enterprise.

International General

Table showing performance of International General unit trusts, including Law Debenture Corporation and Personal Assets.

Int Cap Gth

Table showing performance of Int Cap Gth unit trusts, including Primadona and TR Technology (Units).

Int Income Growth

Table showing performance of Int Income Growth unit trusts, including Murray International and British Assets Eqs Index ULS.

North America

Table showing performance of North America unit trusts, including London American Growth and Govett American Smaller Cos.

Continental Europe

Table showing performance of Continental Europe unit trusts, including TR European Growth and Fleming European Pledging.

Pan Europe

Table showing performance of Pan Europe unit trusts, including Kleinwort Charter and European Smaller Companies.

Japan

Table showing performance of Japan unit trusts, including Edinburgh Japan and Fleming Japanese.

FE inc Japan

Table showing performance of FE inc Japan unit trusts, including Govett Oriental and TR Far East Income.

Far East exc Japan, General

Table showing performance of Far East exc Japan, General unit trusts, including TR Pacific and Scottish Asian.

Far East exc Japan, Single Country

Table showing performance of Far East exc Japan, Single Country unit trusts, including Stern Selective Growth and First Philippine.

Emerging Markets

Table showing performance of Emerging Markets unit trusts, including Temptation Emerging Markets and Foreign & Colonial Em Markets.

Commodity and Energy

Table showing performance of Commodity and Energy unit trusts, including North American Gas and Emcor Dual Zero Coupon Pref.

Property

Table showing performance of Property unit trusts, including TR Property and Trust of Property Shares.

High Income

Table showing performance of High Income unit trusts, including Dartmoor and City Merchant High Yield.

Split - Capital

Table showing performance of Split - Capital unit trusts, including MCT Cap and River Plate & General Cap.

Split - Income and Residual Capital Shares

Table showing performance of Split - Income and Residual Capital Shares unit trusts, including TR Technology and Finsbury Smaller Companies.

Split - Income

Table showing performance of Split - Income unit trusts, including Rights & Issues Inc and MCT Inc.

Split - Zero Dividend

Table showing performance of Split - Zero Dividend unit trusts, including Emcor Dual Zero Coupon Pref and Jupiter Extra Income Zero.

Investment trusts

Directors of Fleming High Income investment trust announced plans this week to wind up the fund, writes Martin MacCannell. Launched in 1988, it failed to live up to its objective of providing a good income through investment in high-yielding UK equities.

share price leaped 4.5p on Wednesday to 100p following the liquidation announcement, it is still trading at an 8 per cent discount to the underlying value of its holdings (net asset value). Investors in the £37m trust will receive close to NAV at wind-up.

fund manager. The move by Throgmorton follows its aim of disposing of quoted assets and investing in quoted smaller companies. Throgmorton's holding in Framlington had accounted for about 11 per cent of the trust's net asset value.

UNIT TRUST LAUNCHES

Table listing various unit trust launches with details on manager, sector, and investment focus.

Authorised Unit Trusts

FT Cityline Unit Trust Prices are available over the telephone. Call the FT Cityline Help Desk on (444 171) 873 4378 for more details.

FT MANAGED FUNDS SERVICE

AUTHORISED UNIT TRUSTS

Table listing various unit trusts such as All United Kingdom, All United States, All United Europe, etc., with columns for Name, Type, and Price.

Table listing various unit trusts such as City of London, City of London, City of London, etc., with columns for Name, Type, and Price.

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No FT, no comment. FT.com, the Financial Times internet site, now provides much more comprehensive news and business comment and analysis updated throughout the day.

Advertisement for FT.com with the headline 'For surfers who want to be on the board.' and the URL (http://www.ft.com).

Guide to pricing of Authorised Unit Trusts. Compiled with the assistance of AUTIFSS. Includes sections on Initial charges, Staying prices, Treatment of manager's periodic charges, Exit charges, and Historic pricing.

Table listing various unit trusts such as City of London, City of London, City of London, etc., with columns for Name, Type, and Price.

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FT MANAGED FUNDS SERVICE

Authorised and Insurances

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Table of financial data for various unit trusts, including columns for fund name, price, and other metrics.

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OTHER UK UNIT TRUSTS

Table of financial data for other UK unit trusts.

PROPERTY UNIT TRUSTS

Table of financial data for property unit trusts.

INSURANCES

Table of financial data for insurance products.

Advertisement for SAAB featuring the slogan 'An intelligent investment' and 'SAAB beyond the conventional'. Includes contact information: 0800 626 556.

Insurances, Money Markets and Other

FT MANAGED FUNDS SERVICE

FT Cityline Unit Trust Prices are available over the telephone. Call the FT Cityline Help Desk on (444 171) 873 4378 for more details.

Main table containing financial data for various funds, including columns for fund names, prices, and performance metrics. The table is organized into multiple sections such as 'Legal & General - Contd.', 'Royal Life Assurance Co Ltd', 'Scottish Provident Investments - Contd.', etc.

Money Market Trust Funds

Table listing Money Market Trust Funds with columns for fund name, price, and other details.

Money Market Bank Accounts

Table listing Money Market Bank Accounts with columns for bank name, account type, and interest rates.

MANAGEMENT SERVICES

Table listing various Management Services, including fund management, advisory, and other financial services.

JAVICO LTD

Vertical advertisement on the right edge of the page, featuring the text 'OFFSHORE AND OVERSEAS' and 'BERMUDA REGULATED'.

Handwritten text: "JALISCO" in a box.

FT MANAGED FUNDS SERVICE

OFFSHORE AND OVERSEAS

BERMUDA (SIB RECOGNISED)

Table listing various offshore funds under Bermuda (SIB RECOGNISED) with columns for fund name, price, and change.

BERMUDA (REGULATED)**

Table listing various offshore funds under Bermuda (REGULATED)** with columns for fund name, price, and change.

GUERNSEY (SIB RECOGNISED)

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IRELAND (SIB RECOGNISED)

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ISLE OF MAN (SIB RECOGNISED)

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ISLE OF MAN (REGULATED)**

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ENBC logo and advertisement text: "There's no time like the present to check your futures. Five 24-hour global business TV."

Offshore Funds and Insurances

FT MANAGED FUNDS SERVICE

FT Cityline Unit Trust Prices are available over the telephone. Call the FT Cityline Help Desk on (+44 171) 874 4378 for more details.

Table containing financial data for various offshore funds and insurances, including columns for fund names, types, and prices. The table is organized into sections such as 'LUXEMBOURG (SIS RECOGNISED)', 'OFFSHORE INSURANCES', and 'OTHER OFFSHORE FUNDS'.

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FT MANAGED FUNDS SERVICE

FT Cityline Unit Trust Prices are available over the telephone. Call the FT Cityline Help Desk on (+44 171) 873 4378 for more details.

Main table containing fund names, prices, and performance metrics. Includes columns for Name, Price, and % Change. Funds listed include: Parnell Life Assurance, Arnie Capital Advisors LLC, Credit Agricole Group, Genes Management, Indosuez Asset Mgmt Latin America SA, The IBC Ocean Fund LP, PFI Israel Growth Fund Ltd, and many others.

SAVE YOUR POCKET MONEY. (CHILDREN GO FREE AT NOVOTEL.)
Lots of hotels claim they welcome children. But at Novotel, kids under 16 really do stay free and enjoy a free breakfast when they share a room with two adults. For details of our 18 child-friendly hotels in the UK and a further 300 worldwide, call 0181 748 3433.

OTHER OFFSHORE FUNDS

Table listing various offshore funds such as ATSP Management Ltd, AIA Asset Management, and others, with their respective prices and changes.

MANAGED FUNDS

Table listing managed funds including Global Asset Mgmt (Asia) Ltd, Global Asset Mgmt (Europe) Ltd, and others.

OFFSHORE INSURANCE

Table listing offshore insurance products and providers.

OTHER FUNDS

Table listing other fund categories and individual fund entries.

MANAGED FUNDS

Table listing managed funds, including various international and regional funds.

OFFSHORE INSURANCE

Table listing offshore insurance products.

OTHER FUNDS

Table listing other fund categories.

MANAGED FUNDS

Table listing managed funds.

MANAGED FUNDS NOTES
Prices are given unless otherwise indicated and are based on the latest available information. Prices of certain units are subject to change as a result of the fund's investment policy.

WORLD STOCK MARKETS

Highs & Lows shown on a 52 week basis

NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES (Jul 12/US)

Table of US stock market data including S&P 500, Dow Jones, and various sector indices with columns for high, low, and change.

EUROPE

AMSTERDAM (Jul 12/E)

Table of European stock market data for Amsterdam, London, Frankfurt, and other major markets.

ASIA

TOKYO (Jul 12/J)

Table of Asian stock market data for Tokyo, Hong Kong, Singapore, and other regional markets.

MEXICO

MEXICO CITY (Jul 12/M)

Table of Mexican stock market data.

AFRICA

JOHANNESBURG (Jul 12/A)

Table of African stock market data for Johannesburg.

AUSTRALIA

SYDNEY (Jul 12/A)

Table of Australian stock market data for Sydney.

NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND (Jul 12/N)

Table of New Zealand stock market data for Auckland.

Rockwell Automation is leading technological innovation with more than 500,000 products for a broad spectrum of industries. Includes Rockwell logo.

INDICES

Table of various global indices including Nikkei, Hang Seng, and others.

US INDICES

Table of US market indices including Dow Jones, S&P 500, and Treasury bills.

SOUTH AFRICA

Table of South African stock market data.

AFRICA

Table of African stock market data.

ASIA

Table of Asian stock market data.

AUSTRALIA

Table of Australian stock market data.

INDEX FUTURES

Table of index futures contracts for S&P 500, Dow Jones, etc.

US INDICES

Table of US indices and market activity.

AFRICA

Table of African market data.

ASIA

Table of Asian market data.

AUSTRALIA

Table of Australian market data.

NEW ZEALAND

Table of New Zealand market data.

Small print text at the bottom of the page providing publication details and legal notices.

Large vertical advertisement on the right side of the page for 'AMERICA US equ' and 'Nikkei off'.

WORLD STOCK MARKETS

AMERICA

US equities move in volatile range

Wall Street

US shares showed prospects of rebounding early yesterday morning, but by mid-morning most major indices had begun to slide and were lower in early afternoon trading.

the NYSE came to 247m shares. Mr Lazzio Birinyi, president of Birinyi Associates, said that equities appeared to be heading back toward the bottom of their trading range, but did not think the market would go much lower than yesterday's levels.

Microsoft lost 3% at \$111. Oracle was 4% weaker at \$37.4 and Cisco Systems shed 1% at \$53. Meanwhile, Intel, the second biggest company on the Nasdaq, added 1% at \$70.9.

analysts' expectations and tumbled 13% on Thursday. The company's shares rose 2% at \$34.4 yesterday.

Canada Toronto turned back after a slightly stronger start as US economic data failed to clarify if the Federal Reserve would raise interest rates.

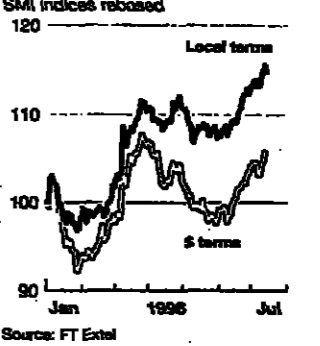
Drug groups provide catalyst for Zurich

William Hall on the Swiss market's inexorable rise

Switzerland's stock market, the sixth biggest in the world, used to be regarded as one of the least exciting. Its big, conservative companies were solid citizens who were rarely moved by the corporate fads and fashions of the day.

However, the weakness of the currency is a bonus for most major Swiss companies which generate the bulk of their sales overseas. Only 2 per cent of Nestlé's sales are in Switzerland, for example, and the strength of this week's sales figures from Swiss blue-chips such as Roche, Ciba and Sanofi, show that corporate Switzerland is starting to bene-

franc partly reflects the surprising weakness of the Swiss economy. Growth forecasts have been steadily trimmed downwards. A fortnight ago a regular survey of 31 leading Swiss economists predicted a 1996 rate of 0.37 per cent, half last year's level.



SMI indices rebounded

EUROPE

US influence pulls continental bourses lower

Wall Street provided an overriding influence on the European bourses. Shares in FRANKFURT were among those to fall, with the Dax finishing at 2,548.96 and the Dax 100 at 2,548.97, a loss of 12.98.

per cent, to FF7541 on the news, and Colas was FF195 off at FF376. Bouygues has a 59 per cent stake in Colas through its CFCR unit.

AMSTERDAM witnessed a session low of 541.76 in the AEX before improving steadily to close off 2.37 at 547.01.

lower, ignoring benign domestic inflation data for June and the general index finished 2.75 weaker at 355.41. Endesa fell 1.50 to P14.00 in heavy trade, with some investors seeing the price as a buying opportunity, in spite of uncertainties over the sector.

WARSAW fell for its fifth session but some analysts were forecasting a rise on Monday, if the publication of June inflation figures were satisfactory.

Siemens was easier on concern about the earnings outlook for the group's semiconductor business. Siemens publishes nine-month earnings data on Monday and the shares eased 52p to DM79.74.

Philips continued to be affected by the malaise of high-tech stocks worldwide, losing FI 1.70 to FI 52.50. Its associate, Polygram, eased FI 2 to FI 90.90 on worries about an action alleging that CD manufacturers had kept prices too high.

AMS led the declining issues for the second consecutive session, losing 5.9 per cent, to Sch88, to a new year's low of Sch7.90. This followed a 13 per cent decline on Thursday, and over the year-to-date the stock has dropped by 55 per cent.

HELSINKI suffered because of a heavy fall in Nokia, down FM5.50 at FM162. The Hex index lost 18.22 to 2,019.12.

STANBUL's failure to break through 75,000 in heavy trade, with some investors seeing the price as a buying opportunity, in spite of uncertainties over the sector.

ASIA PACIFIC

Nikkei off 1% as electronics sector falls

The decline on Wall Street hit computer and prices led ground on profit taking and technical selling, writes Erika Terazono in Tokyo.

TKK, the fire brick maker, rose Y32 to Y96 on buying by speculators. Kanematsu, the trading house, fell Y5 to Y718.

SEONG KONG led from Wall Street and the Hang Seng index finished 118.67 weaker at 10,802.82, after a low of 10,764.53, in turnover that picked up to HK\$30bn.

SEATTLE demonstrated its disappointment at proposals made by the Korea Securities Research Institute to liberalise the securities market and the composite index fell 7.57 to 839.82. Rumours that there would be a government investigation into illegal trading also dampened sentiment.

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Volume was 343m shares against 283m. The Topix index of all first section stocks fell 13.37 to 2,632.30 and the Nikkei 300 lost 2.62 to 304.80. Declines led advances by 787 to 231 with 195 issues unchanged.

BANGKOK witnessed its sharpest loss in a single session since June 11 on worries that second-quarter earnings would be disappointing.

Shares in Cheung Kong (Holdings) fell HK\$1.00 to HK\$42.25, as its Cheung Kong Infrastructure unit said that 26.8m shares offered to Hong Kong investors, as part of its initial public offering, were 23.2 times subscribed.

TAIPEI was easier with the weighted index off 20.93 to 6,226.28.

SEATTLE demonstrated its disappointment at proposals made by the Korea Securities Research Institute to liberalise the securities market and the composite index fell 7.57 to 839.82. Rumours that there would be a government investigation into illegal trading also dampened sentiment.

FT/SP ACTUARIES WORLD INDICES

Table with columns for National and Regional Markets, US, Europe, Asia, etc., showing indices and percentage changes.

LONDON EQUITIES

LIFFE EQUITY OPTIONS

Table showing Liffe equity options for various stocks like Astra, British Airways, etc.

RISERS AND FALLS

Table showing risers and falls in London equities.

TRADITIONAL OPTIONS

Table showing traditional options for various stocks.

LONDON RECENT ISSUES: EQUITIES

Table showing London recent issues in equities.

RIGHTS OFFERS

Table showing rights offers for various companies.

FINANCIAL TIMES EQUITY INDICES

Table showing Financial Times equity indices.

FT GOLD MINES INDEX

Table showing FT Gold Mines Index.

TRADEPOINT INVESTMENT EXCHANGE

Table showing TradePoint Investment Exchange data.

LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE: Dealings

Details of business done shown below have been taken with consent from the London Stock Exchange Official List and should not be reproduced without permission.

Unless otherwise indicated prices are in pence. The prices are those at which the business was done in the 24 hours up to 5 pm on Thursday and settled through the Stock Exchange Tallyman system, they are not in order of execution but in ascending order which denotes the day's highest and lowest dealings.

For those securities in which no business was recorded in Thursday's Official List the latest recorded business in the previous days is given with the relevant dates.

† Bargains at special prices, ‡ Bargains done the previous day.

British Funds, etc

Treasury 13 1/2% Stk 300000 - 1222 1/2 (10/96)
Guaranteed Export Finance Corp PLC 12 1/2% Stk 2000000 - 1123 3/4 (8/96)

Corporation and County Stocks

Birmingham District Council 11 1/2% Red Stk 2012 - 121 1/4 (8/96)
Oxford Mill Borough Council 12 1/2% Red Stk 2000 - 125 1/4 (8/96)

UK Public Bonds

Metropolitan Water Metroplan Water 3% A Stk 1000000 - 121 1/4 (8/96)
Port of London Authority 3% Port of London A Stk 25000 - 125 1/4 (8/96)

Foreign Stocks, Bonds, etc (coupons payable in London)

A&P PLC 13 1/2% Stk 2015 (8/96)
ABB Ltd 10 1/2% Stk 2000 (8/96)

Starting Issues by Overseas Borrowers

Asian Development Bank 10 1/2% Ln Stk 2000000 - 111 (8/96)
Austrian Government of 11 1/2% Ln Stk 2010000 - 124 1/2 (8/96)

Listed Companies (excluding Investment Trusts)

ABN Capital Finance 10 1/2% Stk 2000 (8/96)
Aldi Stores Ltd 10 1/2% Non-Cum Stk 2000 (8/96)

Blue Circle Industries PLC 5 1/2% 2nd Deb Stk 1000000 - 127 (8/96)
Bunzl Group PLC 5 1/2% Ln Stk 2000000 - 127 1/2 (8/96)

MEPCO PLC 9 1/2% 1st Mtg Deb Stk 2000000 - 127 1/2 (8/96)
MPC PLC 8 1/2% Ln Stk 2000000 - 127 1/2 (8/96)

Parfums Floures PLC 9 1/2% Cum Red Pfd 100 - 98 1/2 (8/96)
Parfums S.A. Ord Stk NPV (Fr) In Denom 1.5 & 10 - 98 1/2 (8/96)

Signet Group PLC ADR (2:1) - 81.13
Signet Engineering PLC 4.25% (Frly 9%) Cum Pfd 21 - 82 (8/96)

Whitbread PLC 7 1/2% 3rd Cum Pfd Stk (2:1) - 102 (8/96)
Whitbread PLC 5 1/2% 1st Ln Stk - 102 (8/96)

HTI Japanese Smoker Co's Thrust PLC Ord 25p - 106 1/4 (8/96)
Heard Investment Trust PLC G Stk of 25p - 98 (8/96)

Investment Trusts
American Opportunity Trust PLC Zero Cpn Cum Ln Stk 90000 - 127 1/2 (8/96)

Miscellaneous Warrants
Merill Lynch International G. Call Mktg Rpt (Fr) Ord - 101 1/2 (8/96)

USM Appendix
Midland & Scottish Resources PLC Ord 10p - 3 1/2 (10/96)

Alternative Investment Market
Newport Energy PLC 11 1/2% Cum Pfd (2:1) - 115 1/2 (10/96)

Pharma Foods PLC 9 1/2% Cum Ord Red Pfd 100 - 98 1/2 (8/96)
Parfums S.A. Ord Stk NPV (Fr) In Denom 1.5 & 10 - 98 1/2 (8/96)

Plantation & General Fuel PLC 9 1/2% Cum Red Pfd 100 - 98 1/2 (8/96)
Polystyrene (I.P.) Co Ltd Stk 2000 (Hong Kong Registered) - 82.775 (7/96)

Power Generation PLC 10 1/2% Cum Pfd (2:1) - 110 (10/96)
Power Generation PLC 10 1/2% 1st Mtg Deb Stk 2000 - 131.362 (10/96)

Standard Chartered PLC 12 1/2% Subord Ln Stk 2000 - 124 (10/96)
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Standard Chartered PLC 12 1/2% Subord Ln Stk 2000 - 124 (10/96)

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The Financial Times plans to publish a Survey on Reinsurance on Monday, September 9. This survey will report on the most significant issues facing the industry, particularly the effect of downward pressure on rates and the knock-on effect this is having on underwriters. It will also provide readers with a regional view of the market, covering Lloyd's of London, Continental Europe, the USA, the developing markets and a report on the rapid growth of Bermuda as a host to some of the industry's major participants. For further information please contact William MacLeod on Tel: 0171 873 3688 Fax 0171 873 4298 FT Surveys

UK stock

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, possibly a continuation of the FT-SE Actuaries indices or other market data.

LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

MARKET REPORT

UK stocks weaker but close above session lows

By Steve Thompson, UK Stock Market Editor

All eyes in London were fixed on Wall Street yesterday afternoon as dealers pored over the chances of yet another sell-off in US shares to follow Thursday's 80-point decline.

Gifts were ground from the outset, with the 10-year issue adding 8 ticks lower at the close and the 30-year issue down 9 ticks, slightly unsettled by the Confederation of British Industry's June survey which said retail sales were at the strongest since 1990.

ably less in the face of Wall Street's turbulence. Footsie's fall on the week was restricted to only 15.3, although the second line stocks fared much worse with the Mid 250 down 50.7 over the same period.

Trading slide in mid-morning, ahead of US retail sales and producer price data for June. At its worst the index was 33.7 weaker.

The economic news, which showed retail sales down 0.2 per cent and producer prices up 0.2 per cent, was well received by the markets, with US Treasury bonds edging ahead.

TRADING VOLUME IN MAJOR STOCKS

Table with columns: Vol. 000, Closing price, Day's change. Lists major stocks like Lloyds, British Telecom, etc.

EQUITY FUTURES AND OPTIONS TRADING

Table with columns: Dealer's stock index futures, FT-SE 100 Index Futures (LFFE), FT-SE 250 Index Futures (LFFE), FT-SE 100 Index Options (LFFE), FT-SE 250 Index Options (LFFE).

NEW 52 WEEK HIGHS AND LOWS

Table with columns: NEW 52 WEEK HIGHS, NEW 52 WEEK LOWS. Lists various companies and their stock prices.

BAA up on pricing hopes

UK airports group BAA sparked a sizeable holder switch into the stock and out of British Airways.

CHIEF PRICE CHANGES

Table with columns: YESTERDAY, LONDON (Pence). Lists price changes for various companies like BAA, British Airways, etc.

FT-SE Actuaries Share Indices

Table with columns: Day's change, 7d, 1m, 3m, 6m, 12m, YTD, etc. Lists various share indices.

The UK Series

Table with columns: Day's change, 7d, 1m, 3m, 6m, 12m, YTD, etc. Lists various UK series.

FT-SE Actuaries All-Share

Table with columns: Day's change, 7d, 1m, 3m, 6m, 12m, YTD, etc. Lists FT-SE Actuaries All-Share index.

Hourly movements

Table with columns: Open, High, Low, Close, etc. Lists hourly movements for various indices.

FT-SE Actuaries 350 Industry baskets

Table with columns: Open, High, Low, Close, etc. Lists FT-SE Actuaries 350 Industry baskets.

FT-SE-A All-Share Index

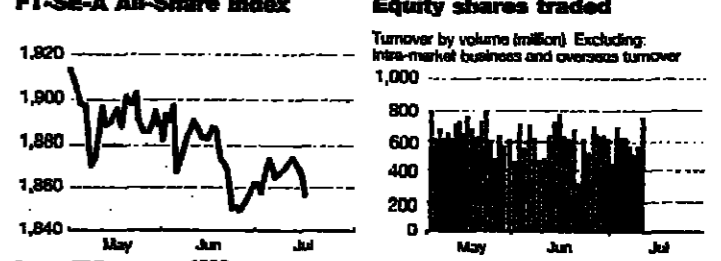
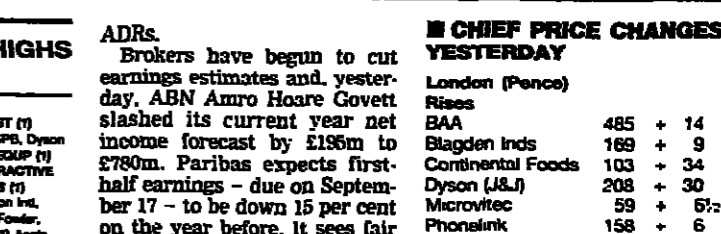


Table with columns: Index and ratios, FT-SE Mid 250, FT-SE A 350, etc. Lists various index ratios.

Equity shares traded



FT-SE 100 Index

Table with columns: Closing index for Jul 12, Change over week, etc. Lists FT-SE 100 Index data.

CHIEF PRICE CHANGES

Table with columns: YESTERDAY, LONDON (Pence). Lists price changes for various companies.

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LONDON SHARE SERVICE

ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

Table listing companies in the Alcoholic Beverages sector with columns for company name, share price, and change.

BANKS, MERCHANT

Table listing companies in the Banks and Merchant sector.

BANKS, RETAIL

Table listing companies in the Banks and Retail sector.

BREWERIES, PUBS & REST

Table listing companies in the Breweries, Pubs & Restaurants sector.

BUILDING & CONSTRUCTION

Table listing companies in the Building & Construction sector.

BUILDING MATS. & MERCHANTS

Table listing companies in the Building Materials & Merchants sector.

CHEMICALS

Table listing companies in the Chemicals sector.

CHEMICALS - Cont.

Continuation of Chemicals sector table.

DISTRIBUTORS

Table listing companies in the Distributors sector.

DIVERSIFIED INDUSTRIALS

Table listing companies in the Diversified Industrials sector.

ELECTRICITY

Table listing companies in the Electricity sector.

ELECTRONIC & ELECTRICAL EQPT

Table listing companies in the Electronic & Electrical Equipment sector.

ELECTRONIC & ELECTRICAL EQPT - Cont.

Continuation of Electronic & Electrical Equipment sector table.

ENGINEERING

Table listing companies in the Engineering sector.

ENGINEERING, VEHICLES

Table listing companies in the Engineering and Vehicles sector.

EXTRACTIVE INDUSTRIES

Table listing companies in the Extractive Industries sector.

EXTRACTIVE INDUSTRIES - Cont.

Continuation of Extractive Industries sector table.

FOOD PRODUCERS

Table listing companies in the Food Producers sector.

FOOD PRODUCERS - Cont.

Continuation of Food Producers sector table.

GAS DISTRIBUTION

Table listing companies in the Gas Distribution sector.

HEALTH CARE

Table listing companies in the Health Care sector.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS

Table listing companies in the Household Goods sector.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS

Table listing companies in the Household Goods sector.

INSURANCE

Table listing companies in the Insurance sector.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS

Table listing companies in the Investment Trusts sector.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS

Table listing companies in the Investment Trusts sector.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS SPLIT CAPITAL

Table listing companies in the Investment Trusts Split Capital sector.

RESTAURANT COMPANIES

Table listing companies in the Restaurant Companies sector.

TOURISM & HOTELS

Table listing companies in the Tourism & Hotels sector.

TOURISM & HOTELS

Table listing companies in the Tourism & Hotels sector.

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INV TRUSTS SPLIT CAPITAL - Cont.

Table listing investment trusts with columns for Name, Price, and % Change.

OTHER INVESTMENT TRUSTS

Table listing other investment trusts with columns for Name, Price, and % Change.

INVESTMENT COMPANIES

Table listing investment companies with columns for Name, Price, and % Change.

LEISURE & HOTELS

Table listing leisure and hotel companies with columns for Name, Price, and % Change.

LEISURE & HOTELS - Cont.

Table listing leisure and hotel companies (continued).

LIFE ASSURANCE

Table listing life assurance companies.

MEDIA

Table listing media companies.

OTHER FINANCIAL - Cont.

Table listing other financial companies (continued).

PHARMACEUTICALS

Table listing pharmaceutical companies.

PAPER, PACKAGING & PRINTING

Table listing paper, packaging, and printing companies.

PROPERTY - Cont.

Table listing property companies (continued).

RETAILERS, FOOD

Table listing food retailers.

RETAILERS, GENERAL

Table listing general retailers.

TELECOMMUNICATIONS

Table listing telecommunications companies.

TEXTILES & APPAREL

Table listing textiles and apparel companies.

TOBACCO

Table listing tobacco companies.

TRANSPORT

Table listing transport companies.

AMERICANS

Table listing American companies.

CANADIANS

Table listing Canadian companies.

SOUTH AFRICANS

Table listing South African companies.

OTHER FINANCIAL - Cont.

Table listing other financial companies (continued).

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WATER

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AIM

Table listing companies on the AIM market.

AIM - Cont.

Table listing companies on the AIM market (continued).

AIM - Cont.

Table listing companies on the AIM market (continued).

AIM - Cont.

Table listing companies on the AIM market (continued).

Advertisement for J.P. Drake, General Manager, Barclays Direct Loans Services. Text: 'OUR TEAM HAVE COMMITMENT, ENTHUSIASM AND DETERMINATION, COMBINED WITH GOOD COMMUNICATION SKILLS'. Includes phone number 0800 22 0151.

SUPPORT SERVICES - Cont.

Table listing support services companies (continued).

TELECOMMUNICATIONS

Table listing telecommunications companies.

TEXTILES & APPAREL

Table listing textiles and apparel companies.

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AIM - Cont.

Table listing companies on the AIM market (continued).

AIM - Cont.

Table listing companies on the AIM market (continued).

GUIDE TO LONDON SHARE SERVICE
Price for the London Share Service delivered by FT...
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Includes a list of abbreviations and symbols used in the tables.

14

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FINANCIAL TIMES

Weekend July 13/July 14 1996

LEGAL DEFINITIONS

property n. *Brit.* 1 leaf tea served from a silver pot (usu. Earl Grey, English Breakfast etc.) 2 something owned: a possession, esp. real estate. *see* ROWS & M&W: 250 (p. 0171-248 4322)

Rowe & Maw
LAWYERS FOR BUSINESS

Peace process in ruins after police decision on march, says Adams

Risk of Ulster bloodshed rises

By John Knapman and John Murray Brown in Belfast and Jimmy Burns in London

The prospect of renewed bloodshed in Northern Ireland increased last night after Mr Gerry Adams, the Sinn Féin president, said the police decision to allow Protestants to march through Catholic areas had left the peace process in "absolute ruins".

His remarks followed the province's worst night of republican violence - with three policemen injured by gunfire - since the IRA ceasefire in August 1994.

The IRA has made clear to the Irish government through intermediaries that the week's events mean there is no chance of it considering options for restoring the ceasefire it broke in February with the first of a series of bombs in Britain.

Mr John Major, UK prime minister, said Mr Adams's claim was

"absurd". He condemned the violence from both sides but said the peace process would continue without Sinn Féin.

Churchmen joined nationalist politicians in condemning the Royal Ulster Constabulary for allowing parades by the Protestant Orange Order to go past Catholic housing estates in Portadown and Belfast.

In Washington, a senior member of President Bill Clinton's National Security Council was understood to have conveyed a message to Britain criticising the RUC's U-turn on Thursday when it lifted a block on an Orange parade in Portadown after unionist pressure.

In the violent backlash that followed, two RUC officers were shot in the Catholic Ardoyne area of north Belfast in the early hours of yesterday morning. Another officer was hit by gunfire in nearby clashes. In Armagh, dozens of buses and

cars were burned and the local post office was set on fire.

The worst violence occurred in Londonderry, the province's Catholic-dominated second city. The RUC said 50 people were hurt and an estimated 900 petrol bombs were thrown at the security forces.

In Portadown, the scene of a four-day stand-off between police and Protestants which was followed by clashes between police and Catholics, Protestants rampaged through Catholic homes.

Meanwhile, the set-piece Orange parades in Belfast and other cities went off relatively smoothly. Police, with soldiers in support, corralled local residents into their homes and sealed off alleyways with armoured vehicles. Three members of the Irish parliament angrily observed the actions and said they would report on them to the Dublin government.

One of those hemmed in was

Mr Adams, who, standing nose to nose with heavily armed RUC officers, led chants of "no rights, no laws" as the Orangemen marched past.

Mr Adams accused Mr David Trimble and the Rev Ian Paisley, the leaders of the two main Unionist parties of "orchestrating a campaign of mass intimidation".

He said: "I want to say clearly that the peace process lies in absolute ruins and the blame for that lies squarely with the British government."

Irish ministers were seeking an urgent meeting with the British next week in an attempt to prevent events in Northern Ireland from sliding out of control. Mr Major said "frustration" on both sides was to blame and he rallied behind the RUC chief constable, Sir Hugh Amesley.

IRA block on ceasefire prospects, Page 4; Philip Stephens, Page 9

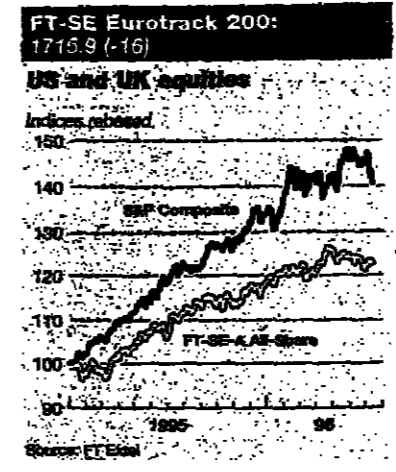
THE LEX COLUMN

Flat Footsie

The UK stock market has so far ignored the fireworks on the other side of the Atlantic. Since America returned from its July 4 holiday the Dow Jones Industrial Average has fallen more than 250 points or 4 per cent; the "Footsie" index has managed a small rise over the same period.

There are two reasons for this "decoupling". The UK never followed the US to such dizzying heights. Over the past two years the Dow Jones has outperformed the Footsie by more than 20 per cent. And Wall Street's recent declines can be largely blamed on disappointment with companies like Motorola and Hewlett-Packard. Such high technology stocks make up more than 10 per cent of the US market, but less than 2 per cent in the UK. That puts London in a strong position to resist further downward pressure from America.

Unfortunately, it does not mean the UK market is worth buying. A multiple of less than 15 times 1996 earnings may not look demanding. But forecasts for this year's earnings growth have been downgraded from 10 per cent to 7.8 per cent. The culprits have mostly been international industrial stocks like BTR, Imperial Chemical Industries and British Steel. Nor is much comfort to be found in the bond market. Equities yield half as much as conventional gilts and the same as index-linked gilts - both measures are precisely in the middle of their historic range. There are hopes of another interest rate cut, but also worries about loose macroeconomic policy in the run-up to the next election. All in all, the most likely outcome is that equities will mark time.



Kwik Save. And it looks better value. Even after applying the outgoing tax rate of 28 per cent to likely current year profits of £100m (the historic tax rate is far lower) the shares are being offered on a prospective price-earnings ratio of below 7x, a yield of 7 per cent and 3.5 times operating cash flow, assuming it is priced at the middle of the price range. This is much cheaper than Iceland and Kwik Save, yet short-term prospects are brighter.

Somerfield has an unproven brand, a mixed bag of stores, and the longer-term prospect of its bigger competitors returning to the high street. But at least it is not in Iceland's shoes, as the seller of a product that does not require a specialist retailer. Nor is it suffering margin erosion at the hands of new discount chains, like Kwik Save. Somerfield offers further scope for operational improvement, and every one percentage point improvement in gross margins equates to a 30 per cent increase in net profits. Set against the backdrop of stagnant trading volumes, such charms are certainly resistible. But there is a price for everything, and in this case it looks too low.

Berlusconi and Craxi to stand trial

Continued from Page 1

Berlusconi's main defence lawyers, said yesterday that "the transactions carried out through All Iberian were regular commercial operations for the acquisition of film and television rights". He added that the charge of false accounting would not stand up in court, because at the time of the alleged crime there was no Italian law requiring companies to produce consolidated accounts.

The All Iberian trial will be the second trial to involve Mr Berlusconi directly. He is already on trial in Milan for allegedly bribing tax police. Separately, Mr Craxi has already received jail sentences totaling 25 years for corruption, but has avoided prison by staying in exile in Tunisia. Mr Berlusconi built his media empire while Mr Craxi was in power.

Meanwhile, a judicial review of the UK public authorities' seizure of documents relating to Fininvest's network of offshore companies is not expected to be heard in London's High Court until September 5.

S Korea moves to open up Seoul stock market trade

By John Burton in Seoul

South Korea announced reforms yesterday to the Seoul stock market designed to reduce government intervention, encourage new listings and promote a shift away from the habit of industrial companies using bank finance.

The measures follow the arrest of Seoul's top securities regulator in a bribery scandal and with the recently announced plan to allow greater foreign investment in listed Korean companies will strengthen the overall market.

The government said that after October it would no longer control the volume of new shares on the Seoul exchange, although listing requirements would be strengthened. Companies would also be allowed to set the price of new issues, which until now has been a government prerogative.

The change follows the arrest last month of Mr Paik Won-ku, head of the Securities Supervisory Board, who was accused of accepting at least Won110m (\$135,000) from companies seeking stock exchange listings.

The board controls the supply

of new issues through quarterly and annual quotas to prevent a fall in share prices through an excess of new listings.

The bribery allegations illustrate how this tight regulation could create the conditions for official corruption. The potential was at its greatest in share listings, with more than 200 companies waiting for the terms and timings of their launch to be set.

The changes come as the government takes steps towards greater foreign access to the Seoul market. The ceiling on aggregate share holdings by foreign investors in listed companies is now set at 18 per cent. But the government has promised to raise it to 29 per cent by 1999 and to abolish it the following year.

Yesterday's proposals raised concerns that more share issues would depress prices in an already fragile market, but the government also announced measures to encourage wider participation in the stock market.

Limits on the daily price movements of individual shares will be expanded from the present band of about 6 per cent to 10 per

cent next March and, ultimately, to 20 per cent.

Brokerage commission fees will be deregulated from the present standard of 0.6 per cent. Rules on margin trading will be liberalised and tax breaks will be offered to small investors holding savings accounts for stock investments.

In an attempt to limit the volume of new shares the government will demand tougher standards on the financial soundness of companies seeking listings. New issues by companies already listed will be allowed only if they meet new requirements to pay higher dividends.

The new policy reflects government efforts to force South Korean companies to rely more on financial markets for capital, reducing heavy reliance on the country's overburdened banking system.

Officials said the reforms were a key step towards ending the widely-criticised government intervention in the bourse, including attempts to boost the market in weak periods or cool it down when it threatens to become overheated.

Lloyd's of London

Mr David Rowland, Lloyd's of London's chairman, probably feels pretty battered. But events are moving in his favour. Not only is Lloyd's finally close to drawing a line under his messy past; it is producing healthy profits as well. And remarkably, demand for underwriting capacity is running high: yesterday's auction results suggest many Names are trying to extend their exposure to the market, not cut it.

Of course, if profit figures like yesterday's were anything to go by, this enthusiasm would be more than justified. In 1995, Lloyd's profits amounted to a fat 12.6 per cent of premium income. Even better, Lloyd's expects this figure to hold up surprisingly well even in 1996, when rates had already started to slip. But Names should not get carried away: profits like these will not last. Not only has the world

insurance cycle turned; Lloyd's also has too much capacity chasing too little business. Arguably, a burst of enthusiasm from Names is the last thing the market needs.

There are more fundamental worries too. In some markets, Lloyd's underwriters still have specialised knowledge which gives them a powerful competitive edge. But the market can no longer trade on what used to be its selling points: Lloyd's size and its claim to offer unlimited liability. Now it has to compete with huge insurers. And its disaggregated, high-cost structure puts it at a disadvantage.

Fortunately, the market has this bit between its teeth: its planned cost-cutting drive is excellent news. But it will not be enough. For Lloyd's to keep its edge, there will have to be widespread consolidation among underwriting syndicates. And the market's management will have to drive through structural changes - as always, in the teeth of strong opposition. The wasteful system of changing syndicates' capital annually, for instance, will probably have to go. Mr Rowland and his colleagues may deserve a quieter life, but they are not going to get it.

Somerfield, the UK's fifth largest food retailer, may look like damaged goods, but it is at least being offered at bargain basement prices. There may be a belief to the contrary, but that is the fault of advisers who hinted at a valuation significantly below the final offer. And the flotation will inevitably suffer from sorry comparisons with even in 1995, when rates had already started to slip. But Names should not get carried away: profits like these will not last. Not only has the world

Royal yacht

Princess Diana may be pretty expensive, but life is not all bad for Britain's royal family. Loyal Lloyd's Bank is offering a new yacht - on the cheap. Instead of the taxpayer forking out £20m, the bank would buy the boat and lease it to the government, charging a mere £5m or so a year. And the whole wheeze could be chalked up as a brilliant success for the private finance initiative (PFI).

Sadly, this is a very bad idea. If the government wants a yacht, it should buy one outright. To buy one on hire-purchase would be a straightforward waste of money - both because the bank would demand its slice of the deal, and because a bank cannot borrow as cheaply as the government. The plan might still look cheaper on paper, but only because of the bank's access to capital allowances - simply another cost to the taxpayer.

In PFI theory, these disadvantages are supposed to be offset by other advantages - for instance, better project management of infrastructure projects. But in this case, the bank would be merely a financial intermediary.

Companies often write that the PFI is falling to deliver. Given the hype, the gripe is understandable. But as the yacht plan shows, caution is very necessary: it is all too easy to dream up PFI schemes which are just lousy value for money.

Chrysler profits surge

Continued from Page 1

also been buoyed by the unexpected strength of the US new car market. Robust first-half sales prompted an upgrade in forecasts for manufacturers' overall US sales from 15.3m vehicles to 15.5m this year.

Allowing for the company's two-for-one stock split next week, earnings per share jumped to \$1.38 on a fully diluted basis. That compared with an adjusted \$0.17 for the second quarter last year. Group turnover in the second quarter rose from \$12.5bn to

\$15.8bn. About the only weak spot in the second quarter came in Chrysler's international business, which reported a 1 per cent fall in vehicle sales to 62,180.

In Europe, where Chrysler this year resumed efforts to sell cars under its own name after a gap of about ten years, sales rose by 5 per cent to 25,133.

The leap in second quarter profits was exaggerated by a \$22m charge last year. Earnings this year were enhanced by a \$101m gain on the sale of Electrospac Systems and Chrysler Technologies Airborne Systems.

Moscow trolleybus bomb

Continued from Page 1

chen rebels. Mr Luzhkov also said he would tighten up licensing restrictions in Moscow's fast-expanding gambling industry and permit no more than five casinos in the city. At present, Moscow boasts 577 gambling centres, including 72 casinos.

Since his election victory, Russia's media have been goading Mr Yeltsin to take a tough stance against the terrorists and to give more powers to Mr Alexander Lebed, his newly-appointed security chief.

"It seems the victory of the guarantor of the continuation of reforms cannot even guarantee elementary personal security," a political commentator wrote yesterday in the Nezavisimaya Gazeta newspaper.

Mr Yeltsin earlier this week issued a decree giving the security services wider powers to combat crime in Moscow, including stiff measures to counter money laundering. But many Russians fear these measures could be misused and result in serious infringements of civil rights.

FT WEATHER GUIDE

Europe today

High pressure will dominate central and southern Europe. The Mediterranean will still be warm and sunny. Central Europe will have sunny periods. One or two showers may develop during the afternoon. Low pressure over Finland will produce cloud and rain. An unusually hot air mass over Russia, with temperatures up to 35C, will lead to thunder storms forming along a line from Moscow to Ankara as cooler air approaches from the west. Western Europe will be seasonal with temperatures ranging from 19C near Stockholm to as high as 27C around Paris. Ireland and northern England will have drizzle mixed with light rain and temperatures close to 17C but the south-east UK will be warm with sunny spells.

Five-day forecast

An area of high pressure over the Atlantic will extend its influence towards north-western Europe. Cooler and drier air will gradually move south towards the Alps. Southern Europe will remain warm and sunny with thunder storms over northern Italy and, later, in eastern Spain. The British Isles and north-western Europe will be mainly fair with only isolated showers. Most of the Baltic region will experience frequent showers.

Situation at 12 GMT. Temperatures maximum for day. Forecasts by Meteo Consult of the Netherlands

Location	Temp	Cloud	Wind	Temp	Cloud	Wind	Temp	Cloud	Wind
Abu Dhabi	31	sun	18	Paris	21	drz	18	London	18
Accra	29	sun	15	Geneva	21	sun	15	Madrid	29
Algiers	26	sun	15	Chicago	23	sun	15	Moscow	25
Amsterdam	17	sun	15	Cologne	22	sun	15	New York	24
Athens	31	sun	18	Dakar	27	sun	15	Nice	26
Bahia	33	sun	18	Dallas	24	sun	15	Osaka	28
B. Aires	16	sun	15	Doha	32	sun	15	Paris	22
Bombay	25	sun	15	Dubai	32	sun	15	Perth	22
Brussels	23	sun	15	Hankow	27	sun	15	Prague	24
Cairo	34	sun	18	Harbin	22	sun	15	Seoul	28
Cardiff	17	sun	15	Hong Kong	29	sun	15	Singapore	28
Chicago	23	sun	15	Jakarta	28	sun	15	Taipei	28
Colombo	28	sun	15	Jersey	17	sun	15	Tokyo	28
Copenhagen	17	sun	15	Kuala Lumpur	28	sun	15	Toronto	28
Dublin	17	sun	15	Las Vegas	28	sun	15	Wangover	28
Edinburgh	15	sun	15	Los Angeles	28	sun	15	Warsaw	28
Hamburg	17	sun	15	Manila	28	sun	15	Wellington	22
Helsinki	17	sun	15	Mumbai	28	sun	15	Winnipeg	22
Hong Kong	29	sun	15	Nairobi	28	sun	15	Zurich	24
Jakarta	28	sun	15	Rangoon	28	sun	15		
Jersey	17	sun	15	Reykjavik	28	sun	15		
Kuala Lumpur	28	sun	15	Rio	28	sun	15		
Las Vegas	28	sun	15	Rome	28	sun	15		
Los Angeles	28	sun	15	Sao Paulo	28	sun	15		
London	18	sun	15	Seoul	28	sun	15		
Luxembourg	22	sun	15	Singapore	28	sun	15		
Madrid	29	sun	15	Sri Lanka	28	sun	15		
Manila	28	sun	15	Strasbourg	28	sun	15		
Moscow	25	sun	15	Sydney	28	sun	15		
Mumbai	28	sun	15	Taipei	28	sun	15		
Nairobi	28	sun	15	Tel Aviv	30	sun	15		
Rangoon	28	sun	15	Tokyo	28	sun	15		
Reykjavik	28	sun	15	Toronto	28	sun	15		
Rio	28	sun	15	Wangover	28	sun	15		
Rome	28	sun	15	Warsaw	28	sun	15		
Sao Paulo	28	sun	15	Wellington	22	sun	15		
Seoul	28	sun	15	Winnipeg	22	sun	15		
Singapore	28	sun	15	Zurich	24	sun	15		
Sri Lanka	28	sun	15						
Strasbourg	28	sun	15						
Sydney	28	sun	15						
Taipei	28	sun	15						
Tel Aviv	30	sun	15						
Tokyo	28	sun	15						
Toronto	28	sun	15						
Wangover	28	sun	15						
Warsaw	28	sun	15						
Wellington	22	sun	15						
Winnipeg	22	sun	15						
Zurich	24	sun	15						

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مساعدة من الأهل

Weekend FT



The gigantic Olympics

Peter Aspden looks at Atlanta and the sprawling madness that has become the modern Games

Some figures relating to the Olympic Games get bigger and bigger, others remain obstinately, agonisingly small. But they all count.

A large one first: the highest number of countries, 197, will participate in Atlanta, starting next week, in marking a true globalisation of this grandest of world festivals. Now, more than ever before, we can safely talk of the largest sporting event of all time.

It is all very well, but scant consolation to Helen Jepson, British 200-metres butterfly swimmer, who missed Olympic qualification by a fingertip; or as the sophisticated electronic timing revealed, six-hundredths of a second - a very small figure indeed.

The two numbers are related. To make way for the athletes from the 28 new countries added to this year's Games, stricter qualifying standards have had to be set for all sports. Jepson's heartbreak is another athlete's realised ambition. We all know it is the taking part, not the win-

ning, that matters; but some do not even get that far.

Jepson should blame that perennial party-pooper in Olympic history: geo-political instability. The chief reason for the swelling numbers in Atlanta is the break-up of the former Soviet Union, and the creation of nation-states. It has caused an unprecedented scramble for the right to compete in the Centennial Games.

So those who have made it to Atlanta will find a big Games; a giant Games: 11,000 athletes, 5,500 officials, 17,000 journalists. Other figures sound even more lumpy. We are told solemnly that International Business Machines, one of the Games's top 10 worldwide sponsors, "will generate 3 trillion bytes of data during the Games - the equivalent of a stream of paper stretching from here to the moon".

There is a lunar scale to most commercial ambitions in Atlanta. The 10 "TOP" (The Olympic Programme) sponsors - Bausch & Lomb, Coca-Cola, IBM, John Hancock, Kodak, Matsushita/Panasonic, Sports

Illustrated/Time, UPS, Visa and Xerox - have paid upwards of \$40m each to be associated with the Atlanta Games.

Television rights for the Games have been sold worldwide for more than \$900m - an increase of 50 per cent from the sum paid for the Barcelona Games in 1992.

(Television was not always so willing a partner. In the 1968 Winter Games at Cortina d'Ampezzo, the first to feature live coverage, the Olympic torch carrier tripped over the television cables, extinguishing the sacred flame. A spectator relit it with a cigarette lighter; the television companies and the Olympic authorities have remained switched on to each other's charms ever since.)

A souvenir licensing programme for Atlanta hopes to raise close to \$1bn from merchandising sales alone. And then, finally, there are the tickets. 11m of them, to watch two weeks of sport which includes two new events, softball and beach volleyball. Has it all gone too far? Is

there a price to be paid for the gigantism of the Games? To some extent, the Olympics have had to expand to their present size, if only to compete with the mass appeal of other sporting events. There has never been such competition.

It is taken for granted that we know what is meant. It is what all those sponsors pay for: an image, an abstraction. But when the ideal is besmirched with dollar signs, the family forever bickering, the movement increasingly wandering into unfamiliar territory, has the magic word not lost its power to inspire?

Richard Palmer, general secretary of the British Olympic Association, would disagree. He has been *chef de mission* of the British Olympic team since the Moscow Games of 1980, and will retire after Atlanta. His position is that we get the Games we deserve.

"If there is an issue around, it will impact on the Olympic Games," he says.

He then rattles off a history of each Games and its attendant dark sides: the cold war boycott of Moscow in 1980; the hit-for-tat boycott in Los Angeles in 1984; the drugs scandal in Seoul in 1988; the experience in Barcelona of dealing with athletes' agents for the first time, which, from the way he describes it, sounds

like the most onerous of all.

But to the spectator, each of these Games offers very different memories: of Nadia Comaneci in 1976; Coe v Ovett in 1980; Carl Lewis in 1984; Flo-Jo in 1988; the basketball "Dream Team" in 1992. It is the intermingling of memories, in which sport's extremes are touched by the messy business of "real life", which renders them so vivid.

Asked which he has enjoyed the most, Palmer says that they all had their charms. He loved the atmosphere last time round at Barcelona, but he clearly resents having spent six whole days resolving drug-related issues.

He says it is impossible to predict the issue which will dominate Atlanta, but he seems sure that there will be one. It will be surprising if drugs do not figure some-

where. The International Olympic Committee says that its new high-resolution mass spectrometer is the most effective drug-detector yet invented; but it has had to be. Drug-taking, and masking procedures, have become sophisticated in recent years.

These were not the issues which worried Baron Pierre de Coubertin, founder of the modern Games in 1896, although he would not have been as fazed by today's excesses as one might think.

In spite of his portrayal as an ingenious romantic, with a passion for amateurism, brotherhood and what we today call "fair play", his vision was pragmatic and hard-headed. A pedagogue by inclination, he stressed the link between sport

and the life of the citizen.

Continued on Page 11

The myth persists that the Games are special. We hear the word 'Olympic' tossed around with abandon

for people's attention, leisure-time and money.

But the myth persists that the Olympic Games are special. As we approach Atlanta, we hear the adjective "Olympic" tossed around with abandon: the Olympic ideal, the Olympic family, the Olympic move-



Joe Rogaly

Timelords of poverty

More than charity will be needed on the death of the welfare state

When the Germans start nibbling at the edges of their social budget you have to ask yourself - is the modern welfare state, founded by Bismarck, for the chop? Probably.

We can cut through the abstract arguments about this conundrum, and concentrate on the decision. The economics of European Monetary Union are beside the point. The timetable for the single currency has nothing to do with the case. The affordability of better pensions or larger unemployment benefits is an irrelevance. As to the obligations of the rich, don't make me laugh.

The central question concerns the future of state-financed welfare. It is dire. Taxpayers will not pay for it. They tell poll-takers they will, but they lie. They vote for parties that promise, often falsely, to reduce or not-increase taxation. There can be only one conclusion. The welfare state as developed during the present century may be with us for a while yet, but not forever.

It might implode rather suddenly, like communism. At best, it will contract slowly, possibly over decades. Whatever the pace, the years of unchallenged expansion are over. This is becoming evident in France, Italy and even the profligate Netherlands as well

as Germany and Britain - not to mention the US and other ex-British colonies.

What will replace it? We cannot know. Some American theorists think they have the answer. These driven folk, timelords of the minimalist state, are still gleefully setting the dials. Follow their flight for a moment. Before you know it, we have landed in 1950, or, if the brakes are not quickly applied, somewhere in the 19th century. Oh happy day! Even if we only make it to the half-way stage, back to the 1950s. Life is orderly, suffused with sunny contentment, security and comprehensible social structures.

Parents are married, one to the other. When men swear it is in private, and not in front of the ladies. The Christian Church influences what people do, although not as much as if our backwards dance were to lead us to Victorian times. Philanthropy rules. People work hard and call their betters "sir" or occasionally "madam".

I was put in mind of this unlikely prospect by a celebrated timelord, Father Robert A. Sirico, who visited London this week. We had a brief chat. He is president of the Acton Institute for the Study of Religion and Liberty, a conservative, centennial, think-tank based in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He intimated that in his

youth he was associated with radicalism in California. Did I hear him say "Jane Fonda", at this point?

To be fair, Father Sirico is no nuttier. He is eloquent, erudite, a Catholic priest. He could easily reject the accusation that he proposes to take us backwards; his advocacy of moral absolutes is timeless. He has some good lines. Rather than write cheques to

We cannot travel back, yet we have no idea of what going forwards will mean

the Internal Revenue service, true Christians should embrace the poor, smell them, take them into their homes.

Recipients of cash become dependents; what is required is direct personal concern, enabling people to get back on their feet again, to fend for themselves. "Tough love" is the contemporary phrase. If individuals feel they must be philanthropists, money given could be deductible as a tax credit, lopped off the federal welfare budget in Washington. In time, welfare would be privatised.

Yet if this is to be the pattern, can the unfortunate rely on personal generosity, the Church and voluntary organisations to pick up where the state leaves off? No. In Britain the Christian churches are feeble, the voluntary sector too muddled, the spirit of philanthropy erratic. Something could be done, perhaps by people like John Bird, who started a British magazine, *The Big Issue*. Homeless vendors sell it on the streets.

Father Sirico wants to see more "poverty entrepreneurs". He cites William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army. We need such individuals he argues.

We need more than that. We have to clear our heads. In Britain this week the Independent "Commission on the Future of the Voluntary Sector" published a report that revealed the ramshackle nature of the laws governing private charitable institutions. A forthcoming Institute of Economic Affairs pamphlet by Robert Whelan intimates that the "contract culture", the mechanism whereby charities receive money from government in return for undertaking set tasks, is contrary to the moral purpose of their Victorian founders.

The timelords apart, thinking about what could replace centralised state welfare is sketchy. The enormity of what

lies ahead, the winding-down of the huge 20th century social security apparatus, is only slowly sinking in. We are not even sure of who counts as needing our help.

The Victorians knew about orphans, the physically and mentally disabled and the unemployed. They had societies to assist just about every other category. Today it would be different. The very old are with us in far greater numbers. The 21st century will contain people living without roots in cities, cut off from family life, depressed, simply not up to coping. Are these to be the deserving or the undeserving in the eyes of the Church, the voluntary sector, the ramp state?

In the 19th century the extended family might help, or the local church, or the parish council. None of them is equipped to replace the services offered by the welfare state. The religious impulse behind Victorian philanthropy is not as strong as it was. City or district councils are as subject to central government to the unwillingness of residents to pay taxes.

In short, we cannot travel backwards in time. Yet we do not have the faintest idea of what going forwards will mean. It is easy to foresee the death of welfare. Living with the consequences is the hard part.

CONTENTS

- Lunch with the FT's a full-time job being oh so naughty III
- How to Spend It: How to avoid sartorial havoc while travelling IV
- Outdoors: Afternoon delights - a favourite English pastime IX
- Sport: Curious facts and figures of the Open Golf Championship XVI



Private View: The farmer who left the herd XVII

Travel: Take a deep breath and go diving with sharks X, XI

Books: Normad, writer, connoisseur: the enigma of Bruce Chatwin XII, XIII

Arts	XIV, XV
Art Guide	XVI
Books	XII, XIII
Bricks, Cheese, Crossword	XVII
Fashion	V
Food & Drink	VI, VII
Gardening	VIII
How To Spend It	IV
Motoring	XVIII
Perspectives	IX, X
Property	XI, XII
Small Businesses	III
Sport	XIV
Travel	X, XI
Weekend Investor	XII, XIII

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PERSPECTIVES

The Nature of Things

Why diamonds top a hard league

Andrew Derrington considers what it takes to be really tough

Why should a piece of glass tough enough to withstand a blow from a hammer shatter when it is bent between finger and thumb? It has taken more than 330 years to produce the complete answer to this question, which King Charles II of England put to his scientific society (now the Royal Society) in 1661.

The king was referring to Prince Rupert's drops, tadpole-shaped pieces of glass produced by dropping molten glass into cold water. The spherical head resists huge forces - it is strong enough to support a car (or a wagon in King Charles's day) and can be hammered on an anvil - but snapping the long tapering tail between finger and thumb causes the whole drop to explode into tiny fragments.

In 1665 Robert Hooke, the pioneer of microscopy, published pictures of drops that had been encased in transparent glue before breaking, to reveal the thousands

of tiny cracks that criss-cross its surface.

He concluded that the drop shatters because it is in a state of tension. Now, 300 years later, high-speed photographs have shown how a drop rips itself apart as cracks shoot through its core at speeds up to 1,900 metres a second, six times the speed of sound in air.

The cracks are driven by huge tensions set up in the core of the drop when it is formed. The outer surface solidifies rapidly when the drop hits the water. But glass is a poor conductor of heat, so the core cools much more slowly.

As its temperature falls, the core tries to contract but it is held in

place by the solid outer surface. The huge tensions generated are resisted by the rigid outer surface, where they are balanced by compression forces. Once the outer core is breached - which can most easily be done by snapping the tail of the drop where it is very thin - the balance is broken. The tensile forces are unleashed and they tear the drop apart.

The compressive forces in the surface of Prince Rupert's drops are responsible for its paradoxical strength. According to Jim Williamson, of Imperial College London, the fragility of normal glass is caused by the fact that its surface is riddled with microscopic cracks.

Consequently any force applied to the glass is concentrated on the material in between the cracks.

"The theoretical strength of glass is very high indeed," he says. Glass manufactured so that its outer surface is compressed to prevent cracks from growing will be very strong.

Prince Rupert's drops have this property, but they are not much practical use. Fortunately the same process that makes them strong - rapid cooling of the surface so that it solidifies before the centre - can be used on sheets of glass to make it tough enough for car windows.

There, too, the internal stresses in the glass ensure that when it

breaks it shatters into tiny fragments. Chemical toughening, where the surface layers are expanded by replacing the sodium atoms in the glass with bulkier potassium, is much more expensive, but produces a much tougher finish. This is how the windshield of Concorde is produced, Williamson says.

But even the toughest glass falls a long way short of diamond, which was used to make a tiny window on the Pioneer space probe to Venus.

Diamond in turn, although it is the hardest substance known, has limitations. It burns at about 700°C in air - and so it cannot be used to

drill through steel. And it just might be possible to come up with something even harder.

Diamond owes its toughness to its atomic structure. The carbon atoms in it are bound together with bonds, known as covalent bonds, that are very short and very strong. In a covalent bond the atoms are bound together by sharing electrons, like holding hands. Bonds like those in a salt crystal, made by swapping electrons between atoms so that the atoms are held together by the attraction of opposite charges, are much weaker.

About 10 years ago Marvin Cohen and Amy Liu, of the Univer-

sity of California at Berkeley, worked out how to calculate the hardness of a substance from the nature and arrangement of the bonds between the atoms in a crystal. They calculated that a compound of carbon and nitrogen, beta carbon nitride, would be even harder than diamond, if anybody could make it into crystals.

Since then the hardness calculations have been checked by measuring a closely related compound, beta silicon nitride, but the carbon nitride has so far eluded attempts to make it, although many hi-tech approaches have been tried.

Summarising the recent history of attempts to synthesise this compound, Robert Cahn of Cambridge University said: "The prospects for making carbon nitride in quantity are not glowing at all."

It looks as if diamond is going to stay top of the hardness league for some time to come.

The author is professor of psychology at the University of Nottingham.

Minding Your Own Business

Babar the elephant expands his horizons

Grania Langdon-Down meets Philippa Ladbury who has found a niche in the UK children's market

Philippa Ladbury chose Bastille Day - one of the most significant dates in the French calendar - to mount her assault on the UK's book and gift market.

On July 14 last year, she launched a catalogue aimed at increasing the popularity of some of France's most treasured cultural icons in Britain.

Babar the elephant, who is about to celebrate his 65th anniversary, Asterix, the cartoon warrior, Madeline the schoolgirl, Antoine de Saint-Exupery's *The Little Prince* and Béatrice, the little Breton maid, have retained their strong French identities. Yet they clearly appeal to a Francophile niche in the UK children's market.

UK, can you bring this book or that toy because we cannot get them in England?

"So I started thinking about the possibilities of using my experience working in American character licensing on an Anglo-French venture."

The copyright of the characters is usually held by the authors or their families. Manufacturers buy a licence from them enabling them to produce goods featuring the characters, for which a royalty is paid.

Ladbury said: "Babar and

'We have a customer base of about 4,500. But we have a growing number of international customers'

While Babar and Asterix are available in the UK, the range of goods featuring the characters is limited. And Ladbury, 33, a former management consultant, felt this was a business opportunity.

She has lived in Paris with her son Frederick, now seven, for the last four years. Ladbury took her MBA at the Insead business school in Fontainebleau and found that she loved France. After the course finished in 1992, she jumped at the chance of working for Walt Disney's character licensing operation at its European headquarters in Paris.

Ladbury was fascinated by the psychology of character merchandising for children - how long characters remain popular, how the products are viewed by the consumer.

At home, she introduced her son to Babar and Asterix and when friends from the UK came to visit, the demand for such characters became obvious. "While you can get some toys and books of Babar and Asterix, they are not always easy to find. Friends who had visited were always saying, 'When you come back to the

others are very important French symbols. The people who manage the licences set very stringent standards and without their support, it would be very difficult for a new business to get off the ground."

Most licensing is done on a national basis, covering specific territories. She found most suppliers happy to have export sales, while others preferred to invoice her in France.

Ladbury has talked to Department of Trade officials about how licensing structures hamper free trade in the European Union. But she accepted substantial change would take years and it was feasible to work within the existing system.

After investigating the market, Ladbury decided to produce a high-quality mail order catalogue offering a range of books, cassettes and videos - in French and English - and goods such as toys, bed



Philippa Ladbury with her son Freddie: 'Babar and the others are very important French symbols'

linen and posters featuring the French characters.

"I sat down with mothers, grandmothers and children and tested out their reactions. There has also been a big growth in French clubs being run in the UK and I looked at the sort of material they wanted and what they could find already. I then did a lot of product research and screened out items I thought were unsuitable."

The first step was to register her company, Tous Mes Amis, in the UK in April 1995. Three months later, she launched her first catalogue on July 14 - with each of the 10,000 copies costing £1 to produce, plus the time spent preparing it.

Ladbury explained: "I decided that if I charged £2 for the catalogue with the money refunded if an order was placed, I could convert browsers into customers. We

have not done any mail shots as I did not want to pay for a mailing list when we did not know who our customers would be. I have relied instead on advertising and editorial coverage."

"We now have a customer base of about 4,500, mostly in the UK. But we have a growing number of international customers."

French manufacturers principally export to the US, Germany and Japan but few other countries because of the strength of the French franc. "That is one reason why I felt there was a market for my venture," she said. But Ladbury, too, has struggled to keep her prices attractive in the face of the exchange rate. She found that a lot of manufacturing in Europe was small scale.

Her first catalogue contained items from 36 different suppliers and the second used 63 sup-

pliers for the 420 items on offer. Having such a large number is costly: "We cannot buy the goods to match our orders because we have so many suppliers and because we cannot risk being caught out by unexpected delivery delays. We have to be able to supply our customers promptly and reliably from our own stock and that ties up about £25,000 capital at any time."

Ladbury gathers the goods in a warehouse in Calais and then sends them to a friend's home in Farnham, Surrey. Her sister and two part-time helpers administer the orders, pack and dispatch the goods. Setting up Tous Mes Amis required about £50,000 working capital, mostly financed through a bank loan.

In its first six months, turnover was well into five figures and Ladbury is confident that it will be "comfortably into six

figures" this year. Depending on how the business develops, she is considering taking out a licence herself to produce some items, such as clothing, to cut costs and ensure better supply lines. For now, Ladbury makes sure her own expenses are covered - including many trips on the Eurostar - but has yet to take a salary.

"The plus side of running your own business is the excitement of developing an idea you believe in. Sitting in a big corporation or a consultancy producing exciting reports is 100 miles away from managing the cash flow to pay the suppliers and checking you have got the margin right to pay for salaries, growth, company tax. I really enjoy the challenge," she said.

Tous Mes Amis, PO Box 154, Farnham, Surrey GU9 8YD. Tel: 01253-733188. Fax: 01253-733533.

Dispatches / Farhan Bokhari

Women, sport and Islam

In her traditional Pakistani dress - baggy trousers known as *shahwar* and a long shirt - Shabana Akhtar seems an ordinary, quiet girl in her mid-30s. But she is a newly emerging celebrity - the only woman from Pakistan to make it to this month's Olympic Games in Atlanta.

Out on the track at Pakistan's national sports complex in Islamabad, Akhtar warms up like any other athlete during the late afternoon's blistering sun. Aggressive in her style, she goes through another day of long jump practice - the event in which she would compete in the Olympics.

Akhtar has already attracted attention from Pakistan's popular newspapers, even if she is not in with a chance of a medal.

However, the issue is more complicated when seen in the background of conservatism, the values that stretch across this country, especially in middle and poor class homes.

Tarık Jan, an Islamic research scholar at the privately funded Institute of Policy Studies in Islamabad, is convinced that the country's "silent majority" takes a more conservative attitude towards the issue of women in public life, in contrast to the demands for more freedom by groups with interests such as sport.

He explains: "All Islam wants to have is that if they [women] want to participate in sports, they should have their own exclusive women sports, and men should not be allowed to mix with them because women are supposed to observe modesty as well as men are supposed to observe their modesty."

The government, however, wants to give more freedom in areas such as sport, so long as a direct clash with critics can be avoided. Most of next year's games, would probably be held away from the limelight of the cameras and male spectators.

The Iranians, who hosted the first such games two years ago, have already objected to media coverage, especially on television.

She is, however, not alone in her endeavours. At least 50 young women athletes and those in sports such as volleyball, basketball, table tennis and handball, are using the sports complex in Islamabad - for years the almost exclusive preserve of men.

Their arrival is the first sign that the country is getting set for the 1997 second international Islamic women's games, known popularly as the "Islamic women's olympics". Up to 88 Islamic countries have been invited and roughly half are expected to send teams.

The issue of Pakistani women in sport remains controversial. In Karachi, a city of 12m, many women are still bitter over the last minute cancellation of a cricket match in April between Karachi's women's cricket team and the country's top retired cricket stars.

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The decision to call off the match came after strong protests from the religious Jamaat-ul-Islami party, which warned the organisers of dire consequences if they went ahead. But women like Akhtar are determined to beat the odds. She says: "I don't know why mullahs discourage women, maybe it's... because Pakistani women have more talent." In spite of that confidence, she is prepared to wear long trousers and a sports shirt during the Atlanta Games.

The bitter legacy of restricting women from sports is the result of almost two decades of Islamisation which began with the rule of the late military dictator, General Zia ul Haq, in 1977.

During the following decade, women were restricted from going on overseas sports tours, especially to countries where a more liberal view was taken and matches between opposing teams could have been opened to male spectators or even televi-

S habbaz Wazir All, the prime minister's adviser on social welfare who heads the official organising committee, says: "We will look at each event and see what is appropriate for media and at the same time if there are any countries that have any reservations, we will take their views into consideration and those particular events that those countries occupy in need not be televised."

All is determined not to let next year's event become controversial, and adds: "We don't want politicisation of the games, nor do we want games to be held hostage to elements of religious or any other ideological extremism."

"We want a moderate path, we think women have a right to participate in sports and athletics, we do think that the framework for these games would be somewhat different from the regular Olympic Games."

Organisers are also faced with the difficult problem of raising at least \$650,000 (\$184m) in sponsorship. The government has committed about 40 per cent of that amount.

All is confident that a series of Islamic invitation games, planned for October as a prelude to next year's event, will help to raise interest from sponsors.

Atlanta limbers up for the gigantic Olympics

and physical health, which he saw as a prerequisite of winning wars - a view which he hoped would convince a French nation smarting from defeat in the Franco-German war. His nation would not listen, so he turned to the international stage. This was born the Olympic ideal of global competition.

Contrary to the purists' view of the past, high-level diplomacy and commercial interest were also prominent features of the 1896 Games in Athens. Coubertin showed nimble political skills to obtain agreement for his proposal to revive the Games, while in Greece itself, taxi-drivers and small businesses were the most

enthusiastic supporters of the project.

Where Coubertin showed naivety, however, was in his insistence on amateurism and his belief that professionalism in sport constituted a kind of moral decay. This was a misreading of the ancient world, which he so revered.

Victors at Olympia, although they only received an olive wreath at the festival, were richly rewarded when they returned to their native cities. There was, too, a version of commercial branding at the Olympic Museum in Lausanne, one can admire a discus from the 5th century BC advertising the name of its manufacturer, "Simos Made Me".

Coubertin's attitude to Olympism, however, was conditioned by the times in which he lived, by the gentlemanly

ethic of sport-for-fun. And that remains the case today. As Christopher R. Hill argues in *Olympic Politics*, many countries in the developing world have an interest in preserving a nostalgia for a pre-commercial, pre-professional age. But it has little to do with ancient Greece.

So one looks elsewhere for parallels between the Games first held at Olympia in 776BC and today's sprawling madness. To the issue of the ancient "sacred truce", for example, not, as Coubertin maintained, a promise that all hostilities would cease during the Games, but a guarantee that all athletes would have a free passage to achieve their destination.

The issue of free passage arose dramatically in modern

times in the build-up to the Moscow Games, when, as Palmer describes it, Margaret Thatcher launched a "fierce attack" on Britain's athletes to persuade them to support the American-led boycott of the Games, in protest against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

"It was the Magna Carta that allowed us to leave the country," recalls Palmer. "If she could have stopped us, she would have. We were exposed to some fairly brutal pressure."

Other threats of continuity are more subtle, but remarkable likenesses between ancient and modern constantly surface. Some are visually suggestive: study the statue of Apollo, in Olympia's magnificent museum, which originally dominated the west pediment of the Temple of Zeus. He is a severe, still figure, staring

coolly at the mayhem - drunken centaurs attempting to abduct a bride - all around.

Now study the face of Linford Christie, shortly before he takes the blocks of a 100-

was always about order, dignity, harmony. It continues to be found in today's Games, if only deep within each athlete.

We are closer to the ancient ideals than we realise. The Greeks did not see the Games as an essentially friendly affair, nor did they believe that sport could eliminate conflict between peoples. Sport was a deadly serious business, to stand beside art, politics and religion. Much of the sentimentalism of Olympic rhetoric is borne of 19th century aristocrats' view of antiquity. The Greeks have a word for it: *archaologia*, the adoration and idealisation of all things ancient. It often leads to a travesty of the truth.

Meanwhile, the promoters of today's Olympic Games make their own associations with the past. Far from being embar-

will mix again. It will be memorable.

And let us not worry too much about defining Olympism. You know it when you see it. The most emotional moment on the track at Barcelona came when the British athlete Derek Redmond, running in the 400-metres semi-final, suddenly pulled up with a hamstring injury.

In spite of the pain, he was determined to finish the course, long after all his rivals had crossed the line. His father burst through the security cordon to offer him an arm of support. The two men hobbled to the line, the latter fulfilment of an outrageous dream.

You can exploit an Olympic moment, market it, turn it into a T-shirt, a keyring or a shiny teddy bear. But you cannot make one up. It just happens.

Olympic Politics: Athens to Atlanta 1896-1996 by Christopher R. Hill. Manchester University Press.

Chess No 1, 2, 3; 1 Bvt Kbt 2 Pns Kc2 3 Pk2, N Kt1 4 Rk5 and 5 Pk1, N Kt3 4 Rk2 Kd4 5 Pk2

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PERSPECTIVES

Finishing a book, if you are lucky, usually means a brief flurry of publicity around publication and then getting on with the next one. My experience in writing a book called *Did Marco Polo go to China?* has been quite different, both before publication and after.

Before I wrote the book, I knew that Marco Polo was a household name in Europe but I was unaware that millions of people all over the world felt passionately about him and would be buying for blood. Neither had I any idea of the power of the press. Some weeks before publication date and without warning, *The Times* published an article (and a leader) about my contention that Marco Polo did not go to China. The response was immediate: starting with BBC Radio 4's *Today* programme which rang the British Library at dawn in the vain hope of catching me at my desk; for the rest of the day the switchboard was jammed with calls from Italian newspapers, Brazilian television and Canadian radio among hundreds of others.

My intention had been simply to try to separate the man and such facts as can be established after 700 years, from the myth. I realised that Italians might feel a bit strongly although since, like Marco Polo's ancestors, I had only travelled to Venice by boat I did not know that Venice's airport is named after him. The dozen Italian journalists who interviewed me mostly did so by phone and, invisible body language aside, they all seemed very polite, non-nationalistic and full of praise of British historiographical objectivity but I realise now that none of them sent their articles to me.

At an academic debate on Polo organised by the Italian department of University College London, I met Aldo Tucci of Venice University, a renowned specialist in medieval trade. His first words were: "You will be killed." As early as February 1985, the Chinese newspaper *Zhonghua dushubao* (China Readers' Weekly) suggested darkly that I was very unlikely to be allowed to visit Italy ever again.

Reviews of the book have demonstrated various aspects of international relations. The Brazilians were wildly enthusiastic partly because if Polo goes down, he takes Christopher Columbus (who thought Cuba was Polo's Japan) with him, leaving the field to Portuguese explorers and Herrada's description of China (1588) the fullest early eye-witness account.

American journalists have, thus far, been amused and fairly amusing but more serious consideration may occur when the American edition is published later this summer. In England, I failed to convince William Dalrymple in the *Independent* but as he had "already written" a very engaging book about following Marco Polo's footsteps, I was not likely to.

He said: "... the conclusions of Dr Wood's book appear highly suspect and raise far more questions than they answer," which gave me great pleasure as that had been my intention: to raise questions and suggest avenues of exploration rather than offer the last word.

Noel Malcolm in *The Sunday Telegraph* was more stern, denouncing "a series of negative arguments appealing to non-existent evidence" and Timothy Barrett in the *London Review of Books*, though more forgiving, was equally unconvinced.

I realised, too late, that I probably spent too long discussing the things that Marco Polo missed out from his description of China: the Great Wall, the script, bound feet, tea-drinking and (one that I, too, missed) the use of chopsticks. I included the Great Wall as an omission, not because it particularly helps the negative case but because of scholarly work by Arthur Waldron (who concluded that the Great Wall did not exist at the time).

"Omissions, however, can be very personal. I am currently revising the *Blue Guide to China* that I wrote some years ago and I know that it is my view of the place despite my efforts to be fair and include things that I do not like or find interesting or, in the case of the increasing number of "theme parks", even wish to contemplate.

Obviously, if Marco Polo was in China, whether or not he noticed things and, more crucially, wrote about them in his *Description of the World*, was a personal matter.

One "omission" that continues to intrigue me, however, is that of bound feet. They are not mentioned in any of the early Polo texts although Ramusio's printed version (1589) includes a reference to tiny footpads and a curious swaying gait, which could be ascribed to footbinding.

Marco Polo's many champions assert that he spent all his time with Mongols (who did not bind



Marco Polo – a man or merely a manuscript?

Frances Wood, head of the Chinese section of the British Library, touched off a big controversy when she wrote a book saying that Marco Polo, the world's most famous globetrotter, had never gone to China. Here she describes what it is like to be in the eye of the storm – and stands by her story

their women's feet) and thus could not have seen them, and the same argument is used about tea-drinking which was not common among Mongols at the time. If Polo was, as he declared, sent on fact-finding missions by the Khan, to bring him on the customs in his newly conquered domains, he was wasting the Mongol Khan's time by consorting only with Mongols.

Others suggest that he was not interested in feet but they have been objects of horrified interest to all other Europeans since 1520. A more convincing doubt is that perhaps not very many women had bound feet at the time for the fashion was in its infancy, and that Chinese women thus crippled were kept within the walls of the home and not to be seen on the streets.

The serious enclosure of women

was slightly later and though we have no statistics on the numbers of bound feet in the late 13th century, one of the most interesting counters to this argument is that bound feet are described by Odoric of Pordenone, who travelled in China in the 1320s and dictated his memoirs in 1330. Odoric was a travelling friar with none of the apparent status and social entrée of Marco Polo.

Comparisons with Odoric continue to interest me. But such are the complexities of text, myth and history that I have begun to have doubts about Odoric as well as Marco Polo. The text is almost over-convenient, plugging the Polo gaps.

Another participant in the Tucci debate, David Trotter of the University of Wales, a medieval linguist who has edited Odoric, confessed to

pointed out the similarities between rhetorical forms found in the *Description of the World* and Rustichello's romances.

More recently, John Critchley subjected various versions and editions of the *Description of the World* to computer analysis and found not two "voices" but several, suggesting a team of collaborators.

Barbara Wehr of the University of Mainz, a romance philologist like Trotter (and the third professor in the Tucci debate) goes so far as to suggest, on the basis of linguistic and literary style, that Rustichello may have "invented" Marco Polo. The use of Marco Polo as a dramatic device is a fascinating concept which works both for and against Polo.

Perhaps there was, indeed, a dull travel manuscript which Rustichello worked into a fantastic tale with a hero. Who wrote the travel manuscript? It could even have been Marco Polo. Wehr and Trotter agree that what is important is to forget the argument about Polo the person and return to the texts of the *Description of the World*.

Stung by my critics, I have been

looking at the earliest texts in the Bodleian and the British Library, including several Pinyin versions. The greatest problem in textual Polo study is the absence of the "original" manuscript. One of the versions that is generally accepted as "early" is the medieval French manuscript Ms. Bodley 251, copied in about 1400. This, like all other early versions, is very short: a mere 58 folios including 38 marvellous illustrations.

It is bound together with two other texts, a *Romanse of Alexander* (copied in 1338) and (copied by the same hand as the Polo text) *Didimus, King of the Brahmins* a bizarre Alexander story translated from Latin into English alliterative verse of the West Midlands dialect. A plain and unadorned but equally brief version can be found in the earliest Venetian manuscript of the *Description of the World* in the British Library's department of Manuscripts, dated 1437. It is only 39 folios long.

Their brevity is the most instructive aspect of pre-16th century versions. Consider the story of the Manichees of Fuzhou. In all early versions, the description of Fuzhou is a couple of lines long and reads almost uniformly: "Through the middle of the city runneth a river of seven miles in breadth. And in this city there be many ships and is laden with plenty of spices and divers other merchandises that is gathered near unto that river and precious stones which be brought out of India Major. This city standeth very near unto the ocean seas and hath abundance of all kinds of victuals or anything else is needful."

The addition of the Manichees occurs first in the Toledo manuscript, discovered by Sir Percival David in 1932. This manuscript is generally described as mid-15th century and it is striking for the number of passages not found in versions assumed to be earlier. The unity of the earlier descriptions of Fuzhou suggests to me that the Manichean passage has been inserted.

Even professors clearly turn to the Mouton and Pelliot (1939) or the Penguin edition of Marco Polo's *Travels* where the description of Fuzhou, bolstered by Toledo's Manichees, stretches for a full four pages. It seems clear that whatever the original text, it was regarded as non-sacred by copyists who freely added further useful information about China. Thus the description of the Manichees does not tell us that Marco Polo saw them with his own eyes but that at some point someone mistook Manicheans for Christians in Fuzhou and their anonymous account was inserted.

It is clear that Marco Polo has had considerable posthumous editorial assistance. Popular versions such as that of Ronald Latham, first published by Penguin in 1958 and still in print, have formed the myth of Marco Polo and his book. The fact that the Penguin text is a compilation, including sentences, paragraphs and passages taken from up to 47 different manuscript and printed editions of the *Description of the World*, all of which post-date Marco Polo's death, says by as much as 200 years, is still not taken on board by the Polo enthusiast.

Like Marco Polo's fans, I find myself continuing the argument. I still receive letters about it, the most recent an absolutely fascinating and erudite bundle of pages discussing the vegetable lamb of Tartary, water sheep and Cibotium barometz, all of which form one of the many footnotes to inquiry into Marco Polo which still give me much pleasure, even if I cannot convince the rest of the world about the unreliability of both the man and the text.

around her neck she wore a silver chain with the word "BABY" dangling from it. Around mine I wore a cream foam surgical collar. She was cool in the summer heat, her pale blue satin blouse open almost to the waist. I was sweating.

Tamara Beckwith is a fluffy bunny, an heiress, a socialite. The daughter of property tycoon Peter Beckwith she is famous for being famous, endlessly featured in the tabloids and in *Elle* magazine. Her *curriculum vitae* (sent to me before the meeting) was titled "Girl Behaving Badly" and was a boasting recital of misdeeds - expelled from Cheltenham Ladies College, had a baby when she was 16, staged a riot at the Berkeley Dress Show Ball, was arrested for possession of cocaine, and has dated all sorts of Hollywood types, including Sylvester Stallone.

She had chosen to eat at The Collection, not just because it is the latest spot in London for ladies to lunch, but because it is owned by Magnus Tholstrup, the boyfriend of her friend Tara Palmer-Tomkinson.

The entrance to the restaurant is invisible to those not fashionable enough to know what they are looking for and I walked up and down the Brompton Road in increasing distress before finding it. Inside it was the usual 1990s affair: wood, brick and suede, with waitresses and guests strutting as if hoping to be discovered by a modelling agency.

I was led upstairs, placed at a small table and then ignored. A long time passed. I watched the diners pour in and kept thinking I had spotted my guest as a procession of tall, thin, blonde women mounted the stairs.

After about half an hour an even taller, even thinner blonde came in wearing tight white hipsters. This surely was Tamara. With her was a young man also wearing a pecklace. This turned out to be Ghislain who

Lunch with the FT It's a full-time job being oh so naughty

Lucy Kellaway meets fluffy bunny, Tamara Beckwith

works for "The Believe Organisation", and who organises her contact with the outside world. They settled themselves at a large table and I was summoned to join them.

She looked at my neck and shoulders. "I've never had to wear one of those, tough wood." She tossed her hair. "It looks so uncomfortable."

She went on: "The food is quite good picky food. I tend to have just starters. The crab wontons are quite yummy. The crispy prawns and seaweed are delicious." I said I would have seared tuna sashimi with soy dressing and mouth, followed by roast cod.

"I'm going to be grown up and have a main course today," she announced, and ordered a smoked salmon ceviche, and tuna steak in a crust of sesame seeds.

Ghislain got up and she kissed him goodbye. "He's such a sweetie," she said to me. "He's been looking after me since February. My father was sick and tired of having no control over this thing. So Ghislain is giving it some direction." Over what thing, I wondered. Did she mean herself?

"Me and my boyfriend, Michael Stone, are doing a TV chat show," she announced, getting down quickly to the purpose of the lunch. Apparently, the idea came from Michael, who is best known in Britain for being the brother of film star Sharon Stone. He is 20 years

older than Tamara and a former drug pusher. "Michael thought the TV here was so dull. He was, like, there's such a market for something a bit light-hearted with a bit of substance. Do you know what I mean?" No, I said I did not know what she meant. There is already far too much of that sort of thing on the

'My life isn't just one big party. I mean, it is, obviously, compared to a normal life.'

TV. "Basically it's a location show," she said, ignoring my interruption. "The people we've got access to, we've met or we know. We'd do Bono in Dublin and go to all the clubs where the up and coming singers are. Or we'd do Dennis Hopper on a shoot. It's to do with us being their friend. This is so good," she said, taking a tiny taste of smoked salmon.

She was a little hazy when asked which channel her show could be seen on, but referred to deals in Australia, the US and Asia. "It has been quite a learning experience. I had to go to meetings! It's definitely not something I'd want to do again,

but I'm doing it because I can fit it into my schedule. I'm writing a lot now, and I'm modelling more than ever."

Writing?

"I write about what I know. I've done something about café society. In the old days you needed starving playwrights to make somewhere an 'in' spot. But now it is models, fading pop stars, people wearing borrowed dresses."

In other words, people just like her famous for doing nothing. "It only happens in England. There's nowhere else where you can just basically have fun and go out. In New York you are either a socialite or you work." But surely she is a socialite? "Oh no! I couldn't have lunch every day and then just do my nails and have a nap."

I looked at her nails which were beautifully done, and at her very made up face, and felt confused.

"My life isn't just one big party. I mean, it is, obviously, compared to a normal life."

What are you doing next week, I asked, hoping for some facts. "Tonight I've got a dinner with people from LA at Coast. Tomorrow another interview. Then it's Ghislain's birthday. I'll go shopping for a present this afternoon. Saturday I'm flying to Dublin - I'm doing a TV show there. I'm modelling next week. Pretty much the rest of it falls into place," she said mysteriously.



Tamara Beckwith famous for doing nothing

"If a friend is giving it I try to be supportive, but, like, how many drinks parties can you go to? I have to get up at 8am when I'm taking my little one to school. That's early if you are rocking up to 3."

She started to tell me about her daughter ("I love her to death") who lives with the grandparents. "Yesterday we had her Royal Ballet auditions. But she's so tall. She looks like I've rolled her out."

Does she like picky food too, I asked. "If she was here she'd say something outrageous like: 'I'll just have a salad'. She wants to go to

Cheltenham Ladies College - she's very like me, only she doesn't like getting into trouble."

I remarked that being naughty had served her well over the years. "I've been naughty from the day I was born," she said, giving a stagey giggle.

"Mummy's adamant that it's because I was conceived in Italy and there was a crucifix hanging above the wall. Being a good Scot she took it off and put it in the cupboard. She's adamant I'm her punishment."

The waitress took away her half-

enten fish and gave us the pudding menu.

"They have this caramelised banana with ice cream and pastry. It's the most outrageous thing in the world - it's so naughty." I followed her advice and ordered it; she ordered a packet of cigarettes.

"I don't like feeling too full," she inhaled deeply and watched as I spooned the sticky pudding into my mouth. "It's just so naughty," she glistened.

She told me that alcohol was very fattening, which I knew already. "I'm very much in the soft drink brigade, unless I'm going to drink. It's all or nothing. I think losing control is all really fun so long as you are not mean to anyone, and you call the next day and say sorry." She giggled again.

I asked what she thought of the pressures of the modelling world to be razor thin. "I love fashion and I like doing modelling, but I'm not a supermodel. The fashion industry is the most horrendous bitchy world. The key players are so, like, up their own bottoms."

At this point a woman in her 50s dressed like a woman in her teens came up for an air kiss and a brief gossip. "We had this party the other day in Monaco," said Beckwith when the woman disappeared. "Elizabeth Taylor was the guest of honour, you know what I mean, it was the South of France set. I rocked up in this little leopard skin outfit, and she was in the same thing - only she's got the dress version and I'm in the hipsters and weeny little top. She thought it was hysterical so we had to have lots of photos together with Ivana."

On that note, I paid the £38 bill and got up to leave. As we descended the stairs I noticed that we seemed to be turning heads. Were they looking at the number of buttons unhooked on her shirt? Or for the first time in her life, had Tamara Beckwith been upstaged by a surgical collar?

HOW TO SPEND IT

Troubles in a suitcase

Lucia van der Post tracks down the secrets of elegant and successful travelling

Come July and August and there is scarcely a man or woman whose thoughts do not turn to packing. It's the inescapable, unfortunate prelude to any journey, however small. There are those who are natural packers, easy eliminators of the unnecessary and the excessive. Then there are those, like me, who are incapable of distinguishing between the essential and the "what might come in useful".

I have dealt with my own packing inadequacies by travelling wherever possible to places where everybody looks even more rumpled than my clothes. Travel to the Selous, the Kalahari, rural India and your packing worries are hugely simplified (malaria pills, insect repellent, scruffy shoes, water purifying tablets, that sort of thing). No danger there of having to be prepared for a surprise audience with the Pope, a gala evening ball and a smart lunch all on the same day.

Most serious travellers, however, agree that the secret of elegant travel more or less begins and ends with the hand luggage. Get that right, make

sure it is a quality piece, holds everything you need for the journey and a bit more (since I have twice lost all my luggage I now always have a change of underwear, toiletries and medicines and a spare cardigan or wrap in my hold-all) and then at least you know you will travel looking good.

I have also learned the hard way that anything gooey should be packed in a plastic or sponge bag of its own, and that when going to dusty places there is little that comes in as useful as a collection of supermarket plastic bags. These may not be pretty but they certainly help keep the dust (and the damp) out.

Caroline Charles, the designer, who has to travel a great deal, always carries a black and white spotted soft-sided zippered case she bought in Tokyo 12 years ago (good luggage may seem expensive at the time but it does last). She rolls her clothes on lightweight hangers in polythene bags which stops them creasing. Charles decants beauty products into lightweight small containers, and since visiting Vietnam she has become convinced that pyjamas are the perfect travelling outfit.

Isabell Kristensen, (she who recently made the wedding dress for Sheryl Gascoigne, wife of Paul, the England footballer) never travels without her favourite piece of luggage - a hat box by Globetrotter. However, her latest discovery is a shoe suitcase designed by Manolo Blahnik for Louis Vuitton. "Perfect," she says, "for anybody with a shoe fetish - like me!"

Other shoe-fetishists might like to know that Louis Vuitton does a soft-sided bag which holds two pairs of shoes for £250. The whole trunk box which stores eight pairs costs £1,830, while a bigger version, which holds 12 pairs, costs £1,920 (to order only).

Royal packers, I am reliably informed, make sure their charges' clothes emerge looking fresh and uncreased by laying each shirt or dress out flat, one on top of each other in a big pile, and only at the end folding in the sleeves, shirt tails or skirts in one layer.

For those going to places filled with things that hop and bite, Mosquito Milk, £6.12 for 50ml in roll-on form, is one of the least unpleasant insect repellents. Find it in Boots or other chemists. Sun & Bite is a splendid duo - it protects from insects and sun at the same time. It comes with a range of protection factors from four to 30. Price from £6.99.

Marks and Spencer has a tiny French manicure set, perfect for packing, which has emery boards, white and pale pink nail polish, all for £5.

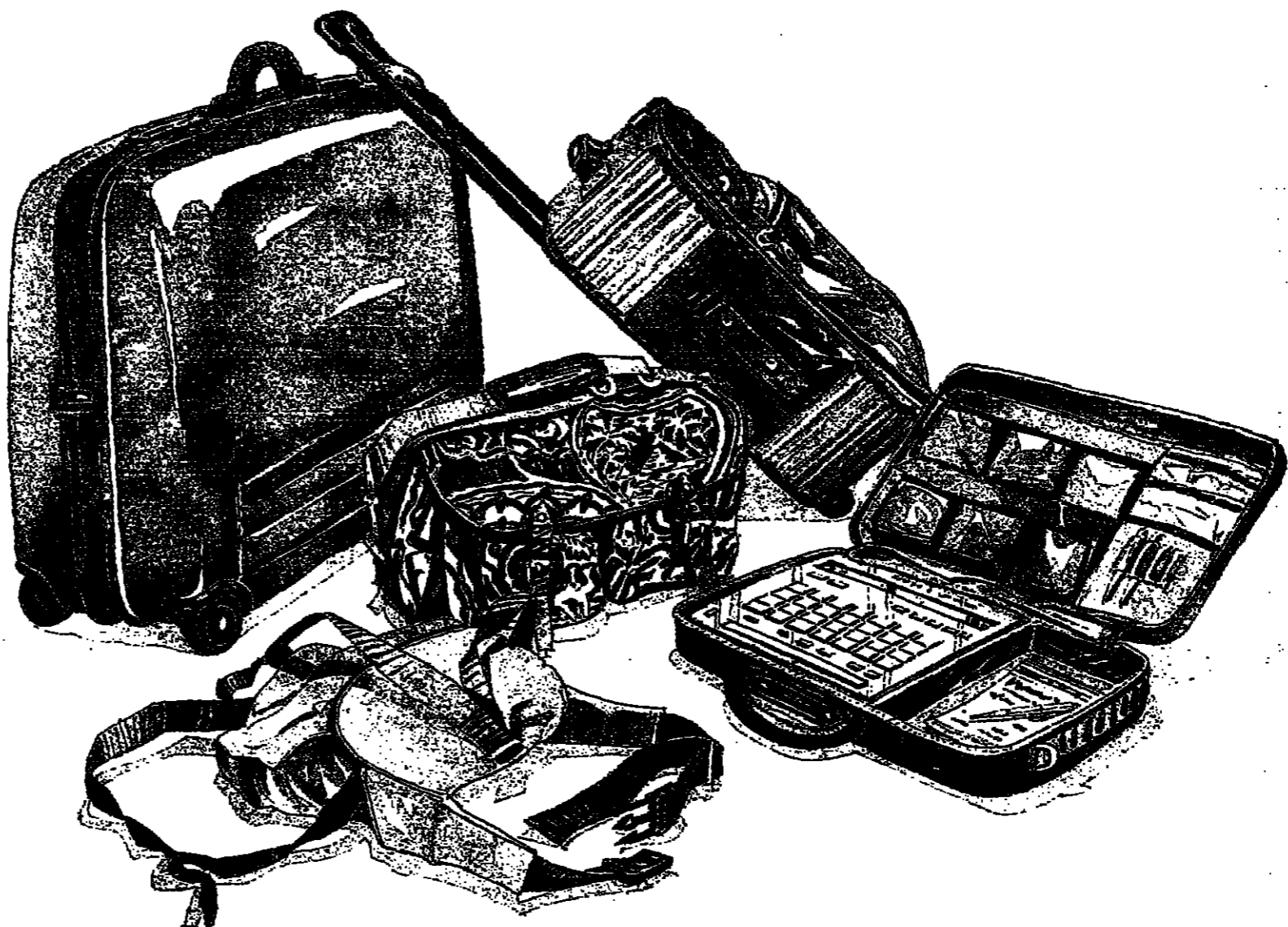
For those embarking on long car journeys, Travellers Tales has about 6,000 books on tape which can be bought or hired. Annual membership costs £20, hire charges start from £6.40 for one-week's hire, including postage and packing for a four-tape unabridged book. Write to Neil Gunn, Travellers Tales, Great Weddington, Ash, Canterbury, Kent CT12 2AR, for details (tel: 01294-812631).

Skin Care specialist Jean Ashley of 32 Albert Bridge Road, London SW11 (tel: 0171-720 4239) recommends taking camomile tea bags on trips. An infusion made with two bags to a cup of boiling water and then left to cool is an excellent after-sun care treatment. So, it seems, is Sweet Almond Oil.

Darphin, the French beauty company, offers a large range of products in small travel sizes. Everything from Aromatic Cleansing Emulsion (£6.30) to Arovita Anti-Ageing Cream (£13.45) and Aromatic Seaweed Bath Gel (£7.50) is available in easy-to-pack small containers. Find it in Darphin salons around the country (tel: 01603-788155).

And, finally, the most useful tip I have come across is never leave home without a card saying "I am a deaf mute" in seven different languages. The next most useful tip is to make sure you have a railway carriage to yourself, arrive early, sit in the window seat and beckon to the passers by. I haven't yet tried either but I've got them up my sleeve should the going get tough.

Additional research by Alexandra Maude-Razby.



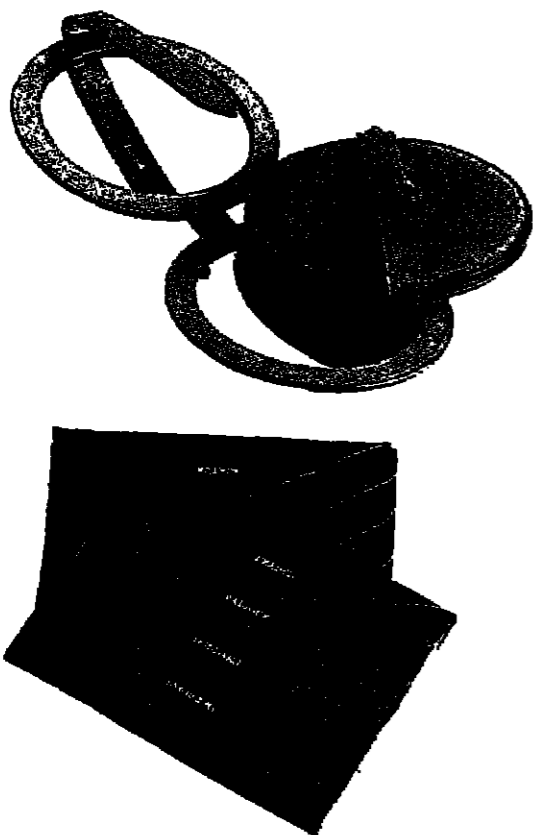
Top left: a multi-coloured hard plastic suitcase from Benetton's 'New Florence' collection, in green, red, blue and orange, this is one case you are unlikely to miss or mistake on the luggage carousel. Three sizes, £75, £99 and £129 from Benetton, 129 High Street, Kensington, London W8 6SH.

Centre: Liz Cox woven tapestry 'safari bag' in combinations of dark red, navy blue, or black with ochre. Fully waterproofed, it has strong leather straps and pockets inside and out. £285 from Liberty of Regent Street, London W1R 6AH.

Bottom right: a problem de nos jours - how to carry the personal computer. Antler has applied the minds of its brightest and best and come up with a simple black case, in three sizes, the smallest just big enough to carry the PC itself. The padded inner lining has pockets to hold extras. £89.95, £79.95 and £99.95 from Selfridges of Oxford Street, London W1.

For those who do not want to carry two cases, Samsonite has an Overnite (sic) Computer Case which is the size of a slightly fiddish overnight case but has two separate compartments - one for the computer and another for £125 or in black leather for £245. It is 42cm by 30cm by 19cm and is available from good department stores.

L.v.d.P.



Smithson, that revered stationer, has revamped its range of stationery and other products. It still does wonderful engraving and has the traditional diaries and address books but there are some new products: Top: double travel mirror, based on a 1930s design. It can stand on its own when the strap is tucked back. In black, navy, green, red or burgundy, £49.95.

Above: a currency case in which different currencies can be kept separately. This leather case holds four currencies and comes in black, navy, green, red or tan. £58.50 in leather, £82.75 in pigskin.

Good-bye battery



Welcome to the future: Seiko Kinetic®, the first quartz watch that turns your movement into power. Every move you make is converted into electrical impulses by a tiny built-in powerhouse. Ecological, reliable and efficient: wear it one day to gain energy for at least two weeks. Wear it daily - it will run continually. Made of titanium: light, yet strong and kind to your skin. 20 bar water resistant. One-way rotating bezel and screw lock crown. Seiko Kinetic - it's built to last. Someday all watches will be made this way.

SEIKO KINETIC

Seiko Kinetic at: <http://www.seiko-corp.co.jp>

How to avoid collecting wrinkles in the air

David Hayes receives some tips from the experts on how to arrive at the airport without looking crumpled

Flying long-haul for business can seriously damage your image. Crumpled suits, rumpled shirts and turbulence-induced coffee stains can put you at a disadvantage with international clients at crucial straight-from-the-airport meetings, no matter how much leg room your airline can boast.

The best solution seems to be in the quick change routine. "If I am travelling long-haul," says Roger Saul, founder and managing director of the Mulberry fashion group, "I dress in loose, casual clothing and take a suit-bag with me on the aircraft so that I can change in the airport at arrivals - most major airports now have changing room facilities." But what if you are actually travelling with hard-to-impress colleagues when only a suit and tie will do? With a little help from recent advances in fabric technology and a few invaluable tips from the experts, it is possible to look city-smart and minimise the inevitable sartorial havoc that long-distance travel can wreak.

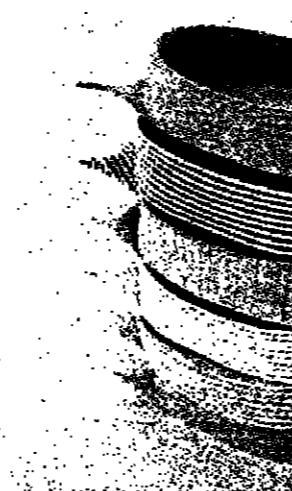
"Any suit will crumple," says Clare Joel, menswear personal shopper of London's Dickens & Jones department store. "But pure new wool will look the best."

"The new super 100 lightweight wools are the lightest yet and are perfect for arriving in any hot climate," says Joel. "Cresses will hang out with a pure wool jacket - especially if you have the chance to hang it over a shower rail overnight - whereas any suit with 70 per cent man-made fibres will crease badly and hold those creases longer."

You do not have to spend a fortune on a pure wool suit. Lightweight suits that are perfect for travelling can be bought for under £300. Joel recommends classic 100 per cent wool suits from Pierre Balmain that start from £220 to more fashionable styles from René Lazard (again in 100 per cent wool) at £400 and Kenzo at £415.

Another fabric to avoid when travelling is linen. The putty coloured linen suit, historically favoured by Englishmen abroad, may make lightweight sense in the tropics, but only if your colleagues can fully appreciate the beauty of the heavily crumpled look.

At the luxury end of the market there is one name that stands out as a leader in the fabric revolution. Italian menswear company Ermeneegildo Zegna has been producing high-quality suiting fabrics



Van Heusen's non-iron shirts, from £33 at good menswear departments

since 1910 and the bulk of its manufacturing business has gone into developing fabrics that meet the needs of today's business traveller. And when it comes to lightweight wools, its high-performance fabrics are hard to beat.

"Our Super 120,000 merino wool fabric is the finest wool available. What Super 120,000 means is that a kilo of wool is spun to a single thread measuring 120km," says David Gist, Zegna's London representative. "That makes our suits as virtually crease-free as it is possible to get but also incredibly light."

With a wide selection of ready-to-wear suits and sports jackets, as well as a made-to-measure service with a choice of 400 high-performance clothes priced at just under £900, the Ermeneegildo Zegna label is a worthwhile investment for frequent high-flyers.

The non-iron shirt is another development that can keep you looking crisp on a long flight and many companies are bringing out their own versions. Christian Dior introduced the first 100 per cent cotton style this year to meet the demands of its luxury brand - a departure from the uncomfortable cotton/synthetic mix versions that offered more in looks than comfort.

Available in classic white, with a choice of two collar styles (costing £79.95), the Dior shirt not only promises easy wash and wear, but also wrinkle-resistant properties that will keep it looking fresh for longer. Any creases you may get during travelling (non-iron does not necessarily mean indestructible) can be smoothed away by hanging up and lightly spraying with water.

Another tip is to wear a vest or T-shirt underneath your shirt when travelling. "A cotton vest under your shirt - something that most men in hot climates always do - will absorb any sweat and help your shirt look better for longer when travelling," says Joel. "And if you have the chance to take it off before you land, you can go straight on to business feeling much fresher."

Buying into the 1990s non-iron revolution need not mean spending a fortune. Marks and Spencer has developed affordable non-iron fabrics that are a long way from the scratchy, drip-dry, bry-nylon styles of the late 1980s.

M&S has given cotton and wool blends non-iron properties without losing the comfort and softness of a natural fabric, as well as adding stretch fibres such as Lycra and Tactel to give hardwearing performance to more formal styles. A tiny percentage of Lycra added to a suit will not only stop excessive wrinkling but also means that your suit will return to its neat shape after only a few hours on a hanger.

Great travel buys from M&S include the ubiquitous non-iron shirt (a snip at only £30); single and double-breasted suits in a shape-holding 97 per cent wool/3 per cent Lycra mix (£160 for a suit or sold separately at £105 for jackets and £55 for trousers); stain-resistant, Teflon-coated 100 per cent wool trousers (perfect for deflecting splashes of coffee at only £40); smart non-iron chinos (front-pleated with turn-ups at £30); and even a dapper fold-away panama hat (£21) to hide unkempt hair on arrival.



FASHION

Well-suited to match every woman's needs

Damian Foxe finds that the subtle advantages of men's bespoke tailoring are winning over an increasing number of female clients

What do Ronnie Kray and Naomi Campbell have in common? Apart from the same tailor, very little. Bespoke tailors are one of men's few fashion secrets, and with growing lists of high-profile female clients, including singers Kylie Minogue, Dolores O'Riordan (The Cranberries) and Tori Amos, more and more women are discovering the joy of having suits created specifically for them, at less than 5 per cent of the cost of haute-couture.

Elizabeth Herring, 31, a massage therapist and part-time writer, still gets excited over having her 1960s-inspired, skirt-suit tailored by Mark Powell. "I went to a men's bespoke tailor because I wanted something specifically created for me," says Herring. "Bespoke, unlike made-to-measure, involves the creation of an individual pattern for each customer."

Having discussed the style and fabric for the suit, an initial fitting was arranged. "I was immediately put at ease by Mark," she adds. "He was extremely professional, carefully noting each measurement and particularly what was individual and different about my body. I was not at all embarrassed because he was not being judgmental."

A toile (mock-up) of the suit is created, in either cheap calico fabric or loosely tacked together from the chosen fabric. At the second fitting, the client tries on the toile and the tailor makes the final adjustments before the suit is completed. The entire process takes between four and six weeks.

It is 200 years since Beau Brummel revolutionised the male aesthetic with his deceptively simple look. A new batch of British tailors are applying this philosophy to women.

With Brummel's revolutionary ideology of dress central to their approach, they are not trying to reinvent the man's suit but making it a new alternative for women.

Timothy Everest and Powell, two of the most high-profile among them, will be showing their first women's ready-to-wear collections in London later this month, to complement their existing bespoke service. Oswald Boateng, the only British tailor to have shown a men's collection in Paris in January, is now concentrating on bespoke for women.

Georgina Sinclair, 34, works in public relations for fashion designer Bruce Oldfield, who introduced her to Everest. She now owns eight suits by him, an overcoat and a velvet pea-coat.

"It's addictive," says Sinclair. "I am 5ft 4in tall and find it impossible to buy suits off the peg. With a bespoke suit, you choose the fabric, you know that it will fit perfectly and when you walk into a room, nobody else will be wearing the same thing."

At £650 to £700, Sinclair is confident that Everest offers good value for money, adding: "You never have to worry about what you are going to wear. You simply choose a suit and vary your shirt, a concept men have been taking advantage of for years." Between 15 and 20 per cent of Everest's business comes from women and this figure is growing.

Sabrina Roth, 29, a freelance editor, had been waiting for the ideal opportunity to employ the skills of Everest, who has been tailor to her barister-fiancee for four years. "I wanted a tailored structured wedding dress with no



Top: Eva Ferran, a hand-bag designer, in the fake black pony-skin trouser suit made for her by Mark Powell (above). Photo: Harrods

flounces," says Roth, "and I loved the suits Timothy had made for my boyfriend. Simplicity is very difficult to find in the shops. Timothy immediately grasped what I had in mind, and could verbalise my ideas." Her dress, a shirney column of pale ivory, silk faille, is indeed a symphony in simplicity.

"Unlike women's dressmakers, men's bespoke tailors think in small details," says

underside of the collar are standard on Everest's suits. His garments are all hand-canvassed, meaning that the fabric is separate from the backing, allowing them to move against the body. The buttons are stitched by hand in silk thread coated with beeswax, which binds the thread and secures the button.

Mark Powell, who recently moved into new premises at 17 Newburgh Street, London W1, is more a tailoring stylist than a tailor and is renowned for dressing Ronnie Kray, who wore one of his suits as he was led away from the courtroom to Broadmoor Prison.

Powell wears his celebrity client list brazenly on his bespoke sleeve, citing many high-profile women among his loyal followers, and most recently Naomi Campbell, who has ordered five suits.

"My husband bought me a Mark Powell, bespoke, three-piece trouser suit in charcoal grey pinstripe wool, for my 30th birthday," says Chiara Menage, 30, a film producer. "It is beautiful both inside and out. I love the details and annoy my friends by constantly pointing them out covered buttons, moss green silk lining for the body and contrasting lining for the sleeves, concealed waist adjusters and inside jacket pockets which are normally only found in men's suits."

Details such as buffalo bone buttons, hand-stitched lining and silk flower loops on the

last, and although I would not normally spend £700, I felt that Mark was offering me an investment over time, something which was both durable and timeless."

Powell is not a trained tailor but he does all the fittings, employing his skill as a stylist and aesthete. His tailoring is undertaken on a commission basis, employing tailors who work predominantly in Savile Row. "I am very difficult to please," admits Eva Ferran, 32, hand-bag designer, "because I know exactly what I want. Mark immediately understood what I was looking for."

Ferran's suit combines a long-line, fitted, four-buttoned jacket with hipster, boot-leg trousers, crafted in fake black pony-skin. It is the embodiment of classic styling with a modern edge.

"Mark has a great knowledge of different historical eras," she says. "He could immediately interpret what I wanted, suggesting different options for cuffs, pockets, lapels and linings. We decided against inside pockets, because the jacket is so fitted. The arms are gently fluted, and close with a single covered button. I am so pleased. My suit is unique."

Sharply angling a pocket, scissoring a trouser leg to a seriously tapered point or gutting the sober continuity of a pinstripe suit with a blood-red silk lining, are all signature details of Oswald Boateng's



Ronnie Cooke Newhouse, a freelance creative director, in the nutmeg mohair trouser suit made for her by Timothy Everest Photo: Harrods/The Guardian

design. They proved an irresistible attraction for Miel De Botton, 28, a Swiss psychologist living in Paris, who has just paid £1,000 for a shocking pink suit.

"I think Oswald is extremely talented. His cut is so pure," says De Botton, "and his use of colour and fabric is brilliant." Just eight weeks ago, Boateng moved into new premises in Vigo Street, just off Savile Row. His ambition is to fuse the concepts of design and traditional tailoring, creating what he calls "bespoke couture".

Kathleen Baird-Murray, deputy beauty editor for Elle magazine, insists that Boateng earns his elevated price tag - upwards of £900. "You get something from Oswald which you just cannot buy off the rails," says Baird-Murray, who owns three Boateng suits. "I am a size 10 on top and a size 12 on the bottom. Ready-to-wear suits simply do not cater

for such inconsistencies, while traditional dressmakers are more about ripping a page out of a magazine and attempting to copy it. Oswald is a hybrid of designer-cum-tailor, and his advice and input are invaluable."

Her first suit, an adventurous Schiaparelli-pink, single-breasted, one-buttoned affair, seemed risky at first. "I get much more wear out of it than I first expected," she says. "It is quite loud, but the simplicity of its silhouette means that I can get away with it."

Boateng favours a body-conscious look, stripped of all detail, to achieve a flattering and slender line. Surfaces of perfect invariable fabric are given with strategic darts and seams, forming a long lean silhouette. However, they only successfully cover you if you have a long and lean body. His philosophy of tailoring is less about cleverly concealing one's physical shortcomings and

more about highlighting one's strengths. But you do need to have some impressive strengths to begin with.

Chris Euhank has just paid more than £4,000 for a milk-coloured cashmere overcoat designed by Boateng, adding to a star client list which could out-sparkle the Brit Awards. Kylie Minogue, Tori Amos and Mick Hucknall are just some of the many pop stars who sing his praises.

Gender reassignment is complete. Belle, formerly Beau, is ready for the boardroom, the bistro and even the ball. Her principal feature remains understated simplicity, but her secret is definitely out.

Timothy Everest, 32 Elder Street, Spitalfields, London E1 6BT. Tel: 0171-377 5770. Mark Powell, 17 Newburgh Street, Soho, London W1. Tel: 0171-287 5498. Oswald Boateng, 9 Vigo Street, London W1. Tel: 0171-734 6268.

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Harrods Ltd., Knightsbridge, London SW1X 7XL. Telephone 0171-730 1234.

There is still a place for the corset

It may not have escaped your notice that corsets are enjoying a revival. Traditionally, they were worn by women (and sometimes men) as undergarments, but this time round they are

finding favour as an overgarment. Inside or out, though, their purpose remains the same - to improve on nature for aesthetic or erotic reasons.

Designed to narrow the waist and push-up and support the breasts, anthropologists claim that a woman's slim waist is a means of letting society know that she is not pregnant.

Followers of fashion maintain that the corset goes back 4,000 years. The British Museum has a Minan figure from 2000BC - clearly female with bare breasts; she is wearing a corset and crinoline as an outer garment.

There is also literary evidence that Greek women were concerned with figure control: a band of linen or leather from a young goat was bound round

the waist and lower torso. Roman women also wore girdles, called cestus, under their loose robes.

During the next 1,000 years loose clothing for both sexes was the norm. This changed in late medieval times, when women's waists were again accentuated - loose garments were drawn close to the figure by lacing at the back. Historians believe that this emergence of the waist was the start of fashion.

It was then that the corset began to take off, so to speak. It was made in two halves, fastened together at the front and back, and paste was used as a stiffener between two layers of linen. By the 16th century, whalebone had become the popular stiffening agent.

The hard bits were also known as stays and staymakers became important members of the craft industries by Elizabethan times. The stays were slotted into bodices and held in place with a lace.

By the mid-17th century the emphasis remained on slim waists. The Puritans, who might have been expected to condemn the corset, commended it for "it disciplined the body".

In Victorian times, tight corsets were condemned by doctors and satirised by cartoonists, but it was still the ambition of many girls to have a waist measurement at marriage not exceeding her age - and to marry before she turned 21.

This century, a combination

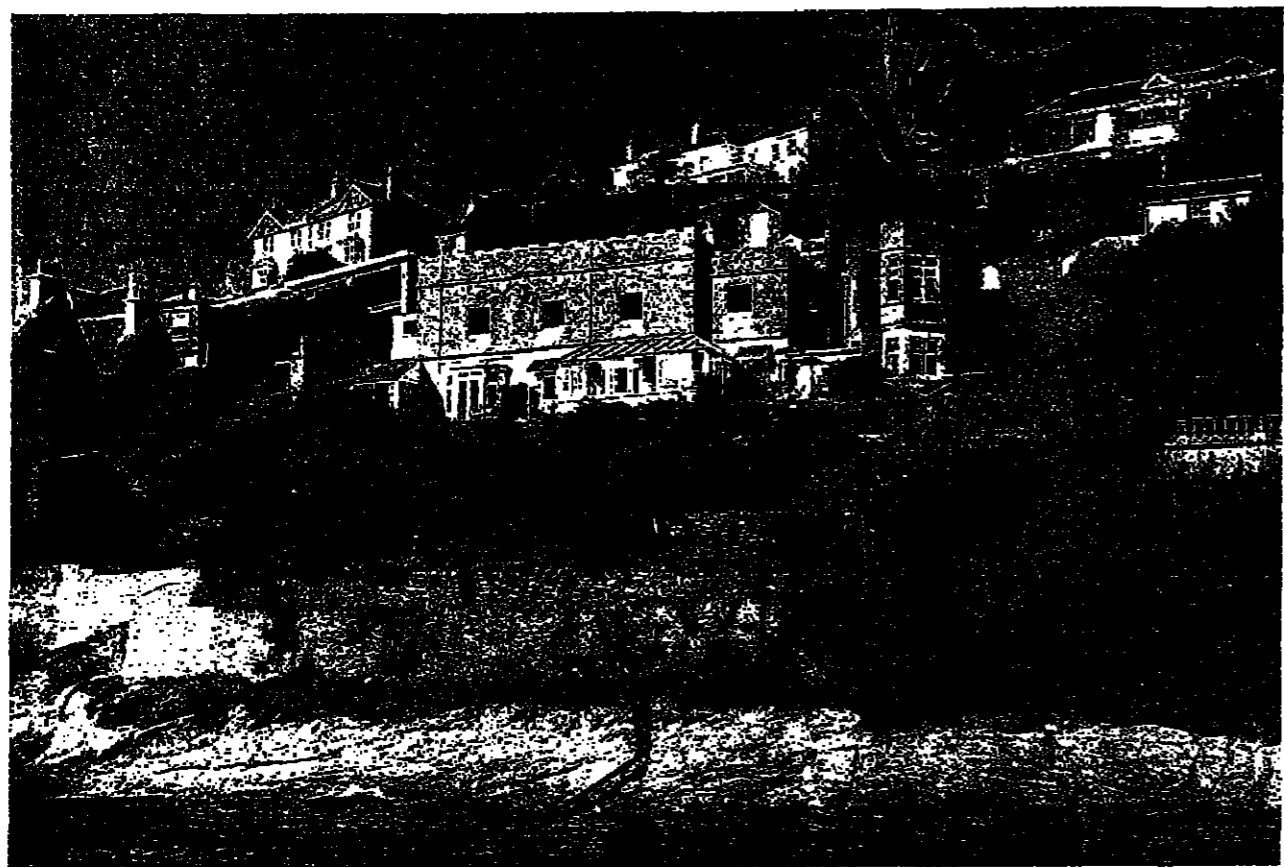
of style changes and new fabrics - namely rubber, first natural then synthetic, that could be woven as elastic thread - produced straighter, more gentle undergarments to shape the female form. They had various names and often incorporated zips and suspender belts.

The invention of Lycra contributed to the demise of the old-style corset and the rise of the bra. Many thought corsets had been confined to history when jeans and short skirts came along. But, love 'em or loathe 'em, it seems that there is still a place for a corset in a woman's (and some men's) wardrobe.

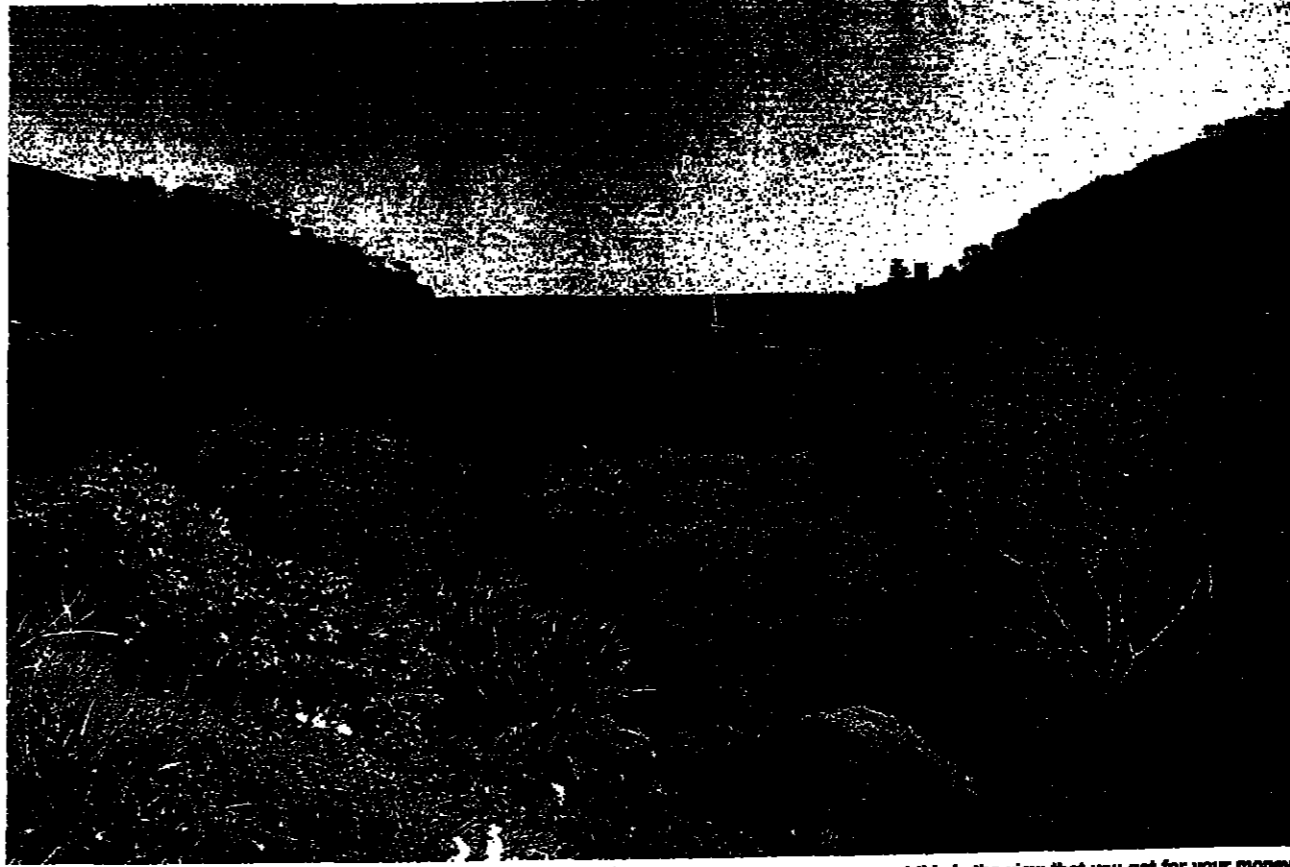
Christopher McCooey



PROPERTY



Yarrow Bank, at Kingswear, on the Dart. Fulfords is seeking offers of more than £500,000.



...and this is the view that you get for your money

The counties out on a limb

Gerald Cadogan understands the attraction of south west England

Devon and Cornwall form a finger on the map, pointing away from middle England. The long peninsula symbolises the independence of these two counties, and a different way of life.

It has been drawing people from the rest of the country since the railways reached the south west. Nowadays, however, when fishing and shipworking for the navy are on the way to becoming heritage industries, tourism and income from incomers is the main business - and the main stay of the area's housing market.

Down narrow Devon lanes, with banks bursting in honeysuckle and foxgloves, buyers seek their dream of an old thatched cottage with cob walls.

In Cornwall, the cottages are of granite or slate and the hedges are often of fuchsia.

Devon and Cornwall are unusual among English counties in having north and south coasts. The south has the luxury of mild weather, glorious stands of oaks and beeches in river valleys that turn into steep-sided estuaries, and gardens rich in camellias, rhododendrons or sub-tropical plants.

The north coast faces fierce west winds that sweep over the bleak uplands of Bodmin Moor and Dartmoor, powering wind-farms such as those beside the A30 London to Land's End road.

The A30, the spine of the peninsula, is no longer "the country's longest cart track", as it used to be called, although summer caravans in the lanes are an obstacle. Newquay offers air links with Paris and Cork, and the fast train between Exeter and London takes two hours.

There is more to local food

than over-rated Cornish pasties. There is still excellent fish. And surely Devon and Cornwall make better cream than Normandy, although Normandy may win over Devon for farm cider.

The area's housing market has been busy this year. Viewings and sales are up, but instructions to sell have been few, only 1.7 per cent more than last year, says Ian Fraser of Fulfords - and that may lead to higher prices.

Hugh McKenzie, of Villages & Country Property, says that prospective buyers should not leave in a dudgeon when they cannot find a home with all the chocolate box delights they associate with Devon. It takes time to find the right house in a county that varies from beechy combs to rugged moors.

Houses up to £200,000 now sell at once, Martin Lamb of agents Knight Frank finds, but hardly anything has moved at

over £300,000 until the last few weeks.

Last year it was the reverse. Houses costing more than £300,000 sold well, while cheaper property remained on the market.

Waterside homes, especially in the South Hams area of south Devon, are a special market, commanding a premium of up to 50 per cent on the water's edge and up to 25 per cent for a water view, says Robert Theobald, of Fulfords' waterside and fine homes division.

A good example of this is Yarrow Bank, at Kingswear, on the Dart, for which his company is seeking offers of more than £500,000.

It needs work but faces south, giving warmth and views out to sea, and has a cliffside garden with steps in the rock down to a mooring. Across the river is Dartmouth where the houses climb the steep hills until the land sud-

denly changes to meadows and beech woods.

Fulfords is also selling Hal-lowell Farm (offers over £200,000) by the creek in Bere Ferrers, with 30 acres and a cottage, barn and two bungalows (good for holiday lets), and Berry Cottage in Dittisham four miles upriver from Dartmouth, with a porch draped in honeysuckle (offers over £200,000).

Nearby is a remarkable waterside house of the utmost modern luxury, set on 78.5 acres on a promontory jutting into the Dart. KF and Stratton Creber want more than £1.75m for that.

In Cornwall, Britons Slip, at Falmouth, is simpler, a converted early 19th century packet warehouse with its own slipway, jetty and quay (Miller, £400,000).

The most interesting house for sale in the peninsula must be Killow, a medium-sized stately home in 280 acres outside Truro (Humberts Leisure and Scott Burridge Chick, offers over £1.4m). Such houses are rare in Cornwall as few families had the wealth to build them. When they did, the money came from mining, trading, shipping or piracy.

Killow is a mostly 18th century solid granite house, sheltered from the west by trees. It has a park, masses of camellias, and the remnants of an Edwardian vineyard, orchid house and peach house among its greenhouses.

The walled garden boasts an unusual Tudor "crinkle-crankle" wall, built in a continuous S-curve. Included with the

house, but invisible from the garden, is an income-producing golf course with a turnover of £250,000. There are also let cottages, and planning consent for leisure developments.

In Devon, Lindridge Park between Exeter and Torquay is a top-quality conversion into separate houses (V & CP, £185,000 to £235,000). Ideal for full-time or "lock up and leave" living. The homes share a superb Edwardian garden, which developer Sterndale Enterprises is bringing back to life.

A conversion nearer Exeter is Cowley Place (Drew Pearce, £85,000 to £165,000).

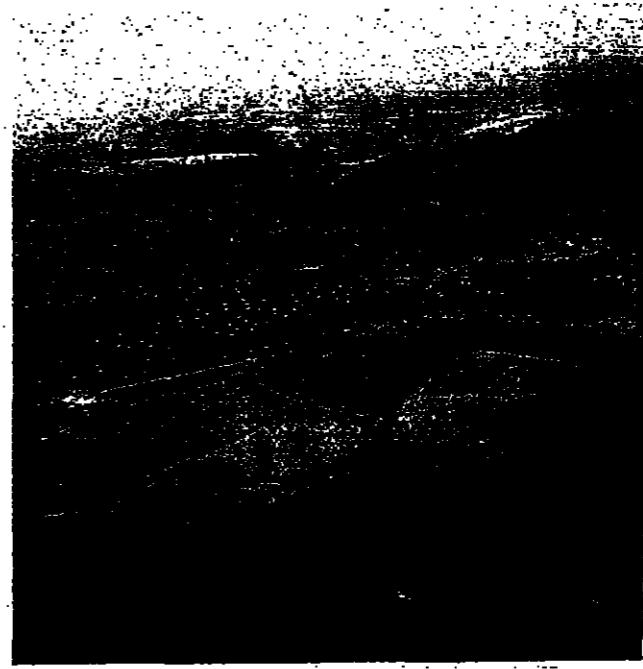
Finally, a trio of houses in the £200,000 to £300,000 range:

Haredon Farm at Ugborough in the South Hams (Marchand Petit, £260,000) is a longhouse dating back to the 15th century and listed grade II*.

In Dartmouth, French prisoners built the Old Village in 1815, now for sale through Fulfords for £275,000.

And Jordan Manor, at Widdacombe in the Moor, a 17th century Dartmoor longhouse which cost £900 in 1925, is now available through Jackson-Stops for £300,000.

For further information contact: Drew Pearce, Exeter (01392-58343); Fulfords, Exeter (01392-412007); Humberts Leisure, London (0171-629 6700); Jackson-Stops, Exeter (01392-214222); Knight Frank, Exeter (01392-423111); Marchand Petit, Modbury (01548-831163); Miller, Truro (01873-74211); Scott Burridge Chick, Truro (01873-77397); Stratton Creber, Plymouth (01752-666555); Villages & Country Property, Exeter (01392-499699).



Garrow Point: on a promontory jutting into the Dart, at more than £1.75m



Berry Cottage, Dittisham: Fulfords seeks offers over £200,000

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Residential Property Announcements
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This coming August the Financial Times will be printed on narrower paper, all advertisers must be aware of the changes to copy size requirements.
For further details contact Charles Whitwood on 0171 873 4332 fax: 0171 873 3096
Financial Times

On the Move / Gerald Cadogan

Here comes the judges' house

Since 1821, No.6 Belmont, in Shrewsbury, has been the Judges' Lodgings, when the clerk of the peace bought the building for £1,500. Now Shropshire County Council is selling it for £250,000 through Cooper Green (01743-232244) and Strutt & Parker (01244-320747).

Built in 1701 as a town house for one John Scott, to ensure that he met the property qualification to vote in Shrewsbury as well as Shropshire, it is a tall and imposing building. It is easy to see why it looked right for judges. But they no longer go on circuit with a large entourage, and it must be many years since all nine bedrooms were full.

With five reception rooms and a terraced garden, it looks ideal for a large family.

The Swan in Bibury is a small hotel in one of the Cotswolds' prettiest villages. Known since 1872 as an inn, it was the halfway point between Burford and Cirencester, at the spot where one could cross the town-trail Cohn.

On the other side is Arlington with its old mill and the National Trust's Arlington Row of cottages dating back to the 14th century, and in the flat ground on the river the Bibury Trout Farm, presently offering four fresh trout for the price of three.

Alex and Liz Furtak bought the hotel in 1990, and have

completely refurbished it to make a top-class place to stay. They reduced the number of bedrooms from 25 to 18 to allow proper space for bathrooms and have decorated each room individually, so that it feels more like a country house than a hotel.

"We slept in every room, while doing them up - and even took in suitcases to see how they worked," said the Furtaks.

They are selling it as a going concern only because of family illness. From drapes to Victorian papier-mâché tables, it is all new or renewed.

The next owner can move in and continue business. The price from Savills (0171-489 8844) is £2.5m, with a further

£500,000 for two ancillary houses. Rooms cost from £97 to £250 a night. Many Americans and Japanese stay, and there is a growing market in weddings.

"We have a licence, and we are small enough that people can take over the whole hotel," the Furtaks say.

North Sussex Lodge, at Park Hatch near Loxhill, Godalming, Surrey, by Sir Edwin Lutyens, is for sale at £165,000. So what is the catch? None, it is just that it is small - a park lodge, built in 1890 with two bedrooms and two reception rooms. The agent is Hamptons (01483-417222).

Gerald Cadogan



The Judges' Lodgings, Shrewsbury, for sale at £250,000




North Sussex Lodge is available through Hamptons at £165,000

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COUNTRY PROPERTY

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Saturday, August 3.

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Financial Times

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OUTDOORS

Motoring

A sporty coupé with luggage space

Audi considers its new A3 to be more than just an entry model, says Stuart Marshall

Entry model is trade jargon for the cheapest and simplest car in a range. The term does not enter the vocabulary of some smarter marques. Porsche says grandly that its entry model is a second-hand - I beg its pardon, "previously owned" - 911, or one of the cars it no longer makes such as a 924 or 944. And Rolls-Royce would take it seriously amiss if one had the temerity to refer to a £96,401 Brooklands Bentley as its entry model, even though it is less than half the price of a £215,000 Azure.

Audi does not want its new A3 to be thought of as an entry model, either. Mainly because the A3 is a completely new kind of car, a sporty, lifestyle enhancer looking like a coupé but with more luggage

space. Many buyers will, Audi thinks, be new to the marque. And the inference is that they will pick an A3 because they like what it represents and not because it is cheaper than the present smallest Audi, the A4.

When the A3 reaches Britain in the autumn, prices are likely to start at under £14,000 for a 101-horsepower 1.6-litre and go up to £18,000 for a 150-horsepower 1.8-litre petrol turbo. Its closest competitor must surely be the BMW 3-series Compact (£14,120 for a 102-horsepower 1.6-litre 316i to £16,120 for the 140-horsepower 1.9-litre 318ti).

From the front, you would know the A3 was an Audi even if the linked rings badge was missing because it looks almost exactly like a shrunk-in A4, A6 or A8. Sideways

on, it is a chubby coupé. And from the back, something between a hatchback and an Audi Avant semi-estate.

Audi claims it is the first car to have been specifically developed for the premium segment of the compact class and that it has the same standards of quality, safety and design innovation as the bigger models. The build quality of the four A3 models - 1.6 manual, 1.8 automatic, 1.9 turbo-diesel and 1.8 turbo-petrol - I drove on a varied test route in Luxembourg last week was beyond reproach. Every A3 has airbags for driver and front passenger, ABS brakes, a fully galvanneal body promising a long, rust-free life, power-assisted steering, electric windows and outside mirrors and adjustable steering wheel.

On Luxembourg's toll-free, remarkably uncrowded and billiard table smooth motorways, the 1.6 felt rather low geared. At a realistic, if slightly naughty, 140kph (86mph) cruising rate, the engine was spinning at 4,500rpm; it would easily hold 160kph (100mph) at 5,000rpm on an autobahn. It does not feel stressed but sounds busy enough to be a bit wearing on a long trip. The gearshift is chunky but all the manual cars had a disagreeable amount of "shunt" (jerk) when going from power-on to power-off in the transmission.

The 1.8 automatic, however, was shunt-free. It had the same overall gearing as the 1.6 manual and would routinely hold 5,000rpm before changing up when accelerating hard. Floor the pedal, and the

needle will even stray past 6,000rpm. It was easily the nicest of all the A3s in town traffic.

After these two high-revving cars, driving the 90-horsepower turbo-diesel came as a relief. At 140kph the engine was turning over at a leisurely 3,000rpm in top. From only 1,500rpm, there was an enormous amount of pulling power for quick, safe overtaking. Even without taking into account, this longest-legged of all the A3s would be my choice for long-distance travel. The 90-horsepower A3 1.9 TDI I drove will not come to Britain. The right-hand drive turbo-diesel, due next year, will have 110 horsepower, which can only strengthen my case.

Finally, I drove the most muscular A3, the 150-horsepower 1.8 petrol-turbo. Black painted, and trimmed dramatically in black and yellow leather, it was eye-catching but still tasteful. It was geared harder than they did on its wider tyres, and reminded me of the Corrado, now out of production, but remembered as the most sporting car VW made.



Chubby coupé: the new Audi A3

Four up, there is not much boot space (or rear seat legroom and headroom) but an A3 is hardly going to be bought as a family car. Rear seat folded down, there should be space for a sporting young couple to carry all the equipment they need - providing they are not mountain-biking buffs.

In the pipeline, but at least a year away, are A3s with quattro transmission and V6 engines. And Audi's entry model? It will be the A2 - and it is not far off.

Teatime

Indulgence in the afternoon

Philippa Davenport takes a taste of one of Britain's favourite pastimes

Teatime is one of the best loved British institutions. People may protest that mid-afternoon eating is unnecessary, but therein lies the charm. It is precisely because tea is an optional extra, indulged in only occasionally, that we relish it to the hilt - or should - when it is offered.

Few things are more comforting in winter than sunbathing from under the clatter of Sunday newspapers to toast cinnamon-scented teacakes in front of the fire, to slather crumpets with butter and the salt anchovy bite of Patum Perierium, then cut into a darkly rich fruit cake or an almond-topped Dundee.

At weekends in summer, tea offers just rewards for the physical and mental exertions needed to stay awake to applaud village cricket, to keep a coastguard's eye on children or grandchildren splashing in the pool, or to pace the lawn and throw a croquet ball.

This is the season for delicate cucumber sandwiches and what caterers call "cream teas", in other words scones served west country fashion, not spread with butter but piled high with clotted cream and summer fruit jams.

Whipped double cream has to suffice in non-clotting parts of the country, and to make up for this deprivation, the jam is sometimes replaced by fresh berries - strawberries, raspberries, mulberries or blackberries - simply crushed with a fork and a sprinkling of sugar.

Cakes tend to grow lighter and smaller in summer. Favourites include sponges, eclairs and meringues; while biscuits come into their own.

Hot tea (pots of it) remains the first choice beverage, although the tinkle of home-made lemonade or ice-creamy iced coffee in tall glasses wins converts if the temperature soars.

Meg Rivers Cakes has been a great success since its launch six years ago. Rightly so, for this mail order business makes the sort of fruit cakes many people enjoy but lack the time or skills to bake. The service is efficient, the ingredients are pure (organic flour, raw sugar, local free-range eggs and butter), and recipes range from rich and dark, to glacé pineapple-

available but surprisingly and, regrettably, the soups come from cartons.

The catering offered at many houses and gardens open to the public is often undistinguished. Sheldon Manor, near Chippenham, one of England's lesser known manor houses, modest and charming, is a happy exception. Tourists making the pilgrimage from London to Bath should consider making the minor detour needed to visit it (just four miles from junction 17 of the M4), for warm hospitality and felicitous cooking in the country-house tradition thrive here.

The teatime spread is splendid with breads, scones, cakes and biscuits made on the premises, as are the jams, many using fruits grown in the garden, which include greenage, mulberry, quince and medlar.

At lunchtime (booking is advised) a cold buffet table is supplemented by a hot dish or two to meet the vagaries of British summer weather. The emphasis is on home-made and local specialities, with pickles, salads, pâtés, giddies and chutneys, proper Wiltshire ham, mutton from the estate's own Jacob sheep, a cold chicken dish called Lemon Hen, and a proper complement of puddings.

Private lunch parties can be booked during winter months, when the log-fired hall and linen-fold parlour dining room are available for private hire.

Cooks who rate baking the most therapeutic branch of cookery will rejoice in the publication next month of *The Baking Book* by Linda Collister and Anthony Blake (Conran Octopus, 192 pages £20) a follow-on to their acclaimed *The Bread Book*. Like the ear-

lier volume, this is international in flavour, its recipes and the market it is aimed at being pan-European and transatlantic, rather than exclusively British. Puddings, pastries, pies and tarts are all on the menu as are teabreads, biscuits and cakes.

Both photographs and recipes are immaculately detailed, offering genuinely useful tips to encourage those as cack-handed as me.

Here is a teatime taster from the book, plus my own recipe for English iced coffee.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS
(makes 8)

100g good dark chocolate, chopped; 2 egg whites; 140g unblanched almonds, very finely ground; 140g caster sugar. For the filling: 100g good dark chocolate, chopped; 100ml double cream or crème fraîche.

Put the chocolate in a heat-proof bowl set over a pan of hot, not boiling, water and

melt very gently, remove from the heat and stir until smooth. Using an electric mixer or whisk, whisk the egg whites to soft peaks. Gradually whisk in the almonds mixed with the sugar. Gently fold in the melted chocolate using a metal spoon.

Put a heaped tablespoon of the mixture on a baking tray lined with non-stick parchment; spread it to 7.5cm round. Repeat with the rest of the mixture, making 16 rounds. Bake at 135°C (275°F), gas mark 1 for one hour or until firm. Cool slightly on the baking tray then transfer to a wire rack to cool completely.

For the filling, gently heat the chopped chocolate and cream in a small heavy pan, stirring occasionally until melted. Leave to cool then beat well with a wooden spoon until thick and fluffy. Chill until firm.

Sandwich the macaroons in pairs, spreading them generously with the filling, and



Weekend treats: mille feuilles are a perfect choice for teatime. Picture from 'The Baking Book' by Linda Collister and Anthony Blake, to be published by Conran Octopus next month, priced £20 for hardback

leave for about an hour before serving.

TOLCARENE GINGER BISCUITS
(makes about 30)

340g self-raising flour; 300g golden caster sugar; 1 table-spoon ground ginger; 1 tea-spoon bicarbonate of soda; 110g unsoftened butter; 85g golden syrup; 1 egg, beaten; 2 pieces of stem ginger, drained of syrup, (about 40g) finely chopped.

Put all the dry ingredients into a bowl and stir until thoroughly mixed. Gently melt the butter with the golden syrup. Pour this on to the dry ingredients, add the egg and ginger, and mix well with a wooden spoon to make a dough.

Using your hands, roll walnut-sized pieces of the dough into balls. Place them well apart on greased baking trays, and slightly flatten each ball. Bake at 170°C (325°F), gas mark 3 for 15-20 minutes or until crisp and golden. Leave

to cool on the trays for a minute before lifting them on to a wire rack to cool completely. Store in an airtight tin and eat within a week.

ENGLISH ICED COFFEE
(serves 4)

Not half so sophisticated as the jet black slush of granita di caffè with its high roast kick, but coffee usually means instant in Britain and this is dairy country.

Scant 15g instant coffee granules (I use Hag); 1 slightly heaped tablespoon sugar; 150ml boiling water; 600ml cold water; plenty of good creamy vanilla ice cream (or better still clotted cream ice cream); 200ml cold milk (optional).

Mix the instant coffee with the sugar; pour on the boiling water and stir until the sweetener is fully dissolved. Dilute with the cold water. As soon as the mixture is sufficiently cool, cover and refrigerate it. Chill well.

Put several generous scoops of ice cream into each glass (in sweltering weather it is a good idea to put the glasses in the fridge for half an hour or so before using). Pour on the coffee, add a shot of milk if liked, and stir vigorously until the ice cream blends with the coffee and begins to melt into it. Serve with a spoon in each glass.

■ *Meg Rivers Mail Order Cakes*, tel: 01295-688101 or fax 01295-680793.

□ *Meg Rivers Traditional English Tearoom & Cake Shop* is open all year round (Mon-Sat 9.30am-5pm, Sun & bank hols 12-9pm) at 2 High Street, Shipston on Stour, Warwickshire CV38 4AJ. Tel: 01608-682217.

■ *Sheldon Manor, or Chippenham, Wiltshire*, SN14 0RQ, is open to the public on Sun, Thurs and bank hols afternoons until October 6. For lunch bookings, inquiries about corporate entertaining, small conferences and wedding receptions, tel: 01249-653120.

Gardening / Robin Lane Fox

So much to see - so much to buy

The Hampton Court Flower Show is romping away. At least 20 per cent more people will visit it than the 140,000 who visited Chelsea in May.

So spare a thought for the poor residents within range of the A3 whose lives have been frustrated by the traffic all week. If you read this at a safe distance and are wondering whether to visit at impulse, I suggest that you drop the idea if it involves a car.

What are we to make of it all? Everybody seems to enjoy it, because there is so much to buy. I have to say that it is only a show with a heavy input of heritage and craft industries. It is certainly not a garden and not much of it attaches to the realities of gardening life.

It is unreal, unless you can suspend disbelief and be happy to bounce from the idea of a dream cottage to the sounds of a Highland piper, the sight of implausible females crammed into old-time staves and the prospect of glazed doughnuts and glazed pottery at every turn between the marquees.

Under canvas, I would encourage keen gardeners to make straight for Marquee 5. They will see the wonderful display of Clematis from Valley Nurseries who have con-

trived to show the fragile forms of Clematis Texensis on a supporting frame to a height of 6ft and more. These forms are not nearly so difficult as some gardeners believe. I have succeeded with them as a summer covering for spring viburnums and am pleased to see their height and elegance done better justice at a show.

In the same area, you can enjoy the artful informality of Glebe Cottage's country garden which works its usual magic with the constraints of a formal exhibit. The Painted Lady sweet peas look as if they had grown naturally up wooden stakes and I even suspended my dislike of at least three components of a red and orange corner, involving a red astilbe, the orange dahlia David Howard, red hot pokers and that type of Achillea called Great Expectations. It goes to show what clever staking can do.

In the same marquee, Rickards is staging yet another of its remarkable displays of hardy ferns. Time has passed since we all professed to abominate these relics of late Victorian fashion. Rickards of Tisbury Welles displays them with a freshness and art which wins over even my fern-free imagination.

My personal preferences

went to a subtle exhibit of various nipsles, one or two hollies and oaks from Mallet Court nursery, also in Marquee 5. Country visitors, who may be wondering when they will stop feeling dazed, will feel reassured by this charming patchwork of rare plants.

From Marquee 5 it is a mercifully short stroll to Marquee 4. Here, I found the outstanding flowers of the show, the

most to see. Bressingham Nurseries has given particular prominence to a new hardy perennial creamy-yellow daisy, a form of the dependable Anthemis which they have called Susanna Mitchell. And some spectacular arrays of fuchsias include the recently validated forms which Wisley has declared to be hardy.

At Hampton Court, small flowering plants were changing hands at 25, with pelargoniums offered at up to £7 each. It is worth remembering that the same plants cost between 60p and £1.20 if you order them in spring from the nursery lists, as the exhibitors themselves were happy to remark.

Gadgets, awnings and weaponry against weeds is admirably assessable on the hundreds of outdoor stands. I greatly value my Hampton catalogue, which is a definitive first guide to the ins and outs of the contemporary trade in aids and frivolities. If you want pots, greenhouses or odds and ends, you will set off on the right track outside the marquees.

If you want ideas for a garden, you will be less lucky. All the gardens are pretty frightful, unless you persuade yourself that they have to be played in the sponsored style. They are below the Chelsea watermark, and you may

remember what that means. The best of the bunch is Salisbury Homebase, although it used some perfectly horrible walling with a zigzag line and a hard shade of white.

The main problem is that the planters simply jammed in "obedient material" which might just as well have come from a hotel forecourt. Fortunately, it never seems to translate into popular taste, possibly because nobody could afford its density and transience.

There is not the Chelsea level of relationship between top designers and the occasional enlightened sponsor. If there were, I am not sure that it would be noticed or prominent.

The majority of this resounding success is really a trade fair at retail prices, packed with shoppers and couples who have found something which they can both tolerate, after the divisions over Wimbledon and Euro 96.

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Far from the realities of gardening life: Hampton Court Flower Show

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FOOD AND DRINK

Golden and delicious tipples

Jancis Robinson says this is the time to drink sweet wine

One of the many great mysteries of modern life is why people are so sniffy about sweet wines. Perhaps it is because virtually all those which form a bridge between childish drinks and grown-up wine - Liebfraumilch, Lambrusco, Mateus rosa, Pinot d'Or, Gallo Hearty Burgundy - are deliberately sweetened, usually with added grape concentrate.

So poor old Ch d'Yquem, granddaddy of Sauternes and arguably the noblest, longest-lived, most difficult-to-make wine of all is tarred with the same vaguely sticky brush as these mass market sweeteners. While its Médoc counterparts churn out reliable quantities of their dry red Bordeaux year in year out, Yquem, and other

fine Sauternes properties, have no such guarantee. They have to pay to send pickers through the vineyard an average of six times over six weeks every autumn, in the sometimes vain hope of gathering a worthwhile quantity of grapes shrivelled by botrytis, or noble rot, which gives great sweet wine such a long and glorious life.

The consequence is that while the Médoc proprietors have practically run out of refurbishments to spend their money on, Yquem is looking increasingly like a 15th generation Scottish castle with death duties pending. Nevertheless, one of the most memorable meals I have had was a lunch at Yquem. Believe it or not, the sweet,

golden house wine was served throughout the meal - a different vintage with each course, naturally - and I rose from the table feeling thoroughly refreshed (as well I might, you may feel, having just had several hundred pounds worth of wine poured down my throat).

We started with *foie gras*, this extra-rich delicacy being a classic partner of sweet wine in an era when my own liver could still look a second helping of *foie gras* in the face.

Then, perhaps most controversially, Yquem was served with a main course of chicken. This was not a sickly sweet wine, but an intense, almost

burnt-tasting, savoury vintage which, because it had absolutely enough acid and concentration to counterbalance the sweetness, was not remotely cloying.

Why fish is no longer a penance

I was once having dinner at the home of the local solicitor in the west of Ireland. Tumbler of whiskey had been consumed beforehand. The soup came and went. Lamb chops followed. The sound of corks lifted from bottles was deafening.

I was preparing an assault on the pudding and cheese when the host, who until then had appeared a sane individual, asked if I liked fishing. I nodded.

"That's great. We'll be off then."

It was 11pm and pitch black outside. However, this was the last night when the solicitor had netting rights on the nearby river. His wife seemed to think all this was normal behaviour and waved a cheery hand as we left to meet the lads out on the boat.

We caught nothing. I nearly did myself permanent damage slipping over the rocks. At one point the local butcher had to carry me ashore.

This year Egon Ronay gave Kealeys the best seafood restaurant in Ireland award.

A similar thing happened the other night at Kealeys fish restaurant at Greencastle, in the northerly reaches of County Donegal, on the estuary of the river Foyle. The nearby oyster beds are the biggest in Europe. So the oysters had slipped down nicely. Next came the Greencastle chowder, full of more fish than soup. The main course was a giant piece of turbot. As I struggled to do it justice, James Kealey, the restaurant's owner and chef, suggested a little walk.

The Chateau Musar was finished and pints of stout and fish coffee appeared. James and his wife, Tricia, modest to a fault, are amazed Kealeys has come so far, so fast.

Perhaps I would care to go to the fish auction across the road? With a gulp of wine - a Chateau Musar '89 that had made its way from the hills of Lebanon to the wilds of Donegal - we were off.

"James trained in Dublin and Germany. At first we served anything from lobster thermidor to sandwiches here in the bar. People would crowd in. A couple of years ago we decided to build a proper restaurant."

For the next hour we watched the mysterious game of fish buying. Greencastle is one of Ireland's busiest fishing ports. There was much talk of the terrible inequities of European Union fishery policies. Peter, the manager of the local fishermen's co-op, says Ireland has 17 per cent of EU waters but less than 5 per cent of the fish catching quota.

Breakfast is not the usual on-the-run American bowl of cornflakes and coffee in a mug that fits into its car container. No siree, a southern morning meal is a big deal.

In between bidding, James gives his cooking philosophy. "You don't need many sauces or trills. When fish is as fresh as this you don't want to interfere with it much."

Kealey's seafood restaurant, Greencastle, County Donegal. Tel: (within Ireland) 077-81010. Food is served seven days a week between June and October.

By the time we were back at the restaurant it was nearly

midnight. No one seemed to have left. A German slurped at a pint of stout, cream droplets clinging to his beard. A party of French grandmothers tucked into desserts.

Our boats have to stay in port while the Spanish and French sail by, catching all they want.

Tricia suddenly remembered I was not offered dessert. She whistles to rustle up some belly-splitting delicacy.

By the time we were back at the restaurant it was nearly

Too late and too full of drink to drive back, I look for a bed and breakfast. It is a wonder no one suggested a fishing expedition.

Kealeys seafood restaurant, Greencastle, County Donegal. Tel: (within Ireland) 077-81010. Food is served seven days a week between June and October.

The French party left with a chorus of thanks. The German decided to give his beard another dousing. More pints arrived. Most of the people from the fish auction joined the party.

Kealeys has a celebrity following. John Hume, MP for Londonderry, often holds court there. Mary Robinson, Ireland's president, has visited. Brian Friel, the playwright, is a neighbour and regular customer.

Outside the winds are beginning to blow. Greencastle is only a few miles from Malin Head, the most northerly point in Ireland.

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US southern hospitality is 90 per cent about food - the other 10 has to do with old world courtesy borrowed mostly from English ancestors who migrated from their South Carolina rice plantations.

Do not misunderstand - I do not mean to infer that southerners are only 10 per cent courteous; their courtesy is processed into edibles.

In the Deep South, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, South Carolina and parts of Florida, they are generous and the greeting "come on to dinner" is well meant.

So if you are lucky enough to be spending a little Olympic time in Birmingham, Alabama, perhaps for the soccer, you are in for a treat of regional specialties, a culinary adventure.

Fried chicken, hush puppies, biscuits, grits, hickory-smoked barbecue, sorghum syrup, turnip greens and pot likker, fried okra, succotash, catfish, gumbo are all part of the southern cooking tradition.

The regional obsession is pie - sweet potato, peanut butter, pecan, lemon meringue, peach and apple.

Any first-rate household or restaurant tests a new cook (the word "chef" is not part of the vocabulary) on fried chicken. Never mind that finger-licking variety that has spread its greasy wings around the globe, real fried chicken is succulently encased in a light, greaseless seasoned cloak. It is crunchy on the outside, moist on the inside. The same treatment is given to fried catfish.

Hush puppies, made of course cornmeal and chopped onion, are deep-fried. Looking like feathery biscuits, they are served and replenished as a matter of course.

Breakfast is not the usual on-the-run American bowl of cornflakes and coffee in a mug that fits into its car container. No siree, a southern morning meal is a big deal.

Coffee comes immediately. Tea will come well, eventually. Have you ever tasted red-eye gravy? It is made from ham drippings and coffee and is delicious for dunking your biscuits. Ditto sorghum syrup. Then you get eggs and hot corn cereal, grits, hash brown potatoes, and bacon cut thick with the rind on - just pick it up and eat it, you cannot cut it. And sausage. And ham or steak.

Thumbing through an out-of-print Alabama cookbook, published in 1940 and updated about 20 years later, I found a number of knock-out beverage recipes such as mint juleps

with lemon-glazed potatoes and a red pepper vinaigrette. A new menu will be created every week this month and next. For reservations ring 0171-235 4377 x 1531.

Shoppers who just want a snack or drink could try Schlitzky's, an American deli café, which has just opened its first UK branch in the Plaza Centre, Oxford Street, London W1. The menu is based on what has proved popular in the US - 14 different hot deli sandwiches, soups, salads, desserts and coffees.

The first deli founded in New Orleans was based on a single sandwich, "The Original", which contains ham, two types of salami, melted Cheddar, Parmesan and Mozzarella cheeses, lettuce, tomato and onion all topped with marinated black olives.

Sounds a mess to me but if you like huge amounts of different fillings then this is the place. Every sandwich is made to order but you can call or fax ahead. Tel: 0171-580 3648. Tel: 0171-580 3647. More retail outlets are planned elsewhere in Britain.

Those who are braving the Knightsbridge summer sales might seek rest and relaxation in the Chelsea Hotel, in Sloane Street. Darren Roberts, the head chef, is putting on an £8 two-course set menu (£11.50 for three courses) for those ordering between 6pm and 8pm in the First Floor restaurant.

Dishes include chilled melon soup with port, grilled lamb

cup rum. Potent stuff. The book is a window on southern culinary treats from pickled black-eyed peas to Jeff Davis (president of the Confederacy) pie made with buttermilk. "Real good with a crusty top," it reads.

Not surprisingly, most of the down-home eateries are on the

Eating Out Food for Olympians in the Deep South



Crab and prawn gumbo with okra: all part of the rich cooking tradition of the southern US

(fresh mint, powdered sugar, ice, water and whiskey) and London Fog (1 jigger bourbon, 1 jigger strong black cold coffee, 1 large tablespoon coffee or vanilla ice cream). Egg nog seemed to be a Christmas favourite: 12 eggs, 12 tablespoons sugar, 1 pint whipping cream, 1 1/2 cups bourbon and 1/2

highway and frequented by truck drivers who know their food. On Highway 78, about 30 miles from Birmingham, an old farmhouse called Uncle Mort's Restaurant serves a magnificent breakfast at any time of the day. All the items already mentioned are part of his "special" plus his peanut butter

pie. It is so good it is sinful. Looking like a school cafeteria with its bright lights and wood floors, Lloyd's on Highway 280 in suburban Birmingham has everything fried: chicken, onion rings, oysters and it is an institution. It serves iced tea in quart-sized glasses and constantly refills

them. Then there is the Iron-dale Cafe with its lengthy steam table - it formed the basis of the film *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistling Stop Cafe*. Both the Ark out on Lake Logan Martin and Catfish Cabin in town specialise in fried catfish and hush puppies.

I knew I was in an authentic place when I read the welcoming sign: "To be served must be properly dressed - No tank tops, no bare feet, no rollers on head." And nearby: "Smoking is not encouraged but accepted." I had arrived at Niki's West in an unsalubrious part of Birmingham. Gus Hontzas, its owner, acknowledges that he had to be good to compensate for the location. It is a unique southern restaurant, known for its vegetables (30 plus daily specials) and homemade desserts (nine pies alone).

"It's not like a northern place that serves steak, potatoes and salad," says Hontzas, who explains that many of his customers are watching their cholesterol levels so he uses no butter, only oil.

Appetisers / Jill James

Cheating at eating caviar

The price people pay for caviar never ceases to astound. And while it is true that nothing is as good as the best Beluga, Oscietra and Sevruha, it is surprising that more people do not opt for other fish roe - particularly if they are eating it as an accompaniment - which is a fraction of the cost of the real McCoy.

The reliable Morel Bros, Cobbett & Son, Unit 7, Goldharbour Lane, London SE8 8NY, which does fine foods by mail order, is stocking salmon roe at £9.95 per 100g and Cavia, sea hen

of reductions on an extensive range of fish and meat until September 27 - so long as it is ordered before the sale ends on July 20.

An Aberdeen Angus assortment of about 82kg comprising sirloin, brisket, steak, forerib, entrecote, silver-side, top rump, topside and mince costs £5.29 per kg during the sale, compared with the usual price of £6.16 per kg.

Customers who do not want meat in such quantity could opt for the Box for Two Busy People - 17kg of port, beef, half lamb shoulders, lamb chops and cutlets etc - for £6.19 per kilo. To order telephone free on 0800 376 1234, 24 hours a day.

Those who are braving the Knightsbridge summer sales might seek rest and relaxation in the Chelsea Hotel, in Sloane Street. Darren Roberts, the head chef, is putting on an £8 two-course set menu (£11.50 for three courses) for those ordering between 6pm and 8pm in the First Floor restaurant.

with lemon-glazed potatoes and a red pepper vinaigrette. A new menu will be created every week this month and next. For reservations ring 0171-235 4377 x 1531.

Shoppers who just want a snack or drink could try Schlitzky's, an American deli café, which has just opened its first UK branch in the Plaza Centre, Oxford Street, London W1. The menu is based on what has proved popular in the US - 14 different hot deli sandwiches, soups, salads, desserts and coffees.

The first deli founded in New Orleans was based on a single sandwich, "The Original", which contains ham, two types of salami, melted Cheddar, Parmesan and Mozzarella cheeses, lettuce, tomato and onion all topped with marinated black olives.

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TRAVEL

Idyllic vision of old America

The Kennedys escaped there. Now Justin Cartwright enjoys the charms of Martha's Vineyard

Martha's Vineyard is a small island off the coast of Massachusetts. It is reached by a ferry from the southern end of Cape Cod and it is this sense of going to another world which appeals to Americans.

For Martha's Vineyard is very much another world, unmistakably American, but with many of the landscapes and habits of an earlier time when America was young and the distinction between it and the old country was not so clear. Parts of Martha's Vineyard look like Devon or Cornwall without the bungalows. Of course, when America was young they did not have Mad Martha's Icecream Parlour or nude beaches or Carly Simon, three of the things for which Martha's Vineyard is famous.

But the island is most famous for the fact that the Kennedy family has a long, and not always glorious, connection with the island. Strangely, although all the islanders know something about it, none of the island's literature tells you anything of how young Edward Kennedy drove his car off a bridge on Chappaquiddick Island and swam back to Edgartown, changed into some dry clothes and appeared in public rather ostentatiously casual.

When I was in Martha's Vineyard last summer, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was still alive and guards patrolled some long, empty sands near her home in Gay Head. They said I could not walk along the beach; I would have to swim by, a mile out to sea. The residents of Martha's Vineyard are on the one hand liberal democrats and on the other rich and successful. Many are escapees from Manhattan. So Martha's Vineyard, while cherishing its Saturday Evening Post charms, guards them with the sort of firmness that characterises the rich in America.

wild wisteria, the prices of lobster and seafood low.

And the views are superb, dry stone walls, clapboard farmhouses, inland lakes known locally as "ponds", like Squinocket and Quitsa Ponds which appear suddenly along the winding and dipping roads, surrounded by discreet but enormously expensive houses. There is access to most and canoes can be hired to cross to some of the better beaches. A day's canoeing on Indian land on Chappaquiddick is a particularly warm memory.

On one of these beaches I greeted a well-dressed Manhattanite one day; the next he greeted me. The difference on day two was that he was completely naked, except for a Panama hat. Nude bathing is, I think, associated with both the 1960s and a kind of Upper East Side insouciance.

The island is big enough and varied enough to be very interesting. The main towns are Vineyard Haven, where the

harpoon a white whale was Amos Smalley, an Indian from Gay Head. This juxtaposition makes Martha's Vineyard what it is, a well-preserved simplicity alongside the kind of sensibility found in New York's Upper East Side or in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is said that the only snobbishness on the island is educational.

Not far from Edgartown is Oak Bluffs. It too is from another age, a Methodist camping ground turned into gingerbread holiday homes, with elaborate fretwork façades, grouped around a flourishing tabernacle. Oak Bluffs has a bustling oyster bar, where actress Sharon Stone was spotted last summer. Just outside town is a harbour in which the mechanical shark in *Jaws* made its first appearance. (*Jaws* plays continuously during the summer at local movie houses.)

At the other end of the island, about 14 miles to the west, is Menemsha. To reach it you pass through the village of Chilmark, a favourite with those who have come to live on the island because it seems to embody everything idyllic about rural America. (John Updike used to summer there, John Belushi is buried there and Alan Dershowitz has a house there.) Menemsha is a jewel, a collection of clapboard houses and fishermen's shacks and seafood suppliers around a wonderful, rickety pier. This place is more like Norway than Britain, a felicitous arrangement of weathered wood, hidden inlets, sharply sanded beaches and the bustle of Dutch Dock. Bluefish, scrod, lobster and clams from Larsen's Fish Market have a truly American succulence.

Although arriving by the Steamship Authority's ferries is one of the great pleasures of Martha's Vineyard, be sure to book months in advance. The length of the standby line is one of the staples of conversation during the summer.

Alternatively, take a bus from Boston airport to Woods Hole, travel as a foot passenger and hire a car or a jeep on the island. As a last resort, fly in from New York but you would be missing the point of Martha's Vineyard, the powerful symbolism of taking a ferry, and arriving.

Fly to Boston on BA or Virgin. 1½-hour drive to Woods Hole for the ferry to Vineyard Haven or Oak Bluffs. Ferries also run from Hyannis Port, Nantucket, New Bedford and Montauk, NY. Tel: 1 800 852 7153. Bus service from Boston airport by Bonanza Bus Lines. Tel: 1 800 555 3311. Continental Airlines from Newark, New Jersey. Up to date information line: 693 3663

It is, of course, one of the paradoxes of owning a holiday home that the best months are also the worst

ferry from Woods Hole comes in. It is said to be a real place to walk along the beach; I would have to swim by, a mile out to sea. The residents of Martha's Vineyard are on the one hand liberal democrats and on the other rich and successful. Many are escapees from Manhattan. So Martha's Vineyard, while cherishing its Saturday Evening Post charms, guards them with the sort of firmness that characterises the rich in America.

If you rent a holiday home, you are entitled to a little privilege, a ticket to the town beach in your vicinity. You produce your lease at the town hall and a permit and window stickers are handed over for a modest fee. This enables you to park by the beach without having to deal with the traffic which builds up in summer.

It is, of course, one of the paradoxes of owning a holiday home that the best months are also the worst. The population of Martha's Vineyard rises from a gentle 20,000 to about 100,000 in August. But even then the beaches are long and relatively empty, the waves powerful, the little ports idyllic, the woods and lanes covered in the rusa rugosa and



Deep sea feeding frenzy

Jonathan Guthrie takes a deep breath and goes diving with the sharks

Were hanging in the water 25ft below the surface when Clyde, an American diving companion, signalled a shark was close by. He raised his hand above his head in imitation of a pointed dorsal fin, his eyes round with excitement behind his diving mask.

I peered into the blue trying to make out the profile of a shark patrolling the distance - a sight now familiar after a week diving in the Coral Sea, 150 miles off the Queensland coast of Australia. Clyde pointed below me. As I looked down a 10ft silvertip shark shot past, an arm's length from the fins on my feet. It turned back towards me. All the fears implanted by reports of shark attacks faded.

The silvertip was more interested in the blood left in the water by the shark feed we had just watched than in a meal of diver. It glided down to the sea floor 100ft below, where it gulped up a tuna fillet dropped from the dive boat. Then it raced off into the gloom.

Sharks treat divers with caution. They have acute senses of smell and hearing and can detect the electrical discharges all animals make when they move around. Divers thrashing clumsily through the water, festooned in equipment that emits noisy clouds of bubbles and powerful electric signals, are more than they can cope with at close quarters.

Nevertheless you encounter plenty of sharks while diving in the gin-clear waters of the Coral Sea, an unspoilt area of reefs about 50 miles beyond the scuba playgrounds of the Great Barrier Reef. Small, serpentine white tip reef sharks can be seen wriggling among the coral outcrops, particularly if you dive at night with a waterproof torch to light your way. Brown nurse sharks, lazy clam-eating monsters, can be found sleeping in groups under rocky overhangs during the day.

The big, missile-shaped sharks of popular nightmare keep their distance from divers. You have to lure them to you with food.

The Americans who made up most of the 25-strong group of dive tourists told

bloodcurdling shark stories as we kitted up on the deck of Spoilport, our dive boat, before the feed. In reality there was little danger. During the feed we were sheltered in two big steel cages fixed to the sea floor 60ft down.

Once inside we jostled for positions at viewing slits cut in the mesh. The first couple of sharks swept in from the edge of the reef. They were attracted by the smell of blood from a hidden dustbin full of dead fish anchored to the sea floor.

As more sharks appeared they began to swim round in tight circles in front of the cages. There were powerful grey whaler sharks, slender blacktip reef sharks and fast, streamlined silvertip sharks. At first their movements were leisurely. But they became increasingly jerky and aggressive as more and more sailed in from the gloom.

Soon the sharks were flinging themselves at the bin, toothy mouths gaping. A shoal of humpback-striped remoras surrounded them, dislodged from their attachment points on their hosts' bodies. One blacktip reef shark shook the chain anchoring the bin to the reef furiously in its jaws.

Philippe, the crew member supervising the dive, was positioned in one of the cages holding a lanyard that would flip the lid off the bin at the right moment. When around 20 sharks were writhing around it he pulled the rope.

The action was all over in seconds. Each shark grabbed a mouthful of fish, ripped it from the cable to which it had been fixed and dashed away into the blue. A second feeding frenzy broke out as the divers swam out of the cages and scurried down on the sea floor to search for sharks' teeth. Sharks lose old teeth while feeding, quickly growing replacements.

Divers love seeing sharks. Encountering an animal capable of killing you always evokes a frisson, even if the chances of an attack are very small. And a fund of shark stories help divers cultivate the macho image they hope their sport confers on them.

Shark feeds are dive operators' response to this enthusiasm - without fish blood in the water, most sharks give humans a wide berth.

If meeting the smaller sharks of the reef sounds a little tame, you can seek an encounter with a great white. Organised trips are available in the cool waters of South Australia. There are no guarantees of seeing this elusive and heavily persecuted marine predator. But *cosmoscenti* say the rush you feel when a great white slams open-mouthed into the shark cage makes the uncertainty worthwhile.

Off the coast of California, on the other side of the Pacific, you can dive with blue sharks, top predators of the ocean wastes. Once again a shark cage will protect you from too close an acquaintance with your quarry, a superbly streamlined fish of 12ft, resembling an elongated cruise missile.

Joining a shark feed is surprisingly safe, particularly when a shark cage is used. However, the dive operator will probably still ask you to sign a release waiving the right to compensation if you are killed or injured during the dive.

The activity is not recommended to anyone who is nervous of large animals, or who is not a confident diver. Before taking part you should have earned a basic diving qualification - for example the Professional Association of Diving Instructors' open-water ticket.

You should feel comfortable with the dive operator's level of competence before agreeing to join a trip - cowboy dive operators are a greater threat to divers' lives than sharks. Forget diving and go sunbathing if the dive boat does

not carry ship-to-shore radio for contacting emergency services and oxygen for treating divers with decompression sickness.

Divers who feed sharks by hand do sometimes get bitten, by mistake rather than from malice. It is wise to leave hand-feeding to a professional dive leader. The best-known location for this activity is the Bahamas, where you sit on the floor of the open sea while an instructor wearing chainmail over his wetsuit dishes out fish scraps to blacktip reef sharks.

A shark dive in the Bahamas will cost just \$65 a person. Seeing the blue for great whites off South Australia costs \$41,600 (\$260) for a four-day trip. The Coral Sea shark feed, meanwhile, was thrown in by the dive operator as part of a six-day, all-inclusive diving trip costing around £1,000.

Finally, what effect do organised feeds have on the sharks themselves? Some environmentalists claim it stops these important apex predators from picking off unfit members of prey species, with resulting damage to the marine ecosystem.

This may be so, but the impact of shark feeds is small compared with that of huge over-fishing of sharks for Asian markets. Shark numbers have fallen in some parts of the world thanks to harvesting for shark fin soup. The fishermen often tip sharks caught on long lines back into the sea still alive, after slicing off their fins.

Shark diving gives sharks an economic value far greater than their worth as food items. And they allow dive tourists to appreciate these superb creatures at close quarters.

The big, missile-shaped sharks of popular nightmare keep their distance from divers

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Rising above the disco fever

Robin Neillands finds ancient Turkey surprisingly unspoilt, in spite of the new hotel blocks

Stand on the ramparts of the Crusader castle at Bodrum and you get a swift look at the two conflicting faces of Turkish tourism. The castle was built in the 15th century by the Knights of St John, and is a splendid relic, full of fascinating museums and well-tended gardens. So far, so good.

But lift your eyes and there, just beyond the rooftops of Bodrum, block after block of identical, newly built, holiday apartments cloak the surrounding hillsides. After dark, laser beams bounce off the ramparts while the air is rent until well after midnight by the happy shrieks of dancers in the discos far below. It was never like this in the time of the Ottomans.

Turkey is an antique land, littered with the ruins of a dozen civilisations, and these modern accretions tend to jar. We fled east to Fethiye and our base in the restored village of Ocaakoy, a collection of old cottages set among mimosa trees, with great views over the surrounding mountains.

In the time of the ancient

Greeks, the coast around Fethiye was home to the Lycians, who were followed by the Romans, the Byzantines, the Crusaders and the Ottomans. Most of these invaders left relics of their passing but an earthquake flattened Fethiye in 1958 so the attractions tend to be recent: boat tours to the offshore islands, an attractive harbour fringed with restaurants and a bustling Friday market. Less obvious are the many Lycian tombs, which look like large dog houses, and a Crusader castle built by the Knights of St John.

From Fethiye we drove east, to the villages of Pinara, Letoon and Patara. The first was one of the main towns of Lycia, the second is famous for the shrine of Leto, a lady loved by Zeus, while Patara is the birthplace of St Nicholas, better known locally as Baba Noel, and elsewhere as Father Christmas. Nicholas was born here in the 4th century and became Bishop of Demre, a small town east of our next stop, the little port of Kas.

Tourism has not yet ruined Kas. It remains quiet and

pretty, with fishing boats and schooners moored along the quay, plenty of small restaurants offering excellent seafood and a large Lycian tomb in the street behind the tourist office.

Demre was once the Roman city of Myra and is still called Myra on the local road map, although some guide books call it Kale and some a mixture of all three. The church of St Nicholas is said to be the oldest church in Turkey, while the bust of St Nicholas nearby is so like that of Father Christmas you almost expect it to say "Ho! ho! ho!"

Demre also has a wealth of Lycian tombs and a well-preserved Roman theatre. And so to Antalya, the largest city on the Mediterranean coast. Antalya is ancient. Previous visitors have included the Emperor Hadrian and the arch built to commemorate his visit still stands. There is a good museum, a fine mosque, a well-kept harbour and good shopping in the Kale Kapiisi bazaar. One could linger in Antalya but more

attractions lie to the east, at Aspendos and Side or in the form of castles built by the Ottoman sultans or the kings of Armenia.

Aspendos, 12 miles east of Antalya, has a vast, virtually intact Roman theatre, still used for dramatic productions, while the resort of Side enfolds a Greco-Roman city. Mark Antony and Cleopatra dallied here in 42BC and the places they would have known, the agora and the theatre, and the temples of Apollo and Athena, are now meeting places for the youth of Europe. Linger in Side should, therefore, be restricted to out-of-season months such as September and October.

The corniche road between Side and Alanya is a beautiful drive, and Alanya, once a seaport for the Seljuk Turks, is full of interest for lovers of history. It is also full of sun-seekers, who tend to stay on the sandy beaches east of the town, leaving the ancient gallery port and the Ic Kale castle for the quiet enjoyment of others. The road up to the Ic Kale is a second gear climb, but worth it for the views over the

Taurus Mountains from the castle platform, 1,000ft above the sea.

Further east lies the town and castle of Anamur, beyond the seaward end of the Taurus Mountains on the coast of Cilicia. The great attraction here is the Mamure Kalesi, a splendid fortress on the edge of the sea, built by the Armenians and used as a fortress until this century.

Turkey is full of such places. Those who turn their eyes away from the new tourist developments will find it a beautiful land, with stunning scenery and a fascinating history. Discos and developments have yet to spoil it and the memory that abides is of mountains carpeted with wild flowers and a rugged coastline dotted with reminders of antiquity.

The writer visited Turkey with Simply Turkey, 395-608 Chiswick High Road, London W4 5RT. Tel: 0181-747 1011.

Robin Neillands is a travel writer and a military historian. His latest book *The Derwish Wars: Gordon and Kitchener in the Sudan* is published by John Murray.

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CITY BREAKS

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July 16 1996

TRAVEL

Ypres: a lesson for the future

Adrian Gardiner considers the past in Flanders

In Ypres it rains black cats. The citizens throw them from the top of the belfry, a ceremony which has been held for more than 800 years.

Worse things have happened at Ypres. After a shot rang out in Sarajevo in June 1914, the names of Zonnebeke and Passchendaele, Polygon Wood and Hill 60, became indelibly etched on world maps.

Here men died by the 100,000 to gain half-a-mile of terrain; thousands more died next day in the counter-attack, when the half-mile was lost; and this went on day after day, month after month, after which the situation looked much the same as before.

The Ypres salient today is not a place for ghoulish morbidity. It is an object lesson for the future. I walk around Tyne Cot, the largest Commonwealth cemetery in the world, with a Belgian historian.

Many visitors are young people. Most are profoundly affected. Many leave with tears in their eyes, even though they are three or four generations from those who died on the Western Front.

In The Missing of the Somme, Geoff Dyer observes that someone has drawn the Star of David and written "What about the Jews?" Underneath someone had commented "Wrong war, mate."

My guide indicates rows of white gravestones. Two are set apart at a slight angle. They belong to the last German machine-guns, who could not prevent Australian troops from taking the ridge, and were buried in the Allied cemetery as a mark of honour.

In a minefield of statistics - 918 cemeteries, 11,908 graves at Tyne Cot alone, plus the names of 35,000 missing - one stands out: the Menin Gate at Ypres.

Some 250,000 soldiers travelled



Tyne Cot, Passchendaele, the world's largest Commonwealth cemetery

the Menin road to the front, never to return. But the gate did not impress war poet Siegfried Sassoon: "Well might the Dead who struggled in the slime Rise and deride this sepulchre of crime."

Ypres - known as Ieper in Flemish and Wipers to the British Tommy - and nearby Diksmuide and Veurne were, in the Middle Ages, prosperous wool towns, linked by canal to the Channel and the ports of Europe.

The town centres follow the picturesque Flemish pattern: huge Gothic cathedral, slightly smaller Cloth Hall, and a market square enclosed by grand medieval town houses, often the homes of rich wool merchants.

They are all reproductions, every one. Photographs of Ypres and Diksmuide (also known as Dixmude) in 1919 show a ravaged wasteland: black stunted trees; hardly a building left standing.

but not the one which followed little more than 20 years later.

The beautiful historic buildings were rebuilt stone by stone, often with foreign aid. Many in Diksmuide carry a modest blue and white tile, acknowledging financial help from Holland.

The Cloth Hall in Ypres holds the tourist information office. Upstairs is a war museum and the Raadsaal, a council chamber with magnificent contemporary stained glass depicting Ypres's turbulent history.

On the edge of town you can examine another chapter. Vanban, the French military engineer, fortified the town with his typical star-shaped network of moats and battlements.

The Markt in Diksmuide has a famous landmark, the Mannekin in the Moon. A mile out of town, following the canal, you come to the Boyau de la Mort, the Trench of Death. This too was a part of the



Diksmuide's landmark the Mannekin-in-the-Moon, in the market square

Front and you can walk the trenches, pristine and gravelled, and imagine the snow, the rats, the "pillows of dung and lice".

Walking around Bruges, the picturesque capital of west Flanders, which is surrounded by genuine historic buildings, you feel you are on a film set.

Indeed you are. Japanese tourists with camcorders throng the town at all times. Bruges, like the surrounding towns, became rich on wool.

Bruges became the stock market of Europe. Then, centuries ago, the waterway to the sea silted up and the town died. Hence this "Venice of the North" is one of the best-

preserved medieval towns in the world. We have lunch with Jean Pierre Drubbel, director of tourism. He is, understandably, a jolly man, full of enthusiasm. He is, understandably, a mine of information.

Alice, my young companion, has noticed the relatively high proportion of policemen. "There is very little crime here," says Drubbel. "Pickpockets? Very rarely. A few cases per year." Good news in a world which becomes increasingly violent.

Bruges has a population of 22,000; 300 restaurants and 100 hotels. It has parking problems: medieval streets were not designed for the motor car. Amid the amazing shops and galleries someone should open a foot therapy centre - and make a

fortune because sore feet is the tourist's most common problem. But there are other ways to see the city. Horse-drawn carriages are one option; motor launches on the canal network another.

In many places there are a tourist rip-off. But not here, says Drubbel cheerfully. "Prices and licences are strictly controlled by the city. We have no... he searches for the English word... cowboys."

It would take three of these pages to describe even briefly Bruges's historic buildings. The Spanish were in control for a while. Charles II, banished by Cromwell, stayed at the House of the Seven Towers on the Hoogstraat; Edward IV, fleeing from the Wars of the Roses in 1471 stayed at the Gruuthuse, the House

of the Flowers; the artist Frank-Brangwyn settled here and a museum in the neo-classical Arenshuis commemorates him... the list goes on.

It is best to get a map, and the excellent pocket-sized guide, Eurok Brugge, from the tourist information office on the Burg. (Bruges has two main squares, almost adjacent, the Burg and the Markt.)

Flanders abounds in colourful historic pageants and processions. Ypres has its cat festival; Veurne a festival of the penitents; Ostend a dead rat carnival. Bruges holds the festival of the Holy Blood.

We are in holy territory: the alleged blood of Jesus, kept in a special flask, is paraded through the streets. It is most reverently displayed every Friday in the Basilica of the Holy Blood, above St Basil's chapel on the Burg.

Of Bruges's 300 restaurants, most are cafe style. You can sit, have a beer, rest and watch the world go by. And such beer: Belgium is famous for it. T Brugse Beertje on Kemelstraat is my favourite bar: a mere 300 real ales. Every one is served in its own special glass - a shop on Walplein, near the Beguinage, sells them.

Further along Walplein is Straffe Hendrik, one of Bruges's two breweries open to visitors. The other is De Gouden Boom (Golden Tree) on Langestraat.

Flanders has a lot going for it. It is safe and clean. If the children get bored with too much history, there are a couple of theme parks, one including a dolphinarium, within easy reach. Everyone speaks English - and five other languages - and all sorts of currency and credit cards are accepted without fuss. Food is substantial and high quality.

The best hotels in Bruges are rather less expensive than their English equivalents, and considerably more stylish. We liked in particular the Asalea, a medieval town house backing on to the canal.

In Flanders country there is plenty of budget self-catering farmhouse accommodation available. Getting there is easy. If you live north of London, North Sea Ferries runs an excellent overnight service from Hull to Zebrugghe. You get a good night's sleep, arriving early enough to pack in a full day.

Many people visit Bruges. Fewer go to Ypres, where the poppies grow, row upon row. You will come away inspired, depressed, fearful... perhaps all of these and more. Belgian Tourist Office: 29 Princes Street, London W1R 7RG (tel: 0891-887799). North Sea Ferries: King George Dock, Hedon Road, Hull, HU9 5QA (01482-707770). Hotel Asalea: (Car parking: £50-£100 per night double room; Tel: 050 331478; fax 050 339700.)

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سكزانت الاصل

BOOKS

Zionism: profit and loss

David Pryce-Jones on a pithy guide to the history of Jewish emancipation

As the modern world took shape, Jews at last had the opportunity to become active agents of their fate rather than remain the passive victims of the people among whom they lived. Prospects opened to several possible futures. What actually happened was unpredictable and extraordinary and it has the force of a parable about mankind.

Geoffrey Wheatcroft is a good guide. He enjoys arguing all round a position, and he is pithy, even witty, which is quite a feat on such a topic. His material derives from a range of sources, reaching to popular music and horse racing, believe it or not. A rationalist, he prefers things to be nice and tidy, with the result that "strange" and "curious" are his favourite adjectives of bafflement at the many paradoxes and ironies thrown up in the course of Jewish emancipation.

A line of thought running from

Voltaire to Hitler extended the prejudice of the past, maintaining that Jews were hateful in themselves. Owing primary allegiance to their own kind, they could never be accommodated in a society, it was argued. The Comte de Clermont-Tonnerre, in a parliamentary debate in Paris in 1788, instead asked "How can we make the Jews happier and more useful?" Although the question still took Jewish passiveness for granted the answer seemed obvious. Jews had only to assimilate - in other words, all would be well if they became the same as those they lived among. Remaining distinctions would be folkloric.

Assimilation became a practical possibility when the newfangled idea of the nation-state was shaking up settled patterns everywhere. Germans, Italians, Greeks, Poles, Irish and others were organising themselves on the basis of race and language and, to some extent, religion. National unity involved doing violence to the neighbours, to native back-sliders and to minorities. Whether in Tsarist Russia, Dreyfusard France or nationalist Germany, Jews in practice found that assimilation veered between illusion and fraud. The organs might be fine and fresh, but the persecution was familiar. By the

million, Jews emigrated to America while the going was good. A small number drew the conclusion that what Jews ought really to do was to...
THE CONTROVERSY OF ZION
 by Geoffrey Wheatcroft
 Sinclair-Stevenson £17.99, 320 pages

Those in favour included Moses Hess, Theodor Herzl and Chaim Weizmann; those notably against were influential Jews, usually capitalists, but also Karl Marx, and Leon Trotsky, all of whom offered their own varieties of assimilation. Unpicking the threads of a passionate and profound debate, Wheatcroft concludes that on the whole the Zionists lost, and deserved to lose. Although Utopians, they were also pessimists who had accepted, even internalised, the anti-Semitic prejudice that Jews would always be hateful to other people. There the matter might have

rested, but for the accidents of history. For imperial reasons, the British took control of Palestine in the first world war and legitimised Zionism as a mass movement. Soon afterwards, Hitler carried Jew-hatred to its ultimate end of mass murder. The Zionists were proved to have been right in their pessimism. Desperate survivors from Hitler's Europe then established the nation-state of Israel. In terms of reviving a dead language and creating a scientific and cultural centre, Israel has been a success. But it was bound to do violence to the Arab neighbours and he treats this

as an exceptional moral flaw rather than yet another regrettable example of real-life nationalism. More pertinently, he observes that Zionists have taken their destiny into their own hands, only to discover that this still leaves them set apart from those they live among, and persecuted for it. Anti-Zionism is a derivative repeat of anti-Semitism. In astonishing contrast, those Jews who emigrated to America now form the largest community there has ever been, and its well-being is unprecedented. Their assimilation there appears genuine and irreversible, seemingly the best guarantee of the happiness of the Jews. Although nominally united in almost all respects, Israelis and Jews are already finding that their interests diverge. The profit-and-loss balance sheet between Zionism and assimilation is indeed strange and curious and Wheatcroft is wise to leave it at that.

Holy city of death and destruction

Only by applying the lesson of history can Jerusalem hope to realise the dream of its devotees, writes Christian Tyler

An Israeli from Manchester - not a superstitious type - told me once in a bar in Tel Aviv that a meteorological survey of the country had produced a result so strange that the government dared not publish it.

Looking about to make sure he was not heard, he confided that the atmosphere above Jerusalem was much thinner and clearer than the city's elevation could possibly account for.

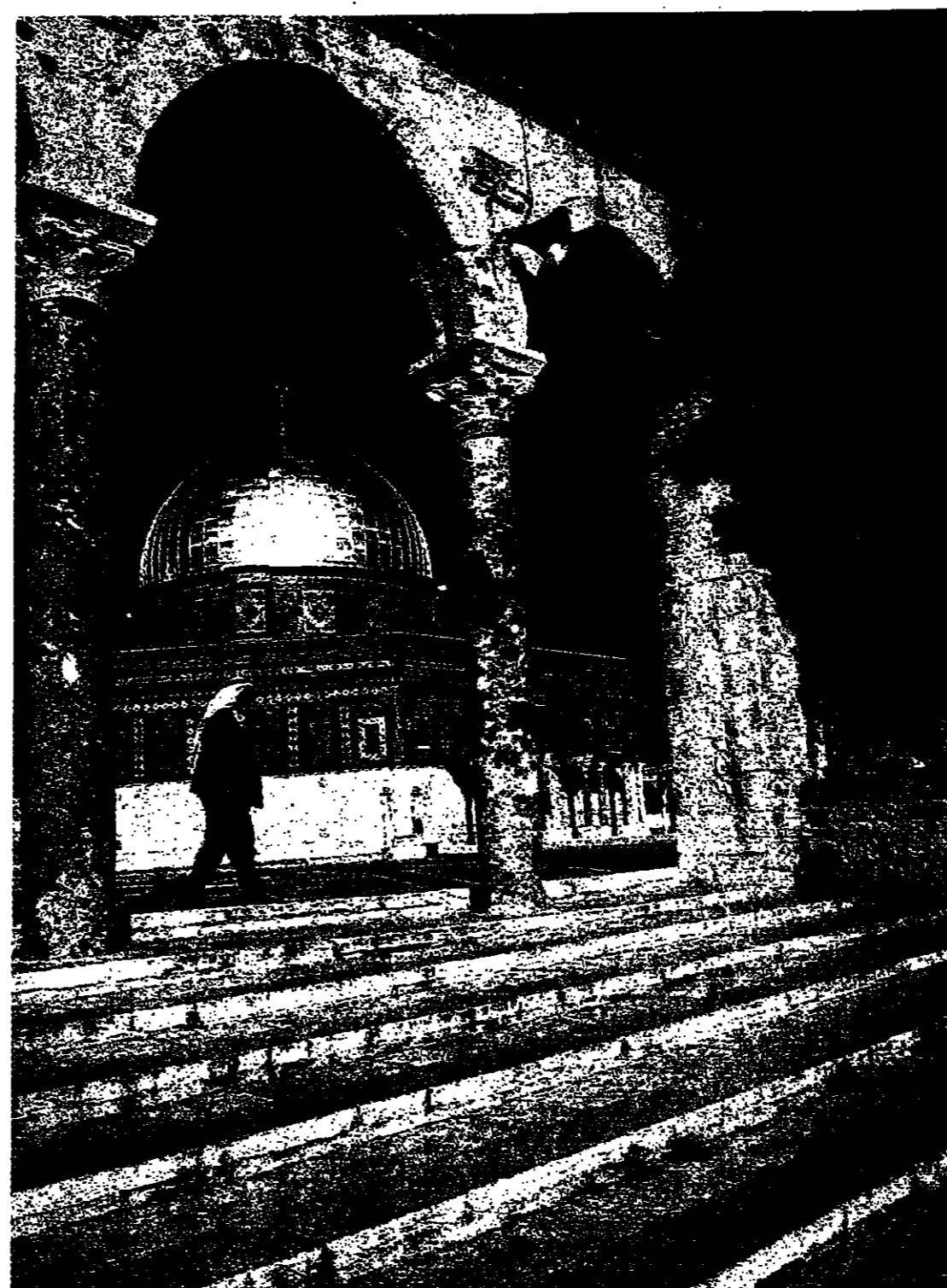
Even science, it would seem, has succumbed to the mystique of the Holy City, focus of three great religions and the cockpit of Middle East politics. For, as these histories demonstrate, Jerusalem is as much an idea, a human aspiration, as it is a place. They show, too, that when contenders for the place have appealed to history they have brought nothing but division, death and destruction. Only by applying the lesson of history can Jerusalemites - and its devotees - hope to realise their desire for it.

were content when they first conquered Jerusalem to leave it in the hands of its Jewish rulers. Christian veneration of the holy places came relatively late and the ferocity of the Crusaders' jihad negated by its savagery any spiritual claim to precedence.

As for the Moslems, last to claim the city as a shrine, they believed themselves co-religionists of Jews and Christians and traced their ancestry to Abraham's son Ishmael. The conquering caliph Umar refused to pray at the Church of the

and thunder of the Crusades. He describes how under the papal banner (even the poor old Saxons faced one at Hastings) the mob was whipped into a holy frenzy. The first crusaders from Germany warmed up with a pogrom of the Jews, and there was no quarter given to either Jews or Moslems when the Holy City was finally taken.

Sinclair makes his own excursion into sacred geography. With William Blake at his elbow he describes some of the stranger manifestations of the New Jerusalem: not only the ritual of the Freemasons but the cult-like Anabaptist community set up in Münster in the 1530s when Lutherans and Catholics were expelled, where special coins were struck and the cathedral square was renamed "Mount Zion". In America the Pilgrim Fathers gave their settlements names such as Salem, Hebron and Bethlehem. Even Washington DC, with its groundplan of mystic circles on a grid and its dome on the rock of Capitol Hill, seems to have been an expression of spiritual longing.



The Dome on the Rock, representing part of Jerusalem's 'sacred geography' divided between Jews, Christians and Moslems. As the focus of three great religions and the cockpit of Middle East politics, Jerusalem is as much a human aspiration as it is a place.

Karen Armstrong, a former Catholic nun who made her name with *A History of God*, builds her sense and scholarly history around the essential psychological armature. Her portrait of the city is intended as an exploration of the "sacred geography" felt by its worshippers. All religions have their sacred mountains, groves, cities and temples: Jerusalem provides that divine access for Jews, Christians and Moslems.

The myths about Jerusalem should not be dismissed, she writes. "They are important precisely because they are myths." To point out that there is no archaeological trace of Solomon's Temple, or to doubt the authenticity of the tomb of the Christian Messiah brought to light by the emperor Constantine (not his mother Helena), or to scoff at the story of the Prophet's ascent to the "seventh heaven" from the Temple Mount, is to miss the point.

The fitness of any race or faith to hold the city, Armstrong implies, should not be judged by the historical priority of their claim. The Israelites, after all, received their revelation on Mount Sinai, not Zion, and

A HISTORY OF JERUSALEM: ONE CITY, THREE FAITHS
 by Karen Armstrong
 HarperCollins £20, 455 pages

JERUSALEM: THE ENDLESS CRUSADE
 by Andrew Sinclair
 Century £17.99, 295 pages

JERUSALEM IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
 by Martin Gilbert
 Chatto & Windus £20, 400 pages

Holy Sepulchre in case his followers felt obliged to erect a mosque there. He took the Jewish rabbis with him to reclaim the Temple Mount, the Haram al-Sharif, which the Christians had used as a rubbish dump.

Armstrong ends on a censorious note appropriate to her theme. In its treatment of the vanquished, she writes, the state of Israel has not measured up to the example set by King David. But nor have the Jews (who took the city back in 1967) been the worst conquerors. Yet she finds a parallel between modern Israel and the Crusader kingdom, both foreign enclaves supported and supplied largely from outside and surrounded by hostile states. She compares the high-rise Jewish settlements thrown up around the city to Crusader fortresses.

Where Armstrong dwells at length - sometimes too long - on Biblical and Byzantine Jerusalem, Andrew Sinclair moves swiftly to the blood

From his shorter, more consciously literary account Sinclair has few conclusions to draw. The conqueror has always declared a divine right to the city, he says (probably not true of the Persians under Cyrus) but the founder staked the first claim. "Israel has demonstrated to all the world its original and immovable title."

As a Jewish historian Martin Gilbert, the indefatigable biographer of Winston Churchill, could be expected to take an even more partisan line in his account of the city's past 100 years. But it is not his style to pass judgment, scarcely even to offer an interpretation. He illustrates by quotation. The declaration by Yitzhak Rabin, assassinated by a Jewish fanatic last October, conveys official intransigence well: "Jerusalem, which was destroyed eight times, where for years we had no access to the remnants of our Temple, was ours, is ours, and will be ours - for ever." Gilbert describes without comment, and to depressing effect, the endless cycle of provocation, expropriation and terrorist atrocity.

The future status of Jerusalem has yet to be tackled under the peace plan agreed in late 1993. But the lesson of history - of two of these histories, at least - seems to be that no political jurisdiction can be

peacefully enforced without unequalled recognition of spiritual claims. Israelis regard Jerusalem as their capital (though the United Nations does not) and so do the Palestinians. Proposals for joint sovereignty

which have been floated recently may or may not be realistic. But Jerusalem is not a Beirut or a Belfast. It is a unique place where, in the words of King Hussein of Jordan, "sovereignty is God's alone."

Francis Bacon one of England's greatest? Is he a paradigm of Renaissance Man, scholar and statesman, author of some of the wisest and most graceful works in the literature of England, reformer, kind friend, patron saint of the scientific revolution and harbinger of modern times? Or is he a snake, a rat, a betrayer, a cheat, a coward, a corrupt and venal self-server, without honour, without truth, who clambered upwards on others' backs, and repaid them with treachery and worse?

In the eyes of history Bacon appears either as the first of these things, or as both. Note that fact: even those who kill a rat and a cheat acknowledge his genius as writer, thinker and statesman. But the imputation of terrible dishonour occludes his virtues in these respects, which is why the controversy over his reputation matters. For if the charge of dishonour is unfair, then one of the heroes not just of England but of Anglophone, indeed western, culture has been denied his place.

The aim of Nieves Mathews' absorbing book is to defend Bacon against his accusers, and thus

Restoration of a reputation

If this book does not rescue Bacon from Macaulay, nothing will, writes A.C. Grayling

restore him to the pantheon. "Restore" is the right word; for as Mathews shows, the accusations only began a century after Bacon's death, until which time he had been admired by his countrymen to such an extent that when the Royal Society was founded in 1660, a generation after Bacon's time, he was invoked as its inspiration and example.

The trouble began with Alexander Pope's reference to Bacon as "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind", and reached its plateau with the brilliant essay by Macaulay, published in 1837, which devastated Bacon's reputation and set an orthodoxy in which Bacon's genius is obscured by his alleged moral villainies.

The bare facts are these. Bacon was born in 1561, the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal and both brother-in-law and political ally of Elizabeth I's

prime minister, William Cecil. He went to Trinity College, Cambridge at the age of 13, and at 16 held a post in the English embassy at Paris. After qualifying as a barrister at Gray's Inn he entered Parliament, rapidly distinguishing himself as an orator and astute man of affairs. He became a legal officer in Elizabeth's administration, and established his literary reputation with his marvelous *Essays*.

In 1591 he met the Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's unruly and therefore intermittent favourite. Essex became his patron, Essex's adviser. In 1601 he was one of the prosecutors in

Essex's treason trial, which ended in the earl's execution.

Under James I Bacon's career flourished. Holding successively more senior positions, he was ennobled first as Lord Verulam and then as Viscount St Albans, and became Lord Chancellor in 1617. In 1621 he was impeached before the House of Lords for taking bribes, admitted the charge and left office, dying five years later. During his busy public life, and in the years of retirement afterwards, he wrote important works of philosophy, chief among them *The Advancement of Learning* and the *Novum Organum*, in which he argued for an experimental, inductive approach to the acquisition of knowledge, in order to advance the cause of science by giving it a new methodology free from the stultifications of Aristotelian logic.

It is Bacon's treatment of Essex, and the corruption which ended his

career, that Macaulay attacks. The bald facts - that he acted as his patron's prosecutor, and that at the dizzy height of power he took bribes to shut against him, Lytton Strachey, himself as much in love with the glittering Essex as Elizabeth had been, called Bacon a snake. Betrayal and corruption: the two crimes magnify each other, and jointly look like proof. The exquisite mastery of Macaulay's prose, together with his generous estimate of Bacon's intellectual achievements, make the case seem unanswerable. Accordingly, when James Spedding published a careful and minute reply to Macaulay a few years later, it went unheeded. But Spedding's defence shows that Macaulay, writing his essay in Calcutta with one biography of Bacon before him as his only source, had been guilty of serious misrepresentations.

Nieves Mathews rehearses Spedding's account, supplementing it

with much new material. Bacon's repeated efforts to advise Essex against folly; his attempt to mediate between him and a jealous Queen; his hope of securing a lighter sentence for Essex if only he would confess and seek forgiveness (which Essex did, but too late); and later, the fact that everyone in office was piled with gifts by suitors, and that all of them, including the political opponents who secured Bacon's removal from office, were themselves acceptors of just such gifts: these facts put a very different complexion on things. Macaulay neither situated Bacon in his times, nor examined any of the original documents. If he had done so, he would have found a greater continuity between Bacon's actions and the extraordinary and profoundly attractive mind present in the works of philosophy and literature which bear his name.

Mathews' account is highly readable and crammed with interest. It is a frank - one might almost say, a zealous - work of partisanship; but the evidence it marshals on Bacon's behalf is compelling nonetheless. If it does not rescue Bacon from Macaulay, nothing will. I think it does.

As men slip closer towards biological irrelevance, we can expect an eruption of nostalgic picture books like this one, celebrating men in all their guises - hunters, warriors, tyrants, murderers, accountants, soccer players, lovers, spies. When there are no men left, women will at least have these books to remind them of the games men played.

Author H. Keith Melton is described by his publisher as "a renowned military historian and specialist in clandestine devices and equipment". Just in case we are a bit stupid, the publisher adds that Melton is "recognised internationally as an authority on espionage paraphernalia and... serves as an adviser to US intelligence agencies on historical espionage equipment".

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Toys for the Bond boys

game yourself, you probably wouldn't believe how much equipment and paraphernalia the spy business has thrown up. Yet here it all is, lovingly photographed and described, from suitcase radios, enigma machines and anti-bugging devices to a great variety of weapons, be they special-issue, silenced, close-combat or concealed.

Among concealed weapons, the most remarkable is/was the KGB's single-shot rectal pistol, which utilised a 4.5mm firing device packaged in a rubber sheath: a common method, writes H. Keith Melton, of hiding items from cursory search.

On the other hand, if you are expecting to run into a bit of close combat but are loath to drop your pants, you would in all probability be better off with the Peskett Close-Combat

THE ULTIMATE SPY BOOK
 by H. Keith Melton
 Doring Kindersley £16.99, 176 pages

Weapon, named after its second world war inventor, John Peskett, and designed for "special operations". It was a combination cosh, garrote and dagger complete with wrist strap that looks fit to be rediscovered as a fashion accessory, especially by those determined not to be downstaged by cost-crazed bosses.

Unfortunately, most of the spying celebrated in *The Ultimate Spy Book* is old-time spying with the greatest attention paid to the second world war - one of the peaks, after all, in

the history of espionage. As a result, the chapter entitled "Spies of the Future" is brusque and disappointing, observing, rather obviously, that in addition to the opportunities for spying implicit in the political uncertainties spawned by the demise of communism and the growth of nationalism and religious fundamentalism, new-age spies can be expected to pay closer attention to industrial espionage, crime, terrorism and shenanigans in cyberspace.

Future voice recognition and

other systems, says H. Keith Melton, will make automated electronic surveillance more sophisticated; new ciphers will enhance the security of communications, making code breaking much harder; and disembodied software mercenaries will bloom in cyberspace.

Unfortunately, that is about all that H. Keith Melton has to say about the future of espionage. And it seems not to have occurred to him that the spies of the future will all be women, once they have abolished men and the things they hide in their trousers.

Michael Thompson-Noel

Fiction
Boiled down wisdom
 Few popular prophets have stretched more mileage out of the meaning of life than Jostein Gaarder. And none - not even Plato, Aristotle, Socrates or Jesus Christ himself - has managed to transform the existential conundrum into such a premium, high-yield cash cow.

Sophie's World, his "novel" about the history of philosophical thought, has become the biggest publishing phenomenon of the 1990s. A relatively straightforward guide to philosophy buried in the flimsy story of a young girl's thirst for knowledge, it was translated into 40 languages, conquered the best-seller lists in all of them and turned an obscure philosophy teacher, living in a sleepy Norwegian town called Bergen, into an internationally renowned guru.

The Solitaire Mystery, the author's attempt to build on this sparkling success, mines a similar "philosophy for the masses" vein and is aimed at the same readership of sage children and childish adults. It follows Hans Thomas, a young Norwegian boy, and his father, who is alcoholic and philosophic in equal measure, on a journey across Europe.

These odyssey is an attempt to locate Anne, the mother and wife who inexplicably ran away to Athens eight years previously to become a model. Along the way, they bump into a highly suspicious dwarf with an equally suspicious, frigid handshake who directs them to the Swiss town of Dorf. There they encounter a mysterious baker who gives Hans Thomas an outside sticky bun containing a tiny book - the second of many convoluted narrative strands - which opens his mind to those old, threadbare questions: "Who are we? Where do we come from?"

Some of Gaarder's answers to these fundamental inquiries are mildly intriguing: "Life is one huge lottery," he opines, "where only the winning tickets are visible." Many of the conclusions, as well as the organisation of the chapters, are based on the pervasive metaphor of a metaphysical game of cards. Members of the human race, Gaarder claims, are dwarf-like miniatures, obsessed with their own, pitifully limited sensory existence and shuffled by chance or by the Almighty. Only the philosopher - the joker in the pack - can see beyond this endless game of solitaire.

Most of this is predictably familiar territory for Gaarder; a formula that has worked so magnificently well before. But while *Sophie's World* appealed to people who wanted to learn about philosophy without going to all that bother of actually reading any works by stuffy, dull old philosophers, it remains unclear what exactly is the point of *The Solitaire Mystery*.

It contains all the same irritating stylistic tics - the banal vocabulary of wonder, aimless structure, infatuation and unnecessary narrative complexity - without imparting anything except Gaarder's own snippets of boiled down wisdom. It seems unlikely that the multitudes who trudged through *Sophie's World* in an effort to deepen their knowledge and broaden their horizons, will be quite so happy with this.

John O'Mahony

Honour
wand
 Nigel Spruce on...

H

Celeb
action

Michael Thompson-Noel

John O'Mahony

Handwritten signature: JAVIER L... 1350

BOOKS

Putting an unsubstantiated boot in

This biography of Jung is an exercise in hostility and incomprehension, thunders J.D.F. Jones

The publisher's blurb starts with the asinine claim that this is "the first full-length biography of Jung..."

Dr McLynn is a hard-working professional biographer who has always had a fondness for psychological interpretations...

expect a biographer at least to start off with an element of sympathy for his chosen character...

tion of his ideas. "I deliberately did not seek expert advice or academic readings..."

(a dormant erotic volcano), the Toni Wolff relationship, the interest in alchemy, the smug anti-Semitism...

CARL GUSTAV JUNG: A BIOGRAPHY by Frank McLynn

alleged collaboration with the Nazis. And so on and so forth. Again and again McLynn returns to his prurient fascination with Jung's sex life...

curity and married Emma for her money before imposing on her a "ménage à trois with Toni Wolff"...

mistresses". Jung would have pointed out that such speculation points to the fantasies of the speculator...

last rid of them, the brutal sanctimonious Jung and his disciples. Symbols of Transformation, the massive, ground-breaking book...

Homage to a wanderer's eye

Nigel Spivey on the paradox of Bruce Chatwin, nomad, writer and connoisseur

He had, as they say, "a good eye". Some slyly allege that it was his looks that secured him precocious promotion...

At worst his attention to detail seems a pseudo-pedantic gloss of name-dropping. At best, the predatory gaze yields a prose that is both precise and surprising...

This present homage is smaller than Chatwin's own selection of his journalism and minor pieces...

His first conscious line of literature, he tells us, came at the age of six: "I am a swallow"...

Reading this book near one of Chatwin's places (Mount

Athos), and watching the swifts over a pool tirelessly swooping for nutritious superficial specks...

ANATOMY OF RESTLESSNESS: BRUCE CHATWIN, UNCOLLECTED WRITINGS

trekking through the Red Sea hills with a local guide whose equipment for life was "a sword, a purse, and a pot of scented goat's grease..."

would have seemed too much of a self-contradiction. Nomads do not carry tomes...

The problem lies with Chatwin's analysis of "restlessness". He studied archaeology for one year...

Of course there are pastoral peoples and itinerant sub-groups. And by extending the sense of the term "nomadic"...

But neither archaeology nor evolutionary biology demonstrates nomadism as a primal stage of existence...

Did Bruce Chatwin ever live out of a dormobile? Of course not. How horrendously vulgar that would have been...



A bas-relief of dancing nymphs in the Louvre was the inspiration for this fashion photograph which appeared in Vogue in 1931...

Global issues at stake

Political correctness has dealt harshly with the Victorian scientific explorers. Far from being enlightened pioneers...

Inspired by Darwin and his voyage on the Beagle, these early explorers combined a belief in evolution with a shrewd commercial acumen...

BRIGHT PARADISE: VICTORIAN SCIENTIFIC TRAVELLERS by Peter Raby

Chato & Windus £20, 276 pages

mals for sale in England. When Kew's arch plant-finder Joseph Hooker arrived in Assam, he discovered that the place was swarming with orchid-hunters...

Let me confess a personal interest. I was drawn to the book because a few years ago, I wrote a book called Solitude...

Explorers such as Wallace, on the other hand, sounded particularly modern in highlighting the vulnerability of the Papuans to colonialist exploitation...

Mark Archer

In tune with the solitary life

Anthony Storr considers the role of anchorites through the ages

Two opposing drives operate throughout human life: the drive for companionship, love, and other forms of interaction...

The Desert Fathers were so ridiculed by Gibbon in his famous chapter on the prog-

ress of the Christian religion in The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire that their virtues have been overlooked...

Some of the most interesting successors to the Desert Fathers were to be found in Russia, where a middle way between total solitude and community living became established as the skete...

a hermit's cell in his grounds as a kind of spiritual folly, and then advise for a hermit to occupy it...

HERMITS: THE INSIGHTS OF SOLITUDE by Peter France

Chato & Windus £16.99, 240 pages

Rousseau set a fashion for the solitary contemplation of Nature. Some people are attracted by solitude because they feel that they can only be their true selves when they are alone...

category. Peter France might also have quoted Jung, who built himself a retreat at Bollingen on the shores of the lake of Zurich...

Peter France touches briefly on the Eastern tradition, choosing as his example Sri Ramakrishna, described by Nehru as "completely beyond the average run of men"...

alone is true and other religions are false. The correct attitude is this: "My religion is right but I do not know whether other religions are right or wrong, true or false"...

Hindu philosophy has always treated retreat from the world as a natural last stage of life; so much so that some authorities drew up rules for hermitic existence...

Rereadings/Anthony Curtis

Celebration of a man of action and a man of letters

It is more than 30 years since Henri Troyat's life of Tolstoy was first published, but of all the lives of writers that have appeared since then I cannot think of one that is more readable...

Troyat had several advantages in setting about this mammoth task. To begin with he was Russian, born Lev Trassov, but educated in France where he wrote his books...

lected to membership of the French Academy. Like Tolstoy, he is novelist of the broad canvas whose novel-sequences take in whole societies...

Troyat brought all his talents and energy for the creation of a recognisable fictional world to the manifold qualities of Tolstoy's life. He adopts a rigorous narrative structure, treating that long life as a series of linked episodes within a historical context...

biography without having read a word of Tolstoy's writing and still find it utterly absorbing. This is not to say that Troyat neglects Tolstoy's voluminous writings at the expense of the onward march of events...

For instance, in Anna Karenina, Levan's attempts at social reform on his estate reflect those of Tolstoy, on account of which he suffered so much obloquy from fellow

members of the ruling class. "He shamelessly attributed [Levan] the events of his own life, fed him with his ideas, the books he read, his own blood"...

Of all writers Tolstoy most thoroughly combined being a man of the world and man of action with being a man of letters. Like Proust, he could when he wished become a hermit of his study for long spells of concentrated work...



He took as his mistress a peasant woman on the family estate who bore him a child. Then he became an army officer and saw service against the rebels in Chechnya...

rather a comedown in those days for a Russian count. Afterwards, there are Tolstoy's adventures in high society to which he had access through his noble blood...

This is by no means all. Yet it is futile to try to summarise any more. Instead I urge you to read this book if you have not yet done so...

Then comes the emergence of Tolstoy the great novelist, friend of Turgenev, an object of homage and pilgrimage, the

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ARTS

Natural modesty of the true artist

Roger de Grey's work is in the best tradition of 20th-century British painting, writes William Packer

Roger de Grey died unexpectedly after what was supposed to be a routine operation early last year. He was 78, and barely 18 months into his retirement from the presidency of the Royal Academy, an office which he had filled with conspicuous enthusiasm and distinction since 1984. But all office has its drawbacks, and while his term had secured the academy's continuing development and expansion, and a number of remarkable exhibitions besides, his absolute commitment to its cause, though worn with so light a wit and grace, had largely kept him from his own work. It was indeed no minor triumph that he managed to go on painting to the extent he did.

For he lived to paint, and it would be the saddest mistake were the public man - Sir Roger de Grey, KCVO, FRA - however distinguished, be remembered at the expense of the working artist he really was. This current show, the first proper retrospective of his life's work, beautifully mounted in the academy's fine Sackler Galleries that are the monument to his presidency, comes, therefore, as a most salutary corrective.

The strength in depth of British painting throughout the 20th century is an under-estimated achievement, the more so given the general received opinion that ours is an un-visual nation. We look for novelty - the bright young thing, the rising star - to our cost, forgetting the broader and mature tradition from which such things spring. De Grey, nephew of the painter Spencer Gore, was born into that tradition, founded in the cosmopolitan British response to European painting at the turn of the century, sustained in turn by Sickert and his circle of the Camden Town Group, and then by Bloomsbury and the Euston Road School between the wars.

It was the staple of the English art school system until the liberal reformers of the 1960s gratuitously threw it away. To walk through this show is to get a real sense of what was lost, registered still in technical accomplishment and commitment, but above all in the natural modesty of the true artist, unselfconscious in his absorption in material and subject, whether it is the model in the life room or the farthest landscape. It may seem a far cry from the allotments of Desmond in Newcastle, where de Grey was teaching as a young man just out of the army after the war, to the high, wide views across the reclaimed salt marshes of the Charente-Maritime near Royan, that were the magnificent product of the last summer of his life, but the hand, the sensibility, the interest are recognisably the same.

De Grey has sometimes been put down condescendingly as a pale follower of Cézanne - which is rather like blaming a bishop for taking notice of St. Paul. There are few modern painters of landscape, with green, brown and blue on their palettes and a concern with formal spatial structure, of which the same could not be said. The truth is that de Grey was too intelligent and curious an artist to be anyone's slave, and a close look at his work will always give the lie.

Of course he was interested in Cézanne, as are we all, but he brought to that influence a fluency and soft fullness in the modelling that was quite his own. At Jeamond he was looking perhaps to Seurat and Pissarro. At times in mid-career it might have been de Stael. With those last magisterial landscapes, his long-standing admiration for the American Richard Diebenkorn is evident. But in none of these



Always his own man: 'Marennnes Canal: Morning', 1960, by Roger de Grey

things is de Grey anything but his own man. In common with so many artists of his generation, de Grey followed a long parallel career as a teacher and, in common with so many, suffered by it, though not necessarily in terms of commitment, satisfaction or frustration. Rather it is that we are ever

too anxious to celebrate the young, looking always to the pupil before the teacher, and it was his and his colleagues' luck at the Royal College in the 1950s and early '60s, to bring on a vintage crop - Peter Blake, Auerbach, Richard Smith, Brantley, Kijaj, Hockney and so many more. The point is not that those

younger artists did not deserve their success, but rather that the assumption that seemed to go with it, of a concomitant rejection of the old-fashioned and irrelevant, was grossly unfair. It is a show such as this, the retrospective that de Grey was never to enjoy in his lifetime - Hockney's first came before he was 10 years out of

college - that confronts us with our prejudice and myopia. Good painting is good painting, and to be seen as such where, when and whatever it is.

Roger de Grey: Sackler Galleries, Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W1, until September 22; sponsored by Harpers & Queen and Premiercare.

Radio/Martin Hoyle Different sorts of digging

When BBC radio and television are united in one vast characterless, inchoate, Kafkaesque production line, I hope it is radio's news standards that will dominate. This thought is prompted by a slovenly and shallow item on television's *Newsnight* last week dealing with the return of the Stone of Scone to Scotland.

The camera dwelt lovingly on Holyrood House while the narration talked of Edinburgh Castle. Stirling was identified as the scene of William Wallace's execution (it was London, where a monument is often decorated by his admirers). And Arbroath prompted jokey references to smoked haddock from a presumably London-based team who had never heard of the 1320 Declaration of Scotland's nationhood. The item's ignorance and sloppiness intensified fears for the serious part of the BBC now targeted by John Birt's tabloidisation.

In contrast, radio has had a good week. Who is the Compost Queen of Herefordshire? This is how Sir Roy Strong recently termed his possibly loving wife, the distinguished designer Julia Trevelyan Oman, in *Growing Spaces*. I shall ruminate on the implications when I next admire her abundantly detailed sets for Covent Garden's *Bohème* or *Fledermaus*.

This is one of the rash of gardening programmes whose popularity makes me wonder how many listeners are doing rather than watching. Fans like the under-exercised who are glued to sports programmes and those who shovel down fast food while never missing cookery programmes. A gem of the genre was Sunday's *Into the Garden* (Radio 3), where the FT's Robin Lane-Fox showed that the word "academic" (he is a classicist at New College, Oxford) does not preclude the practicalities of planning a garden to take in the effect of colour and texture against old masonry.

Digging of a different sort was dealt with briskly in the opener of Radio 5's new series, *The British Way of Death*. "Hello, I'm Claire Rayner," announced the presenter, adding that she was here to discuss "the great unmentionable". Actually the programme was packed with information. You can bury your dead anywhere you like. DIY funerals are catching on. Dorothy Tutin revealed that Eric Porter's ashes were put in a rocket (pyrotechnic, not space). A nurse at the London Light-house hospice wants Maria Callas and "Ding-Dong, the Witch is Dead" at her funeral ("That is one smashing fella!" cried Ms Rayner in the BBC's new populist vein) and there is even a funeral supermarket in Walthamstow.

A Lancashire vicar refused the words "dad" and "grandad" on a headstone: the Church of England Council for Care of Churches prefers wording that is neither "eccentric nor sentimental". If not for eccentricity or sentimentality, why does anyone adhere to the Church of England?

Next Sunday's instalment deals with bereavement and mourning. It is fascinating to hear ordinary people putting

into everyday language sentiments crystallised by poets, notably W.H. Auden, Jewish and Asian traditions have the equivalent of wakes. In Belfast in the hungry 1930s, strangers would read the deaths column in the local paper and pose as relatives for the funeral baked meats (well, tea and sandwiches) - "a dodge for getting a night's craic".

The stuff of life is of course food. Wednesday's *Grub's Up* was a gingerly absorbing reminder that 80 per cent of the animals made on earth is made up of insects. There are 30 million species, of which 90 to 95 per cent are edible. And to prove that this is not confined to primitive peoples in rain forests, the long-suffering Joanna Pincock went on a nature ramble with someone called George from Oxford University Museum, collecting such edible dainties as slugs, crickets and woodlice. The latter, he attempted to reassure her, are related to crabs and not really insects at all.

He later stirred the fruits of their gambolling with onion

garlic, curry paste and coconut milk while the doughy Pincock, who really is an expert, made comments of glassy-eyed brightness. A lady named Tracy who runs a pub called the White Hart (his location discreetly unspecified) now serves her regulars with locusts along with their Newcastle Brown. "We get some sensible suggestions sometimes," she said cryptically. In fact the protein and vitamin-rich insect world should be the answer to many of the planet's food-problems; but already in Africa the locals are abandoning this diet as a result of westerners' disgust. So stop pulling faces and eat up your locusts. They are good for you.

A shame that post-war austerity Britain did not exploit the food value of the marching horde of caterpillars that invaded Aberthaw on July 10, 1946. On *This Day* is a daily record of how we lived 50 years ago. Neville Heath was arrested for two murders. The Americans tested new bombs in the Bikini Lagoon. The British Housewives' League, led by "vicar's wife and food crusader" Mrs Lovelock, led a revolt against bread rationing. Poland requested 4,000 cats from the UN to combat a plague of rats and mice. Women's hats and fashionable trimmings were made from carpets, rugs and bath mats. Interviews with survivors, film sound-track and readings, hosted by the excellent Geoffrey Wheeler, annoy only by their lack of identification. Whence, for instance, the advertising jingles, especially the wool commercial advice to "ladies, knit your own knickers". Three ounces for knickers, four for cam-knickers. Dear dead days when an American statesman said Britain was bankrupt but "morally magnificent". What do they say now?

Television/Christopher Parkes Hello, Mr Chips

At a time, via satellite, cable, microwave transmitters, and the household electrical wiring. As well as routine audio-visual material, it will include two-way Internet and database access, phone calls, e-mail. Anything which can be squeezed into digital form. The secret of squeezing additional data onto the screen lies in the blank bands which scroll - usually unseen - across the picture. They represent unused frequency. In the US at least, each of the dozen lines in each "vertical blanking interval" can carry almost 10,000 bits of information.

At the risk of pressing the reader's turn-the-page button with such techno-chat, this is a lot. It is the secret behind Intel's Internet gizmo which will appear in new Compaq computers next week, probably adding no more than \$300 to the cost of a multimedia machine. Intelcast has enabled MTV, the

popular music network, to launch a new 24-hour pop channel for US computer owners who want simultaneously to watch music videos, and through on-screen links to the worldwide web, check tour dates, chat online with other fans, and - wait for it - buy videos, CDs and concert tickets.

With powers such as Viacom, owner of MTV and Paramount Studios, the NBC television network and Turner Broadcasting's Cable News Network joining the Intel party with varying degrees of commitment, it seems clear the revamping of home viewing entertainment is gathering momentum.

So why the grumpiness among Miller's audience, which should surely be pleased at the prospect of unprecedented volumes of bandwidth to accommodate their product? The not-invented-here syndrome is common in artistic/creative Hollywood and may play a part. The strong rivalries between pragmatic northern and flaky southern California should not be under-rated. But probably the most telling component in the mix is the programme producers' sentimental attachment to old technology and the fond notion that the FTC can never be because watching TV is a family thing, and PC use is a solitary vice.

Ballet/William Deresiewicz Dancers to die for

three Twylas in quick succession, can now offer an entire evening of turgid, elephantine athleticism. One of the signs of true backwardness is its indifference to decorum - in other words, its knack for generating bathos. *The Elements*, Tharp's latest, deals with the evolution of cosmic order out of primordial chaos.

What Jiri Kylian's *Stepping Stones* deals with is anyone's guess, minding, I'll bet, Jiri Kylian. Scouring the world for new work, the ABT management hit upon this chic piece of absurdity (created for the Stuttgart Ballet in 1991), apparently charmed with the idea of watching the likes of Carreño, Herrera, and Jaffe manipulate plastic rocks. Surely such a collection of stars has been assembled for a better purpose.

Like so many other successful American designers, Twyla Tharp has turned her name into a brandmark. It is to be understood, of course, that the product offered - under strict control for safety and reliability - bears no resemblance to the cheeky, eclectic work with which she made her reputation. ABT, having purchased

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One often felt during the parallel seasons of American Ballet Theatre and New York City Ballet this spring that one was watching two mediocre organisations that, between them, possess the strengths of a single fine ballet company. One, ABT, has superb principal dancers but a very spotty repertory. The other, NYCB, has a magnificent repertory but few dancers of real distinction.

I will report on NYCB at a later date. As for ABT, its acquisition of brilliant performers has been remarkable of late, outpacing even its acquisition of dull choreography. The last couple of years have witnessed the ascent of not one but two young lions such as usually come along about once a decade. Paloma Herrera and Angel Corella, both 30, share prodigious gifts of vivacious, vitality, and love of the stage. Together - and ABT puts them together whenever it can - they induce hysteria in normally sedate audiences. Corella, a thickly muscled Spaniard, has impeccable bravura technique; the buoyancy

that gives a leap or jump that freeze-frame quality of mid-air suspension, the explosive energy and precise anatomical placement that allow for eight or ten pirouettes at a go. Herrera, the precocious beauty who leapt to stardom two seasons ago, is simply exquisite. Instinctively dramatic, inexhaustibly lovable, she shows us what the poets mean when they speak of nature perfected by art. Seeing Herrera dance is like watching water pour - a flowing shape that is ever changing, ever clear.

The two more mature stars among ABT's recent arrivals present a study in contrasts. Vladimir Malakhov, the ultimate in cool hauteur, often seems to dance not so much in a ballet as above it. His long, elegant, sensitive legs make him ideal for the cavalier roles in Kenneth MacMillan's *Romeo and Juliet* and *Manon*, with

their abundant and inventive vocabulary for the lower body. Jose Manuel Carreño is every bit as marmoreal as the sound of his name suggests and every bit as passionate as his Cuban birth would lead one to suppose. What one cannot anticipate is his sweetness -

Herrera shows us what the poets mean when they speak of nature perfected by art

his gentleness, his solicitude, his vulnerability. Though he is rather too diffident an actor in gestural passages, his unusual combination of qualities enables his dancing to embody a wide range of emotions. In *La Bayadère*, he matched the monumentality of his great Russian partner, Nina Ananiashvili. In Balanchine's *Apollo*, his candour thawed Susan Jaffe's icy self-consciousness.

Even the finest male dancers pick their way through *Apollo* with the care of a sapper. Its unorthodox shapes and spare, segmented phrasing demand the utmost precision. Of the men who performed this new addition to ABT's repertory - and they included Malakhov and Julio Bocca, the company's senior male star - only Carreño really made it into a dance. Rarely does one see these steps rendered with such clarity or with such continuity across the most difficult transitions. His duet with Jaffe was a triumph by turns grave, playful, tender, ardent.

Aside from *Apollo*, one of the workhorses of the international repertory. ABT has

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ARTS

Pieces of silver and gold

Antony Thorncroft on the winners and losers in the lottery game; and an avant-garde entrepreneur

At the last minute Lord Rothschild, chairman of the National Heritage Memorial Fund and the Heritage Lottery Fund, redeemed himself - and the Thomas à Becket casket will stay in the UK. A year ago the owners of this late-12th century Limoges reliquary, the British Rail Pension Fund, which bought it for £462,000 in 1979, offered it to the British Museum for £1.5m. The impoverished BM could not raise the money from heritage sources. Last week Lord Thomson bought it at a Sotheby's auction for £4.15m. On Thursday Rothschild announced that he had matched Thomson's bid and the casket would appear soon at the Victoria & Albert Museum.

uncontroversial National Heritage Fund, which now has little left in reserve from its £3m annual government grant. The third is that the 25 per cent partnership money expected by the Heritage Lottery Board from institutions should be lowered if the items to be saved are of the greatest national interest. In the end, Lord Rothschild had to squeeze the arms of the rich and famous to raise the extra £200,000 needed above the donations provided by the V&A, the National Art Collections Fund, and the National Heritage Fund. He is still squeezing because not all the money is yet in place. But on the whole this has been a good few days for the heritage, thanks to lottery money. There was the £15.5m which helped bring the Gilbert collection of 1,000 pieces of silver and golden knick-knacks to Somerset Houses. There was the returning of the £900,000 William

Kent tables to Chiswick House. There was the £5m which enabled the National Gallery to acquire its first Dürer this week, and plug an embarrassing gap in its collection. Despite criticism, the only real heritage loss in the past year is the Fra Bartolommeo which went to the Getty in Malibu for £1.4m, although you can still see it for a few more weeks at the National Gallery. The losers from all this activity are the salerooms, notably Sotheby's and Christie's. To give Lord Rothschild time to arrange a deal the heritage secretary Virginia Bottomley uncovered a little-known power which enabled her to put a temporary stop on exporting the casket. Now the salerooms wonder if any owner will entrust an important work to auction in London if the government can suddenly discover a national interest and stop a sale to a foreign bidder. Boilerhouse: not the most romantic

word in the English language, but powerful enough to brew up a row between Terence Couran and Alan Borg, director of the Victoria & Albert Museum. For most of the century the Boilerhouse was just that - the rest at the back of the museum which kept it heated. Then in the hot-and-brass world of the 1980s, Sir Terence used the name for the space he funded and organised inside the V&A, in which he promoted good design before the Design Museum he created as a cultural crowd puller among his Thames-side restaurants came on stream. Now the Boilerhouse rises again as the title the V&A has chosen for its controversial £42m new extension, a cubist fantasy designed by architect David Libeskind. Sir Terence is furious. He believes that the name belongs to him, especially as the V&A distanced itself over time from the Boilerhouse project. He wants the name dropped. But Borg is standing firm, arguing that the space on which the extension is planned was always called, well, the boilerhouse. The unexpected has returned to 50 St James's Street, in the heart of London's clubland. This solid Georgian building was home to Crookford's scandalous "Temple of Chance" in the 1820s before sitting up for over a century as the Devonshire Club. Now it is, temporarily, a place of surprises again. Artangel has taken it over for its 1996 artistic happening. Until July 28 anyone is invited to

experience the Mexican artist Gabriel Orozco's imaginative interpretation of the Englishman's twin loves, games and rectitude. He has infiltrated the house with conceptual surprises, such as an oval billiard table in which a ball is suspended just above the surface; and a sepia model of Lords, in which the crowd is a forest of trees, as in Macheth. This is fairly modest stuff for Artangel, whose most famous creation was Rachel Whiteread's concrete moulded "House" in Bow, and whose most successful was Robert Wilson's sinister "EG" project in the abandoned cellars on the site of the Clink Prison in Bankside. Artangel has become the most fashionable coterie for the small but impassioned band of lovers of the avant garde in art. Unlike other modernist groupies - such as the Tate's Patrons of New Art, the supporters of the trendy Serpentine

Gallery and the Whitechapel Group - the portentously entitled Company of Artangel has no building to cluster around. Artangel invites a contemporary artist to create a work anywhere in the UK each year. It is an expensive venture. The Arts Council and the London Arts Board are generous backers but Artangel is dependent on Becks, the beer brand, which has just promised £120,000 over the next three years if Artangel can raise matching money from its friends. It should not be difficult. The Company of Artangel already numbers 60, each paying £300 a year to experience the thrill of the new. They include such grandees as Lord Rothschild and Lord Gwiorie as well as major modern art collectors like Doris Saatchi and Jill Ritblat, and tradies Dave Stewart and Janet Street-Porter. The members not only get the satisfaction of patronage; there are exclusive parties with chances to network, and, perhaps of most appeal, free limited edition work by the year's chosen artist. Whiteread's "House Book" is already valued at around £1000. Artangel director James Lingwood expects to expand the company to 100 in the near future but will probably cap it at 200. After that it would become almost vulgar.

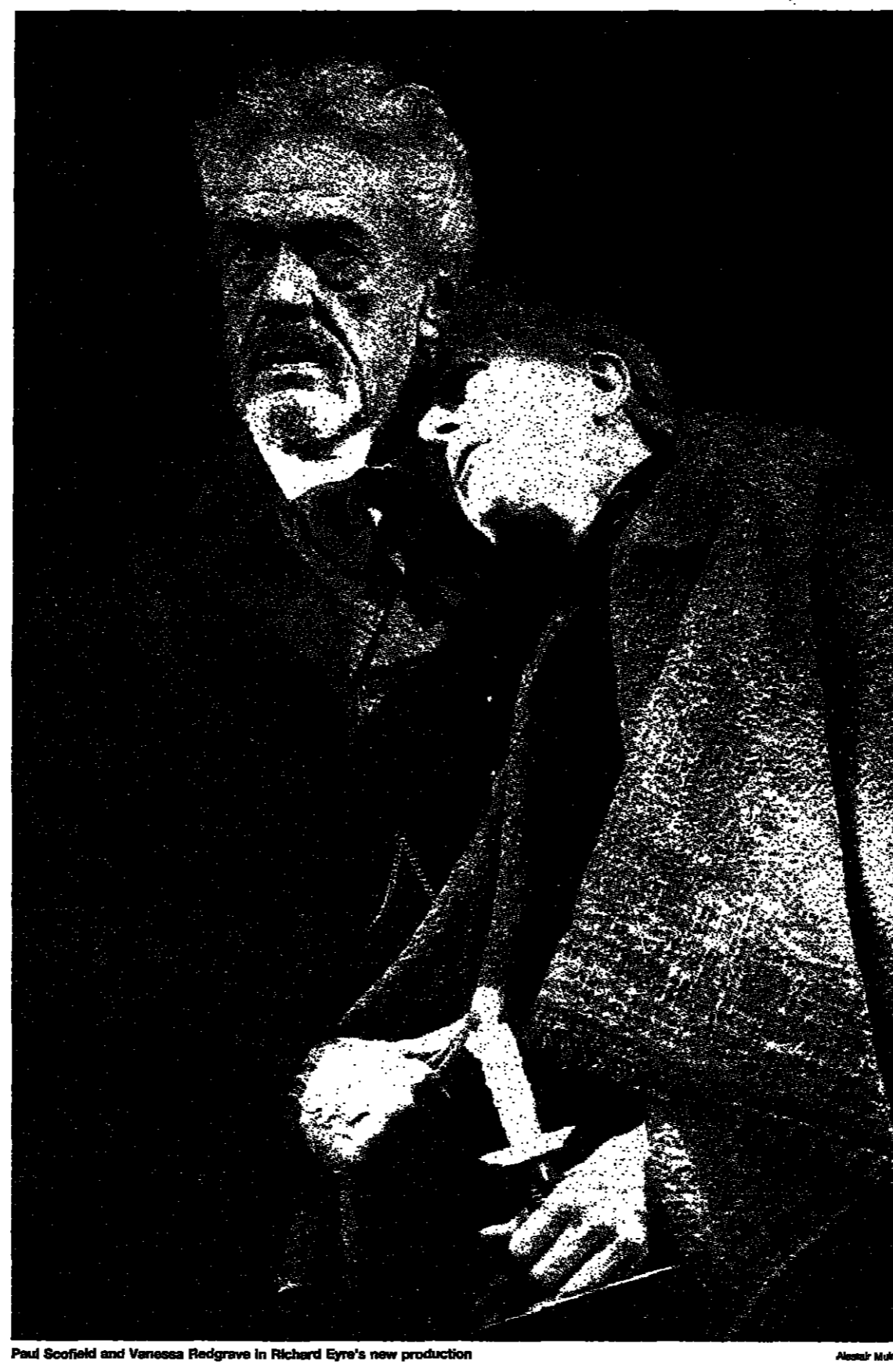
At the Victoria and Albert Museum, a row is brewing up over the Boilerhouse

The unexpected has returned to 50 St James's Street, in the heart of London's clubland. This solid Georgian building was home to Crookford's scandalous "Temple of Chance" in the 1820s before sitting up for over a century as the Devonshire Club. Now it is, temporarily, a place of surprises again. Artangel has taken it over for its 1996 artistic happening. Until July 28 anyone is invited to

Theatre/Alastair Macaulay Centenary triumph of Ibsen

To see Paul Scofield, Vanessa Redgrave, and Eileen Atkins act together would be lure enough. And in Richard Eyre's new staging of Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman* at the National Theatre (where Vanessa is making her debut, forsooth), there is also some first-rate playing of supporting roles. But the real triumph is the play. Since *John Gabriel Borkman*, a masterpiece seen too seldom on the British stage, is one hundred years old this year, this production arrives with perfect timing. (I write in the hour that follows the curtain's fall.) Eyre, directing, seems simply to efface himself in serving Ibsen and his cast. Though one can find fault with the performances given by the three great stars, one hardly wants to because they pump all their intensely expressive intelligence into revealing this bold, bleak, enthralling play. All of 19th century thought seems to enter into *John Gabriel Borkman*. The title character lives (and dies) a capitalist, in love with mining and investment. He has now become tragically isolated from life, a Napoleon-in-exile even in his own house, where his wife Gunhild never speaks to him, where his son Erik is estranged from him, and where he himself broods obsessively on the treacherous ingratitude of others and on his own return to glory. The play begins with the return of Gunhild's twin sister Ella. She has loved him profoundly, before his marriage, and he once loved her more than life itself. Not, however, more than money. Borkman's great crime, Ella urges him to understand at last, was that, in sacrificing love for money, he killed her capacity to love others. And in this respect Ibsen seems to be milling over the central theme of Wagner's *Ring*: the unnatural renunciation of love for gold. The dualism between the two twins would be quintessentially Romantic were it not that these two have had the misfortune to grow old. And their controlling concern is to become more naked. Having vied for Borkman, they spend the first three acts vying for his son, a struggle in which John Gabriel eventually joins them. The black, rapacious struggle

between these three ageing people is Strindbergian, and is shot through with perceptions that are worthy of Freud. The play is given here in a new English version by Nicholas Wright. This makes the most of the wit and irony with which Ibsen keeps his seriousness so fresh, and it finely balances the play's *fin-de-siècle* quality against its modernity. It provides opportunities beautifully fulfilled by the supporting actors - brilliantly led by Michael Bryant (as Wilhelm Fuldal), Anna Livia Ryan (as his daughter), Oliver Milburn (Erhardt), and Felicity Dean (Mrs Wilton). Anthony Ward has designed an interior superbly intensified along Expressionist lines, with exaggerated and claustrophobic foregrounding of perspective. Atkins dares to play one climax also in Expressionist style, falling to her knees and clutching her head in a silent scream. Gunhild, who can easily be reduced into a melodramatic villainess, may actually be the hardest role in the play; but, in general, Atkins makes it look the easiest. She plays the bitter, fretful, wife with such assurance that she reveals more wry humour in it than can ever have been found in it before. She and Redgrave make fascinating sisters; they display the same awful rapaciousness, the same accidental mannerisms, the same occasional tenderness. But where almost every line Atkins utters sounds definitive, Redgrave's line-readings keep sounding surprising. The tricks of laughter, breathlessness, interruptions, tonelessness which she employs are often, moment by moment, bizarre; but the whole is magnificent, an ex-Muse painfully but lyrically revisiting her non-poet. As for Scofield, he has infused his extraordinarily stirring voice with the dull harshness of another latterday grand swindler, Robert Maxwell, and with a few imperious flourishes from another autocrat, Winston Churchill. This is not the art that conceals art: Scofield's performance is full of artifice. But it is on the grand scale. It is absolutely serious, searchingly intelligent, and wholly riveting. In National Theatre repertory at the Lyttelton, South Bank, SE1



Paul Scofield and Vanessa Redgrave in Richard Eyre's new production

Dance to the future

The ballet of the Paris Opéra is grand and glorious - there is no more polished, more richly gifted ensemble in Europe today. It was not always thus. Even 25 years ago, the gifts seemed clouded by mannerisms, the out-dated system of rank within the ensemble, and fearful anobies which meant that the upper echelons could object to dancing with artists of lower degree. It was Rudolf Nureyev who galvanised the troupe, and determined that rank meant less than talent. Even today, promotion through the company depends upon examinations, with performance of bravura excerpts from the repertory. But the spirit seems different, and the proud basis of schooling has - thanks to the work of Mme Claude Bessy, the school's director - given an added liveliness and allure to the youngest artists. With the Nureyev regime, there came a welcome change each year for young hopefuls in the troupe to show their paces. These evenings of *Jeunes Danseurs* continue as an occasion for talent-spotting, which is an addictive habit with ballet audiences. And for the artists concerned, it is a moment to lay claim to public and professional attention. So, on Monday night, the current crop of aspirants was on view at the Palais Garnier, and impressive they proved themselves, despite a curiously uneven choice of vehicles for their talents. There was no excuse for the opening *Cahiers 1830*, which purported to be a display of the class-room exercises devised for the choreographer St. Leon by his father. They were ditch-water stuff. Nor did I take much delight in the three old Russian high-wire acts which followed. *The Ocean and the Pearls* is a trio - two girls, one boy - which calls for more scampering of the "dainty Muscovite Miss" kind than is decent today. *The Fille mal gardée* dust, from the venerable Moscow staging, is charming, and was brightly done by Geraldine Wiant and Alexis

Saramite, more elegant and finely articulated in style than most far-lads, even in ballet. The *Corsaire* duet really needs Russian temperament to make us believe in this outburst of fake lust, but I thought Marie-Agnes Gillot, elegant in line, easy in technique, a delight in it, and Karl Paquette a most intriguing slave: he is more noble in manner than is usual in a role that calls for ham pants and hot-eyed glances. M. Paquette looked as if he was slumming, which proves that he is an artist, too. The *Agon pas de deux* was done with exemplary clarity and splendid concentration - its eroticism is so potent because so controlled in Balanchine's steps - by Beatrice Martel and Stéphane Phavorn, both of whom surely have splendid futures. In *Density 21.5*, a trumpet solo by Carolyn Carlson which I suspect shows a woman trying to remember where the hell she put the car keys, Céline Talon rose above every stupid action and revealed a fascinating physical personality: waif-like beauty, ravishing arms, pure line. (I imagined her as Giselle.) And to close the programme *Amnis*, Jacques Garnier's reminiscence about boyhood games with his brothers in La Rochelle. Two accordions, Jean-François Crétéaux, Cyril Fleury, and Alexis Saramite dreaming and leaping and looking splendid. Not the greatest of evenings for choreography, maybe, but rich in dance pleasures, and proof, were proof still needed, of the qualities of the Opéra's ensemble and of the teaching in its school. Clement Crisp

These evenings of Jeunes Danseurs continue as an occasion for talent-spotting

The vogue for dramatic adaptations of classic novels proceeds apace with versions of Austen, Brontë and Stevenson

Fantasy in the Abbey

The first act, set in fashionable Bath, is prime Austen, aided by Francis's inclusion of a number of brief narrative passages, which both link scenes and retain the author's genteelly wry voice. When Catherine journeys to Northanger Abbey with the Tilneys, the deflation of her outlandish imaginings is handled nicely enough for the imaginary figure of Amette, the sinister maid, to feel intrusive. Francis occasionally loses his touch when putting original words into character's mouths (did Jane Austen really make such liberal use of the adverb "amazingly"?), and cannot disguise that for all her skill at social dissection Miss Austen did tend to munge inconspicuously towards perfunctory conclusions to her stories; but all in all the production remains true to the original author's notions of good taste and poise, nodding towards irreverence only when she herself poked elegant jibes at "horrid novels". Ian Shuttleworth At Greenwich Theatre, London SE10, until August 17 (0181 868 7756).

The taming of Victorian Gothic

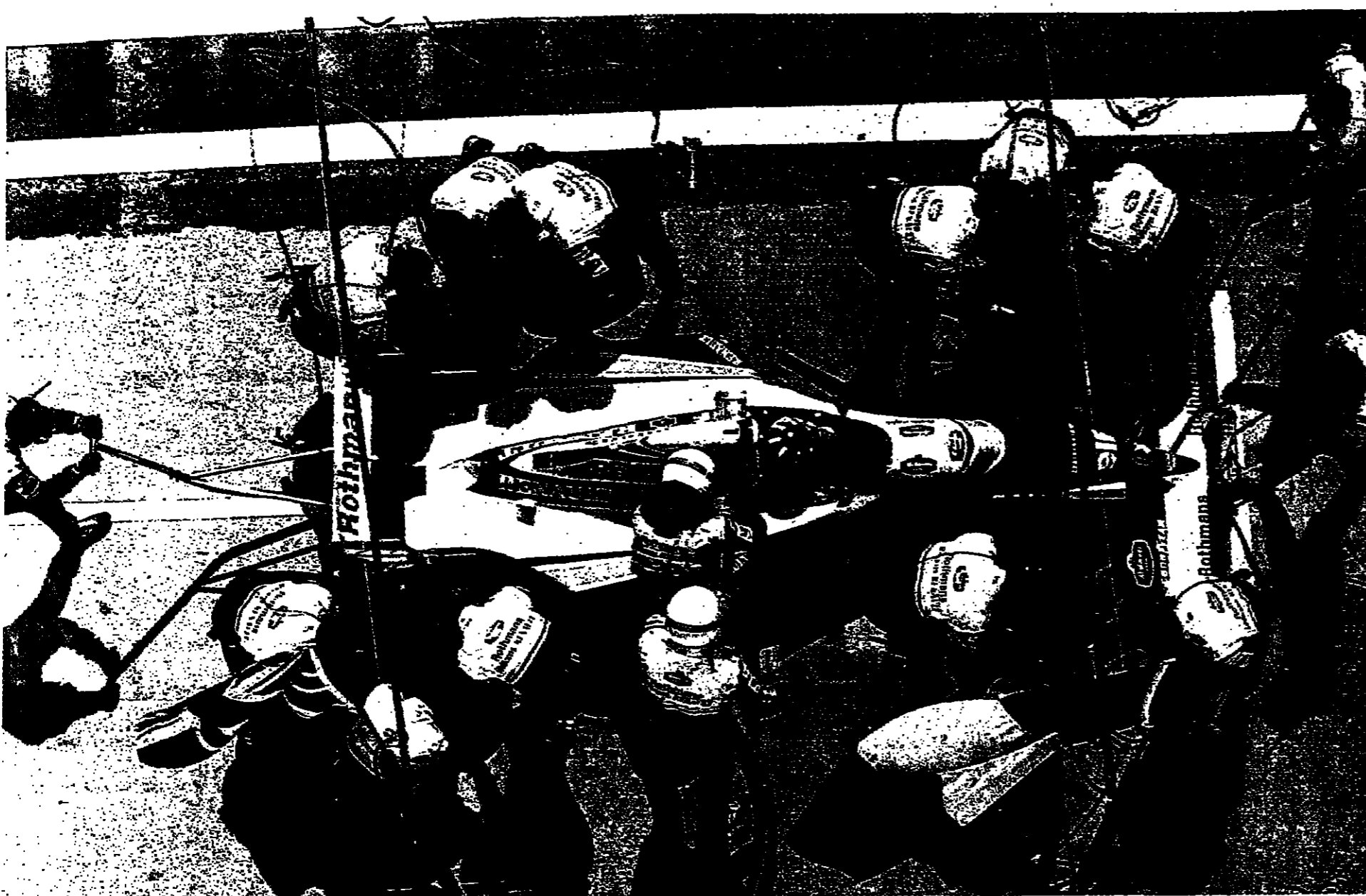
Victorian novel takes the narrative correspondence of the 18th century, invigorates it with extravagant gothic sensibility and then turns in on itself to despatch us from the front-line of the tortured soul. Two such works are currently playing in Birmingham: the proto-feminist *Tennant of Wildfell Hall* by Anne Brontë (1846); the "profound duplicity of life" in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (1886). Dr Jekyll has an insatiable curiosity to delve into the dark recesses of human nature. Brontë's heroine, Helen, is forced to flee the insatiable sexual appetites of a self-centred man. Together, we get a portrait of a male code of hypocrisy and moral torpor, which subjugates women to men's willfulness (aka Victorian values). Much is lost in translation. When dramatising novels for the public stage, a theatrical language ought to compensate for the loss of depth in

privately-read fiction. Lisa Evans' version of Brontë is dramatically inert. In filleting the dialogue, she also discards the skeleton of narrative tension and the guts of character motivation. David Edgar, on the other hand, has a go by interpolating sub-plots into Stevenson. But their psychological motivation is reductive: an oppressive, dead father, manifest in a Doran Gray-like portrait; a one-eyed sister who now lives in Dorsetshire; a maid innamoured by Hyde to whom Jekyll can confess all. They strip away the very subtleties and complexities - "the horror of my other self" - that makes Stevenson's story so integral to our collective psyche. Anne Brontë infiltrates our conscience. She hopes to "whisper a few wholesome truths" rather "than much soft nonsense". Helen's self-exile in a desolate manor on the edge of society, delights "tea-table" tattlers. She is presumed to have "seen life", to be a fallen woman with a past. She is condemned for the very thing a

knowing community admires in a man: the "need to experience life and danger in order to become a man of the world". Brontë is fulsome in her irony. She also dismisses the sentimental novel, the overblown gothic. Wildfell Hall is not haunted, just dilapidated. In Ruari Murchison's design, two huge oil paintings bookend the traverse stage of tarnished gilt-edged floor, a Regency *Jolie de vive gone to seed*. It is an intelligent *mise en scène* but director Gwenda Hughes fails to take the cue and the production plods along as a series of chapters rather than coherent gripping drama. Murchison also uses gull-edged theatricality in *Jekyll and Hyde*: a false proscenium arch glitters above footlights, behind which a bachelor drawing-rooms (there is a clever double-revolve). You anticipate a hard melodrama. Bill Alexander's restrained production does not have the courage of our convictions. While the 1991 RSC production of Edgar's previous *Jekyll and Hyde* curiously had two actors playing ego and alter-ego, David Schofield is now, properly, both: the diffident Edinburgh doctor transforms into a malevolent imp with Gorbals' glee. It is not as vivid a portrait as the frequent references to "penny dreadfuls" would insinuate, but it is a performance of much-needed charisma. Brontë's Helen is powerfully caught in a commanding performance by Janice McKenzie. Her voice broken by wear and tear, she provocatively espouses radical views on education, on raising children, on marriage. When she is on the verge of being raped by her husband, she protests with dignity: "You have no right" - he replies with a leer: "I have every right". That is the crux. The ideas are challenging, the stories so compelling, the plays so slow-witted - that you find yourself eager to re-read the novels. In failing to give a full-blooded response, theatre has, by default, reaffirmed the potency of literature. Simon Reade At the Birmingham Repertory Theatre and Studio until July 20 (0121 436-1525).

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPICE MARE ST. LONDON SE 16 4SA (Charity No. 213123) Since 1905 we have shared the grief and eased the pain of countless suffering souls. Last year alone 300 found peace with the help of your vital gifts. Most of them died of cancer - but so severely that you would hardly know. Your concern is as encouraging as your generosity and we thank you for your inspiring trust. Sister Superior.

SPORT



Damon Hill and his dedicated and talented team: few would argue that they do not deserve the championship

Motor Racing

Why Hill deserves to win

John Griffiths hopes that Ferrari will give the Williams team a run for its money - at last

On Wednesday I should have been sharing a lunchtime lettuce leaf and honest coffee with Michael Schumacher in London. Instead, our small but ridiculously fast reigning world champion was still in Italy, carrying out yet more last-minute testing before this weekend's British grand prix at Silverstone.

Desperation? Fury? Anguish? All spring to mind as likely descriptions for Schumacher's private state of mind, in spite of reassuring statements still made - through increasingly tight lips - in public.

For what can be said about one of the world's so-called foremost grand prix cars expiring, as it did last month, on the warm-up lap even before the French grand prix could start? Just one more "unexpected" failure to cap a string of component failures and other under-performances stretching back over this and other seasons - and thus far in 1996 rescued only spasmodically by the speed and dedication of the young German being paid \$25m as pilot.

It is now increasingly difficult to avoid asking if there has been any grand prix team which has managed to live so long on past glories and been indulged for so long by devoted supporters.

I suppose Team Lotus fitted the bill - but it was cash-starved to a degree incomprehensible to the over-populated

Ferrari corridors of Maranello, and has in any case paid the penalty in that it no longer exists. It is a great irony that, in the wake of the French grand prix debacle, it should be Jean Todt, Ferrari's immensely capable French team manager, who is pilloried by the Italian Press and offering to fall on his sword, and not the invisible legion of private agenda-setters at Ferrari and its parent Fiat.

When Gianni Agnelli, the former Fiat chairman and Luca di Montezemolo, the Ferrari boss, attend Silverstone in a public and typically political show of solidarity this weekend, it can only be with private misgivings. For Ferrari's grand

prix efforts are in danger of being seen as an allegory of Italy's motor industry.

For each failure there is an explanation. This time around, the problem turned out to be a batch of faulty pistons, a "one-off". And yet other "one-off" problems still occur, each with its identifiable cause, yet each successively putting a winning performance tantalisingly out of reach. Money is not a problem yet performances remain slightly wide of the mark and inconsistent.

Last week, testing at Monza, there was another engine and a drive-shaft failure. At the French grand prix, almost while Schumacher was wrenching back to the pits, the French

race barely five laps old, his team-mate Eddie Irvine was retiring with gearbox failure. In Canada, it was a broken driveshaft (Schumacher) and broken suspension (Irvine). The list goes on.

Only the most uncharitable would refuse to acknowledge that grand prix are desperately difficult to win; even more so to win consistently. Ask Renault. The full might of the *Régie* was brought to bear on winning the world championship in the 1970s and early 1980s, with only limited success.

The world has since moved on. Computer-aided design, engineering and manufacture, computational fluid dynamics

and a host of other enabling technologies, coupled with quality-enhancing work processes seeping in from Japan, have made motor racing components more reliable, even at the 16,000rpm or so at which a Formula One engine works.

Every team still has its failures. But in overall terms, given Ferrari's extraordinary heritage and status as an Italian automotive icon, current engineering performance is sadly lacking.

Never mind that it may have been an outside component maker's workmanship at fault; grand prix success now demands mastery not just of in-house design and engineering but the complete supply

chain and all its associated processes.

Big manufacturers such as Ford, Renault, Peugeot, Mercedes and, yes, Fiat, are in grand prix for the effect it should have on the marketing and promotion of the showroom models bought by millions. If this is the best that Ferrari can achieve what, consumers may well increasingly ask, does it say about the state of the rest of Italy's industrial culture?

In hiring Schumacher, and in spite of the anti-Todt tirades of the Italian Press and *l'Espresso*, Ferrari has time-limited its own credibility. This time around, the old Maranello adage that if Ferrari wins it is the car, and if it loses it is the driver, simply will not wash.

Today Schumacher, still trying manfully to inject some of his own cool sense of direction into the team, has a credibility greater than Ferrari's.

I have a hope. It is that this weekend, on the broad sweeps of Silverstone, Schumacher's Ferrari will hold together and give Damon Hill and his championship leading Rothmans-Williams-Renault the hardest race of his life - simply because grand prix needs the spectacle.

For Hill and the calm, dedicated and immensely talented engineers who comprise the Williams team, however, this year's world championship title is now clearly in sight.

Few would argue that they do not deserve it.

Songwriter sets a tragic Ferrari legend to music

Pop star Chris Rea is sipping coffee outside the Jordan Grand Prix motor home. The harsh wall of a V10 engine on bench-test almost drowns his words. "I'm obsessed by motor racing the way I am about music," explains Rea, as a few paddock autograph-hunters begin to gather.

The singer/songwriter has sold 20m albums worldwide and has a passion for Ferraris. He has spent more than £1m of his own money on producing a film *La Passione* featuring his music, the "shark-nose" Ferrari 156 of the late 1950s and the tragic story of German driver Count Wolfgang von Trips.

Much of the inspiration is autobiographical. Rea's father was Italian, owning a factory as an emigrant ice-cream maker in the north-east of England. One thing he took with him was a passion for Ferraris.

Chris Rea was seven when his family went to the French Grand Prix at Reims in 1958. Images of Mike Hawthorn winning in his Ferrari still fill Rea's memory. Von Trips came third. "This all resonates far, far deeper than simply cars going round a track. It's about romanticism, red cars and Italian families."

Three years later, Chris Rea was at home in Middlesbrough,

in front of a small television watching the Monaco grand prix. "It's such a vivid memory," he says. "One of the drivers was called Wolfgang von Trips. He seemed incredible to me. Looked like Darth Vader, lived in a castle, and drove a red Ferrari. What an image for a little boy to carry in his head."

Rea can still recall the sunny afternoon some months later when he learned of von Trips' death. The German count was about to confirm his victory in the 1961 world championship when he clipped Jim Clark's Lotus during the Italian grand prix. The Ferrari ploughed through the grandstand, killing

14 spectators, before throwing the driver from the cockpit.

As no examples of the "shark-nose" Ferrari have survived, Rea had to build his own replicas for the film. No technical drawings were available from Ferrari so the 156 was re-constructed from photographs. It represented about 2,000 hours in the workshop. Rea drove the replica once, at Goodwood, but says he was terrified of damaging it prior to filming.

He expects an autumn release for his film, which has found backing from Warner Bros.

Keith Wheatley

Golf Americans face the Lytham jinx

Derek Lawrenson looks at the Open Championship's odd statistics

Quite where the Open Championship stands in this so-called summer of sport clearly depends upon one's love or otherwise of the Royal and Ancient game. What is less open to dispute is its position as the season's great bargain.

Unlike Euro 96, no swathes of empty seats will greet the competitors because prices are too high; unlike Wimbledon, no ticket tout will make a fortune from desperate hobbyists.

The Open has never been all-ticket, which makes it unique among the biggest events in world sport. It does not need to be because it takes place over a vast acreage. How much spectators get to see of the players of their choice, of course, depends upon their eagerness to march over hill and down valley in pursuit. The opportunity is there.

Alternatively one can sit in one of the many grandstands and watch golf every day from 7.15am to approximately 8.30pm. At £22 for adults, £11 for senior citizens, and £6 for juniors, the Open represents marvellous value.

This year's venue is Royal Lytham and St Annes, which, apart from St Andrews, invariably attracts the largest crowds of the eight courses on the Open rota, partly due to its accessibility to both Scotland and England.

Lytham is the least scenic of all the Open venues, however. It does not possess the towering dunes of Birkdale, the sea views of Turnberry, or the architecture surrounding St Andrews.

What it does have are five finishing holes that test the nerve and skill of any player and, accordingly, it usually produces a worthy champion. Eight Opens have been held there and the winners include Bobby Jones, Gary Player, and, on two occasions, Severiano Ballesteros.

The Spaniard's career could almost be detailed by looking at his Open wins at Lytham. In 1979, he triumphed at the tender age of 21. In the last 36 holes he hit just two fairways yet, consumed by destiny, he escaped from some of the most perilous positions with barely a scratch.

In 1988 Ballesteros had seen enough of fortune's vicissitudes to be able to offer a proper assessment of a sublime last round of 65. "Only once, perhaps twice in a lifetime does a man get to play so well."

Now he returns at 39, a father of three, with the same frailties as everyone else. "Once I drove into the woods and, for my escape shot, I could see no trees," he says. "Now, I drive into the woods and I'm worried about whether my ball will hit this root or that branch."

Golf may be a game filled with infinite possibility but it would be nothing short of miraculous if Ballesteros were to triumph a third time at Lytham.

The course itself and the Opens that have been held there have led to a compendium of oddities. It is the only Open venue, for example, that begins with a par three, the only one with back-to-back par fives; the one time a left hander has won a major championship was at Lytham; and the list of winners does not include an American professional.

The last is the most remarkable statistic of all. To put it in perspective, each of the 15 Opens held between 1969 and 1983 was won by an American, apart from the three at Lytham.

Why? The Lytham professional, Eddie Birchenough, has his theory. "It has always been what I would term a fast-running course, much more than the other Open venues. The fairways are hard, which calls for a lot of imagination when playing shots to the greens. It is a form of golf which suits those who are used to it and the Americans are not."

Nevertheless, Birchenough believes the American left-hander Phil Mickelson has an excellent chance of ending this 70-year difficulty next week. This is because Lytham offers a considerable advantage to those who hit the ball, as he does, from left to right of the tee.

For the same reason he favours Colin Montgomerie "provided he can control himself as well as he controls a golf ball". Indeed, there is not much dispute that from tee to green Montgomerie is now the best player in the world.

But temperament and putting are essential to winning the Open, which perhaps explains why the volatile Montgomerie has a poor record in golf's main event, with three missed cuts and one top 10 finish in six showings.

This Open will see Jack Nicklaus extend his record of appearances in successive major championships to 139, dating back to 1963. Gary Player, the winner at Lytham in 1974 will be playing in his 42nd consecutive Open. By contrast, the Spaniard Sergio Garcia will be the youngest participant since Ronan Rafferty in 1980.

Nicklaus, incidentally, is 56, and Garcia is 16. Long and painful experience has taught me not to get into the business of tipping winners but I am happy to predict that the champion will be someone aged roughly halfway between the two.

Each Open held between 1969 and 1983 was won by an American, apart from the three at Lytham

What's on in the principal cities

- AMSTERDAM
- BERLIN
- BIRMINGHAM
- BOLOGNA
- BONN
- BREGENZ
- CAPE TOWN
- CHICAGO
- COLOGNE
- COPENHAGEN
- DUBLIN

Cricket

Howzzat? Well, rather loud, actually

Teresa McLean looks back on the history of over-appealing players

The Lord's Test match included some dull sessions in which the only vigorous element seemed to be the appealing. Dominic Cork has found enough descriptions of his exuberant manner of appealing to decide that it is worth exploiting.

If nothing else can attract attention, there is always the long and loud appeal, preferably when there is no cause to make one.

By the end of the Lord's Test, I was embarrassed on Cork's behalf because he was playing up to his "outrageous appealer" image so much. With the help of media voyeurism, cricket appeals have become a sport form with their own public interest, particularly if the bowler they accompany provides few other items of interest. But, to be fair, they have also been known as a way for "character players" and stars to make the most of their influence.

Dennis Lillee's cut-throat appeals in the 1970s were an example of this age-old practice. Back in the 1830s and 1840s, Alfred Myrn, the Lion of Kent, showed how much he despised the new law means of dismissing batsmen by declining to appeal for lbw, preferring to annihilate the stumps.

Every so often Myrn did feel tired enough to resort to lbw and then it took a brave umpire to refuse his appeals, not just because of his 18 stone bulk and the overpowering nature of his shouts, but also because of the respect, bordering on reverence, in which players and umpires held him.

For half a century, lbw made a fine show-ground for high-powered appeals in the Myrn mode. By the late 19th century, W.G. Grace had become famous for his appeals as well as his shots, in an age when it had become normal for almost all the fielders to appeal for caught behind.

The advice which John Lillywhite gave to wicket-keepers in 1886, one generation before Grace and his companions made appealing a co-operative enterprise, sounded like a voice from the romantic past.

"Do not ask the umpire unless you think the batsman is out; it is not cricket to keep asking the umpire questions." But it was already common practice in cricket, which meant that umpires wanted to stay in control of the game had to resist all sorts of pressure on as well as off the field.

The unusual thing about Grace's shamelessly aggressive appealing

was that it sometimes extended to appealing when he was batting. In 1875 he was clean bowled when batting for the Gentlemen against the Players at the Prince's ground, but appealed against the decision, first hopefully, then impudently, to both umpires, who refused to declare him not out, citing as evidence the balls and stumps lying on the grass.

Modern umpires of first-class cricket are unlikely to be faced with that level of personal pressure; not even Brian Lara, described to me by a West Indian cricket fan recently as "a god in the islands, playing in front of his worshippers", has yet been known to appeal against being bowled. But massed appealing is a common hazard of the contemporary game, not just in search of a caught-behind decision, as in days of old, but in search of any possible decision against the batsman.

After the second Test, Indian batsmen sharpened their batting against British Universities' bowling at Fenners and Indian fielders set about broadening their appeal, in all circumstances.

Wicket-keeper Nayan Mongia played a vital part in the lively leg-

spinner Narendra Hirwani's six-wicket haul when the Universities went out to bat. Robin Martin-Jenkins, one victim, took the attacking approach and was stumped by Mongia, with lightning speed and deafening but understandable appeals.

The Universities' captain, Russell Coker, Hirwani's first victim, had been well caught by Vikram Rathore, some distance away from Mongia but accompanied by his deafening, ill-placed appeals. Appeals in that game struck me as war-cries as much as requests.

This kind of contemporary appeal can now be held up for public analysis, through instant playbacks on giant screens, showing deliveries, shots, fielders' actions and umpires' decisions, although in this respect the modern age has so far left Fenners in peace.

The Test and County Cricket Board was proud to announce, however, that all five English Test grounds this year will be using these giant screens. Umpire Dickie Bird is one who has no doubt that umpires must welcome this and every other kind of modern mechanical equipment as means of vindicating their decisions, rather than fear them as means of casting

doubt. He confidently gave an example of a personal favourite.

"I like my light meters because they give visible support to an umpire's decision to come off, which is not usually popular with the crowd."

The problem now is knowing when umpires at well-equipped grounds cannot make a decision without the help of mechanical equipment, as with the run-out replay system on screen, and when they only need to call on that sort of help if they feel uncertain.

It would not be surprising if the next step is for umpires to have to look at replays before giving any decisions. One step makes the next. If decisions need replays first, then appeals too could be said to need replays first, to make sure they are worth making. That would use a fair amount of time.

Technology has an expert capacity for slowing down simple tasks. Watching the English and Indian teams alternating between choral and solo performances of pointless appeals reminds me of the usefulness of the fine for bowling too few overs in a day. Cricket being in many ways the primitive contest it is, it may take a half-empty pocket to keep players quiet.



I think that may be out, umpire: the appealing Dominic Cork

JAVIER 1350

Truth of the Matter / Hugh Dickinson

Why the time for rules is past

Listening to a good and high-minded man getting bogged down in public is always painful. All the more so when he is a friend and an archbishop. Perhaps it was not the shrewdest of moves to launch a moral crusade on the *Today* programme on BBC radio just a day after intervening, ineffectively, between two contentious clerics in Lincoln.

It seemed inexplicable for Dr George Carey, the archbishop of Canterbury, who really believes there are absolutes, not to be able to give a straight answer to the question "Do you think adultery is wrong?" Particularly when shortly afterwards he went on to re-promote the Ten Commandments.

Of course I can see why. The next question in line is: So what about Prince Charles, Your Grace? And the one after that: Could you crown him? (A lot of people would like to.)

But that vignette highlights the peculiar complexity of the debate about morality - and whatever may think of his contribution, I am

glad that the archbishop started the public debate again. But it is a morass. Yes, there was a time when the behavioural norms of a traditional Christian value system were widely accepted and enforced by social pressures to conform. How hypocritical was it? All that has gone. And for good. The central island of a community of shared values has been eroded by remorseless tides and winds and split up into atolls linked only by being outcrops from the same continental shelf. It is the moral equivalent of global warming.

Some of the tides and winds can be named. The moral consequences of Thatcherism and the market ideologies (the sanctification of greed) have still to be fully catalogued, but the erosion of a sense of

community responsibility is certainly one. Post-modernism has swept through colleges and universities and is well entrenched in the teaching profession. Absolutes are derided and all judgments relativised. Morals have effectively been privatised. Religious leaders seem not to have noticed. In England we are a post-Christian society, radically secularised.

There are many other faith communities in the UK and the traditional mainstream denominations of Christianity have a diminishing hold on the corporate conscience. Poverty and unemployment deprive swathes of our society of any investment in its stability. Insecure parenting is producing a generation of disturbed and unsocialised children. Schools and teachers are treated despicably and publicly rubbished. No wonder things fall apart. But, most interesting of all, people are beginning to think for themselves. That is radically subversive of any archiepiscopal moral crusade. Yes, people do want a moral lead, but it must be much more nuanced and reflective than the grand simplicities of a "return to traditional values".

I had a go at it myself recently. There's cheek it turns out to be much trickier than you might think. A colleague and I fell - as is the wont of clergy - to pondering the Ten Commandments. They contain profound ethical principles. But as they stand they do not and cannot serve the function for our society that they once held for a

tribe of nomads in the Middle East in 1200BC. Apart from anything else there are no sanctions to enforce them except episcopal or parliamentary exhortations. Neither carry much moral clout. Nor do claims for "Holy Scripture".

So we asked ourselves - suppose we were to write a new Ten Commandments for a school community. What would they be? Would they be different for a primary school from those offered to a university college? Or will one set serve for everyone? They need to be succinct and lapidary - not in the sense of rules graven in granite but sharp and pithy like Latin inscriptions. They must be norms which everyone of goodwill can own, atheist, agnostic, Jew, Muslim or Christian or new age gnostic. We bick-

ered amicably for 40 miles. These are some of the phrases we tried out:

- Be true to the truest light within you.
- Treat others as you would have them treat you.
- Be urgent for justice and fair play for others.
- Put the welfare of the community before your own; respect its rules and laws; work together to build it up.
- Protect the weak, succour the poor, respect the aged, welcome strangers, be compassionate to all.
- Treat life and time as precious gifts; strive to use all your gifts and talents to the utmost.
- Speak the truth, deal honestly, keep your word, be faithful to your friends and family.

□ The planet and all its creatures are your responsibility. Strive to make it beautiful, to protect its resources and leave it a better world.

□ Make peace, be willing to forgive, avoid violence.

□ Be generous with your time and love and wealth.

No doubt every reader could make improvements to what we agreed was a banal list. (Postcards welcome.) But we were also agreed that the time for rules is past. Rules simply do not work. There are times when adultery under the name of a second love, when a first love is dead, is a gift of new life and joy to barren hearts which no commandment, human or divine, should want to ban. I would like to know how that would stand up in a moral crusade.

I would be happy to nail it to my mast; but others will want to tear it down. But more urgently, what is the engine which could drive a moral renewal in a community which has lost the mainspring of a dynamic religious faith?



Mark Purdey: lanky, amiable and has his own theory about mad cow disease

He has been addressed as "doctor", even as "professor". The former public schoolboy whose rival explanation for Britain's mad cow epidemic has made him the *bête noire* of the Ministry of Agriculture is actually neither.

The farmer who left the herd

Private View

Christian Tyler meets a man who has locked horns with the Ministry of Agriculture over BSE

Mark Purdey is a lanky, amiable organic farmer. He lives with his second wife, Margaret, and their five young children in a small converted barn under an oak tree on the edge of Exmoor.

When he is not tending his herd of 40 Jersey cows on the 60-acre farm, or playing modern jazz on the saxophone, Purdey is upstairs reading scientific research papers and dealing with correspondence from all over the world.

He is a biochemist in wellies, largely self-taught. He is convinced that bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE) was caused not by a virus from cattle-feed made from offal and contaminated with scrapie, as the Ministry insists, but by an insecticide which farmers poured on their cows in high doses to eradicate warble fly.

The men from the ministry, who are up to their own necks in silage because of the British beef scare, have tried to brand Purdey a maverick, or worse. But foreign governments are now asking to see his work, and the signs are that support is growing for Purdey's hypothesis, among doctors, scientists - and farmers themselves.

If Purdey is "alternative", then he is using some very conventional weapons. His latest missile is a two-part article on the pathogenesis and epidemiology of BSE in a peer-reviewed medical journal.

Here is a sentence: "Multi-site binding organophosphate toxic metabolites penetrate the fetus, covalently binding with, phosphorylating and opening serine, tyrosine or histidine active sites on fetal central nervous system prion protein."

It becomes easier later on. But

you get the flavour.

Purdey rejects the "alternative" label but does not disguise his green creed. He remembers playing in the orchard behind his parents' house in Much Hadham, Hertfordshire, when a crop-spraying aircraft flew over. The birds began to die in convulsions. "That look in their eyes still really haunts me," he said. Later, Rachel Carson's book *Silent Spring* was a big influence.

His campaign began with a knock on the door in 1984, two years before BSE had been identified.

"The Ministry arrived one morning at breakfast time - a lovely autumn morning - and delivered this notice for me to forcibly treat my cows for warble fly. What got my back up was the assumption that I'd do it, use this extremely potent pesticide derived from a military nerve agent.

"Before that I'd been a sort of laid-back, idealistic organic farmer in my oasis of Somerset countryside just getting on with my life. Suddenly the conflict triggered off this campaigning spirit, this scientific quest, which until then I was largely unaware that I had."

Are you "alternative"? I asked.

"No, I don't think I am. I just live according to the way I spiritually believe in. We're self-sufficient in organic vegetables, which is unusual, but what's wrong with that?"

Is it an accident that you live near Glastonbury?

Purdey laughed uncomfortably. "No, that's not part of my vision at all. I'm just a normal person."

"People think I'm a wacky Green.

They'd be surprised to know how much antagonism I've had from Greens - possibly *agent provocateurs*." Vegetarians like the official theory because it blames animal cannibalism.

Whether Purdey is right or wrong - and laboratory tests he has financed may decide which in three months - the contest between the maverick and the ministry is an intriguing one.

Nor are military metaphors out of place. Mark Purdey is a great-grandson of the famous shoiguin maker William Purdey. His grandfather, Lionel, was a poultry farmer who introduced the Muscovy duck ("a useless creature") and suffered shell-shock in the first world war. He badgered Lord Kitchener to get the syndrome recognised.

After a "vicious" preparatory school, Mark Purdey was sent to the military-style Halesbury where he was shocked to see the school chaplain in the cadet force running around with rifle and bayonet shouting "kill, kill". He was asked to leave early after his A-levels in biology, geography and physics. "I was seen as a threat to the equilibrium of the school," he said. "I suppose I was a law unto myself. But I would like to think it was always affable."

Turning down a place at Exeter University, he swept floors to raise money for an organic farming community in the west of Ireland. When that fell through, he started buying and selling smallholdings.

The obstinate family streak had been a comfort, Purdey said, "when I was faced with letters from horri-

ble officials trying to make out that I'm totally up the pole."

His response to the ministry's 1984 order was to warn that the pesticide could damage proteins in the nervous system of the cow - and of the farmer. He took the government to the High Court, and won, "on a terminological loophole".

Purdey began haunting the university and public libraries, travelling through thousands of medical papers - he still does - reading about genetic brain diseases in places such as Guam and the highlands of New Guinea.

When BSE emerged he wrote to *Farmers' Weekly*. "Without wanting to appear to be a prophet, I did actually forewarn them. I was expecting it."

He accuses the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food (MAFF) of distorting his hypothesis, nit-picking half-truths, discrediting him with foreign scientists, even sponsoring letters from fictitious characters in the farming press.

Some of his suspicions have a tinge of paranoia: "Some odd things happened in the 1980s. Suspect people turned up. There were break-ins, odd disasters." His house was set on fire and an electrical fault blamed when there was no electricity on. When two important disks on his computer were corrupted - but only two - an electro-magnetic field was blamed.

"Clearly the scientists were not stupid," he said. "Sometimes on the phone they would show cryptically that they understood what I was getting at." He surmises they were

afraid to speak out for fear of losing their jobs, or promotions, or landing the government with enormous compensation claims.

They would argue, I said, that you were bound to blame the pesticide.

"You can go on discounting my observations and other people's on the grounds that I'm an organic crank-case. But there comes a time when you have to accept that what I'm talking about is direct observation."

As he talked a jet trainer exploded from behind the hill and screamed overhead. The children jumped.

How was he coping with the strain?

"I'm surprised by myself, really. I think once you believe in something, unless you have a lobotomy there is no going back."

Have you felt despair?

"I did for many years. I did feel extremely isolated and there were only a few landmarks, like a letter from a Japanese dean of a medical school agreeing with me."

Have you kept your equilibrium?

"Yeah, I think so. We occasionally have days off and go to the beach. Where things grate a bit is the phone incessantly ringing, and TV crews coming to film me. It gets a bit intrusive." The expression on the face of his wife Margaret, noisily chopping onions nearby, confirmed the truth of this remark.

Do you suffer from doubts?

"Any proper scientist has got to be self-doubting. Yeah, I do doubt myself. But I must say as my theory evolves it does seem to look stron-

ger. For example we have these 28,000 cows with BSE born after the ban on animal protein in feed."

We must assume the government is not wilfully trying to poison us all, I said. Perhaps your theory is compatible with theirs.

"Yes, you have a good point there. Where I can concede partly is that the organophosphate may have primed the disease by damaging this prion in the brain of the cow. You kill that cow and feed its brain back to the next generation and you have this undegradable mutant prion which could cross the gut wall and get back into the brain of the next."

The Portuguese government has

asked to see Purdey's findings. He has had calls from Germany and Denmark. At home, he has met government scientists privately, lectured to the Medical Research Council and talked to many local bodies.

Will it all end in tears?

"No, because doing this work I've found out some very interesting things." Purdey thinks that Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease (the rare human affliction which the government has linked to BSE) is not caused by eating beef but may be the result of similar overdoes or bio-accumulations of chemical in people who are genetically susceptible. The same may be true of Parkinson's, Alzheimer's, multiple sclerosis and motor neuron disease.

As I drove away from the lonely farm, I thought: just because society has rejected an idea as bad does not mean it is good. But just because a man likes organic vegetables and jazz does not mean he is wrong.

Medical Hypotheses (1996) vol 46, pp429-443, from Pearson Professional; tel 0131-535 1731.

Stand at the bar of an Italian café early on a weekday morning, and you might be in the middle of the most heavenly-smelling game of *Whar's My Line?* "Good morning, Engineer," booms the barman. "The usual *cappuccino*, Architect? *Bianca*, *donna*, *Salva*, *avvocato*." He continues to pay his tribute to all the smooth professionals around him in a roll-call of absurd, but rather charming, pomposity.

At least that is how it seems from a British perspective, where professional and academic status have not quite reached that level of self-importance.

Britons go to the other extreme. They must be the only people who admit sheepishly that, yes, they did spend three years of honest toil researching the use of prepositions in Norse mythology, and yes, they were fortunate enough to be awarded a doctorate - but they only ever use the title to get a decent table at a restaurant.

There is even that unwritten rule - that you only use the title of "Doctor" if you are a medical doc-

Knowing value when currency is debased

Peter Aspden

A currency is debased, just churn out some more notes, and we can all join in the fun.

Oxford academics have been upset for some time that society-at-large has failed to recognise their brilliance while less-gifted colleagues from Other Places have revelled in titles steeped in scholarly seriousness.

This from an institution which shells out MA degrees for a tanner if you have the patience to wait for 21 terms after beginning your undergraduate degree, and you have already graduated.

But I wonder if they have the right answer. You see, everyone knows that an MA degree from Oxford is worthless, and not a real post-graduate degree at all, as it is in other universities.

Everyone that matters, that is. Just as everyone that matters knows instantly the value of any degree or title. There are bad universities out there, and they have professors. They know who they are. So do a lot of other people.

Oxford is, by and large, a good university. But by playing the titles game, they are only impressing those who do not need to be impressed. Those who matter will soon learn to distinguish between the new type of professor - "titular" professors - and those who genuinely hold a chair. Just who are they trying to kid?

The whole affair was put into refreshing perspective by the visit of Nelson Mandela to Britain this week. So many universities insisted on conferring an honorary degree

on him that a special ceremony had to be arranged to enable him to receive them all.

Now if professorships are a joke, honorary degrees take us into the dreamscapes of the surreal. Nelson Mandela will be sharing this privilege with, among many even less worthy recipients: Richard Wilson, who was honoured for his portrayal of a misanthropic television character called Victor Meldrew; the former footballer Jack Charlton, who made a pun out of his doctorate in civil law by joking about kicking Denis Law; and Mark Knopfler, who has made millions from recycling goodish guitar solos and exotic headbands.

But we are not stupid. We know the difference between showbiz mediocrity and one of the outstanding heroes of the 20th century. No matter that they share the same title.

Mandela would probably prefer the sound of another academic accolade: that conferred by the students of Wadham College, Oxford, who continue to end all their discs by playing the anthem *Specialise* - "Free Nelson Mandela" as a tribute. A small honour for a great man, but I bet he wears it well.

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[Faded text from adjacent page, including "Last week's results" and "Current takeover"]

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Last week's preliminary results

Table with columns: Company, Sector, Year, Pre-tax profit (£000), Earnings per share (p), Dividend per share (p). Lists various companies like Adam & Harvey, Baxi, Baxi Group, etc.

Directors' share transactions in their own companies: July 1-5

Table with columns: Company, Director, Shares, Value, No. of directors. Lists transactions for companies like Baxi, Baxi Group, etc.

Results due next week

Table with columns: Company, Dividend, Amount, Date, Last year, This year. Lists companies like A&A Group, APTA Healthcare, etc.

Berkley Group

The sales were down given the recession but results announced during the week... The sales were down given the recession but results announced during the week...

In the Pink

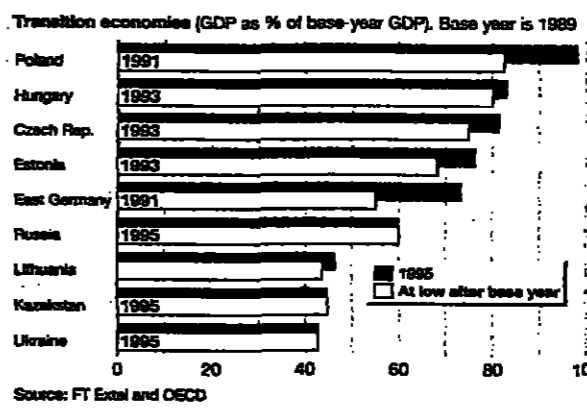
Countries caught up in a currency calamity

The experience of eastern bloc countries shows Emu's architects have designed a disaster, writes Brian Reading

Brian Reading is a director of Lombard Street Research

East German precedent is not encouraging

On July 2 the Financial Times published an article by Martin Wolf entitled "Way out of the wasteland". It argued that the faster a former communist country adapted to a market economy, the lower the immediate cost in lost output and the sooner and faster the subsequent recovery.



Source: FT and OECD

He was looking at Russia and based on analysis in the 1996 World Development Report, suggested that Poland or Hungary should be Russia's role model, rather than China or Chile. The two main ingredients for success were relative price stability and rapid liberalisation - exposing former controlled economies to world market competition.

output is still below the lowest level to which the Czech Republic's fell. East Germany has had more help than any other former communist country. Prices have risen, but not astronomically, and are now stable. It has experienced a greater degree of liberalisation and exposure to outside competition than any of the above, yet has been one of the worst performers, whereas the former Czech Republic, enjoying no such advantages, has been one of the best.

Poland was the star performer; its GDP fell by only 18 per cent by 1991 and will this year surpass its old level. Hungary and Estonia have also performed better than Russia, where GDP fell 40 per cent to 1995 and still shows few signs of recovering.

I have added the Czech Republic and former East Germany to Wolf's chart. Czech figures (combined with Slovakia to 1992) suggest a 35 per cent fall and subsequent recovery to 81 per cent of its former output. East German GDP fell by 45 per cent to 1991 (a larger fall than Russia's) and after five years of growth, which have been double the value of East German output.

East German workers were priced out of the markets to which they were exposed

Consider what the East German experience means for European monetary union (Emu) and the single currency. Countries that lock into the Euro in 1999 at over-valued rates are in for a rough time. They won't receive a fraction of the transfer payments spent to bail out East Germany. They will be saddled, as East Germany was, with onerous social commitments. Their economies will stagnate, putting remorseless upward pressure on their budget deficits, obliging them to respond with fiscal austerity.

Table with columns: Company, Dividend, Amount, Date, Last year, This year. Lists companies like Amicable Smaller, British Telecom, etc.

*Dividends are shown net of tax and are adjusted for any intervening split issues. Reports and accounts are not normally available until about six weeks after the board meeting to approve preliminary results. 1st quarter, 2nd quarter, 3rd quarter. † Yearly dividend.

Last week's interim results

Table with columns: Company, Sector, Year, Pre-tax profit (£000), Earnings per share (p), Dividend per share (p). Lists companies like Aberforth Smaller, Allen, BWD, etc.

(Figures in parentheses are for the corresponding period). Dividends are shown net of tax. Reports and accounts are not normally available until about six weeks after the board meeting to approve preliminary results. 1st quarter, 2nd quarter, 3rd quarter. † Yearly dividend.

Current share prices

Table with columns: Company, Price, Change. Lists companies like Autoguard Security, Cognition, etc.

Bids

Westminster Healthcare's £73.5m hostile bid for rival healthcare group Goldsbrough is too small to be a player in the sector in future. At the moment, the bid battle is too close to call. A small takeover bid took an unexpected twist this week when Lafarge, the French construction and materials group, was forced to raise its bid for Ennemont, a small UK quarry company, even though a lower offer from Lafarge had already been accepted by the target's management.

New issues No gateway to joy for Somerfield

Somerfield, the fifth biggest UK supermarket chain, has not had a happy trip to market so far, writes David Blackwell.

The prospectus, published on Thursday, set an indicative price range of 180p to 190p a share, but the bid for its flotation, valuing the company at £540m-£570m. However, the former Gateway has reserved the right to set a price outside this range, and few will be surprised if the final decision, to be taken on July 26, is at the bottom or below this range.

At least £300m of the proceeds will pass up to Isoceles, the former owner that acquired the chain when it was known as Gateway in a disastrous £2.1bn leveraged buy-out in 1989. Somerfield Holdings, the holding company, is selling all its 800m shares, with 60m shares on offer to retail investors. The management's talks with institutions started in earnest yesterday. Some institutions indicated earlier in the week that they would be reluctant to take the stock unless it was very competitively priced. Last year's low tax charge of 23 per cent left earnings per share at 22.3p, giving a historic p/e of 8.1 to 8.5 times on the indicative range. This is low, but going forward the tax charge will rise to about 28 per cent. Investors will be buying into a chain of 609 stores with a market share of 5.3 per cent, flat sales of £3.16bn, net debt of £135m and interest cover of 7 times. David Simons, chief executive, and his team have succeeded in turning the group round, but how far the recovery can continue is open to question.

Advertisement for Woolwich Guernsey. Features the headline 'Tiers of joy.' and a table of Current Interest Rates. The table shows rates for various balance ranges from £500 to £250,000+. Below the table is a form for requesting more information, including fields for name, address, postcode, and country.

Weekend Investor

Wall Street

Stand by to raise the storm barriers

Maggie Urry wonders if Hurricane Bertha heralds a crash in the US market

Buy on the dips

One-day falls of more than 2% since Oct 1990

Date	Points	Fall %	Points change	Number of sessions to recover
Mar 19 1991	4918.23	-2.34	-115.86	1
Aug 19 1991	65.99	-2.36	+15.86	2
Nov 11 1991	4537.28	-2.38	-106.20	1
Feb 16 1993	82.94	-2.44	+2.70	10
Apr 2 1993	89.25	-2.00	+7.31	10
Feb 4 1994	98.24	-2.43	+34.90	250
Nov 22 1994	77.24	-3.41	-3.26	1
Mar 8 1996	171.24	-3.00	+110.55	8
Jul 5 1996	173.88	-2.37	-37.34	1

Dow Jones Industrial Average

Source: FT Data

As Hurricane Bertha headed for the coast of the Carolinas yesterday, investors were revived of the hurricane-force winds that swept southern England in October 1997. That storm presaged the Black Monday crash, when world stock markets tumbled. Does Bertha herald a crash in the US market?

Certainly the market has been shaky. Since last Friday's near 115 point fall in the Dow Jones Industrial Average prices have been volatile. Thursday was a bad day with the Dow down more than 130 points, before rallying to close down more than 80 points.

The question facing investors is whether to sell because a correction or even a bear market is starting, or should they view the market's weakness as a buying opportunity. If there is one thing investors have learnt in the bull market of the last six years, it is that "buying the dips" pays off.

As the table shows, on virtually every occasion when the Dow has fallen by 2 per cent or more in a single day the market has risen the following trading day. The exceptions were in November 1994 when the Dow fell slightly in next session, and this time round.

On Monday this week, after a weekend when investors could consider what to do, the buy-on-the-dips mentality failed, and the Dow dropped a further 37 points. Rallies lifted the market on Tuesday and Wednesday, and took the market off its lows on Thursday. Yesterday morning, stock prices seemed uncertain which way to go.

Philip Brown, chief investment officer at Meridian Investment Company, still believes in being fully invested. He, like many investment managers, does not think it is possible to time the market. When cash comes into his funds he invests straight away. "You're better off putting it all in as soon as you get it," he argues, though he says his portfolios are taking a fairly defensive stance at present.

If you look back at the whole of the 1980s, he says, and the hundreds of days the market was open, most of the market's good performance was concentrated on a few dozen days. Missing those vital good - but unpredictable - days would ruin a fund's performance.

Looking at the table again, most 2 per cent falls are

reversed relatively quickly, with the Dow regaining its pre-fall closing level within a couple of dozen trading sessions. The exception to that was in 1994, when the Federal Reserve's move to raise interest rates in February, and keep increasing them that year, kept the market under a cloud for a long time.

That background might be repeated this time. An expectation of a tightening in the Fed's interest rate policy is one of the problems the market is having to contend with now.

The outlook for interest rates is but one of the market's concerns now, though. Michael Metz, strategist at Oppenheimer, thinks the bull market is over for now. He says the four main forces behind the market's rise have all reversed.

Inflation was going down; now there are fears it will go up, although there is little sign of that in the press statistics yet. Interest rates were falling; now they look like rising.

Third, corporate profits were racing ahead; now earnings growth is much slower. There have been some nasty disappointments this week from leading companies like Hewlett-Packard, Motorola and United Healthcare.

The concern is that reports of poor earnings in the second quarter - when, after all, the economy was growing at an unsustainable rate - are unlikely to be a one-quarter wonder. Hewlett-Packard's profit warning, which triggered Thursday's fall, was worrying.

It said it was having difficulties across most product lines and in most geographical areas. And it decided to close

its disk drive business.

The fourth of Metz's concerns is that the huge flows of money into mutual funds are drying up.

On Wednesday, the Investment Company Institute, the association of US mutual funds, published its estimate of fund flows in June. The figures suggested that the sort of investors who buy mutual funds are becoming a little nervous of the market, as the rate of new cash flows into equity funds dropped in June to the lowest monthly level this year.

Having said that, money was flowing into the funds at a phenomenal rate of \$15.5bn in June, and so far this year \$139bn has been invested in the stock market by these investors, more than the record annual total of \$130bn in 1993.

Fidelity Investments, the largest mutual fund manager in the US, said it saw definite signs of slowing sales in June. It took in around \$50m of new money to its equity funds that month, down from more than \$2bn in May.

Fidelity reckons investors are adopting a more cautious, wait and see attitude, and notes much of the equity money is directed to international funds rather than US equity funds. It looks like the market will be buffeted by some strong winds before this storm blows out.

Dow Jones Ind Average

Monday	5,550.83	-37.31
Tuesday	5,581.86	+31.03
Wednesday	5,603.55	+21.79
Thursday	5,520.54	-83.11
Friday		

London

Bearing out the bearish overview

Europe is blasé about the Dow, writes Philip Coggan

Overvalued, overbought and overdue for a correction? That is the view of many people over in the UK about the US stock market and events this week seemed to bear out the bearish view.

Even officials in the UK Treasury are expressing concern about the heights which Wall Street has reached, muttering that patterns are as disturbing as they were before the crash of 1929.

The latest decline on Wall Street followed bad profits news from Hewlett-Packard and Motorola which worried investors about the outlook for the corporate sector.

Earnings growth has been a powerful motor behind the rise in the Dow Jones Industrial Average to repeated all-time highs. If earnings growth slows and, as expected, the Federal Reserve acts to increase interest rates, what will there be left to support the US market?

The Dow's 83 point fall on Thursday, which at one point

was as much as 130 points, followed a near 115 point decline the previous Friday.

Wall Street has experienced a few sharp drops in the Dow this year but on each occasion, share prices have steadied and rallied. As a result, European markets have become increasingly blasé about the Dow's gyrations. This is especially true, given that the latest problems occurred in the technology sector, an area which is much more important in the US than in Europe.

The UK, in particular, has lagged well behind the US market in recent years; as the graph shows, the Dow has outpaced the FT-SE 100 by nearly 36 per cent since the start of 1994. Traders can reasonably argue that, if London did not follow New York on the way up, why should it track it blindly on the way down?

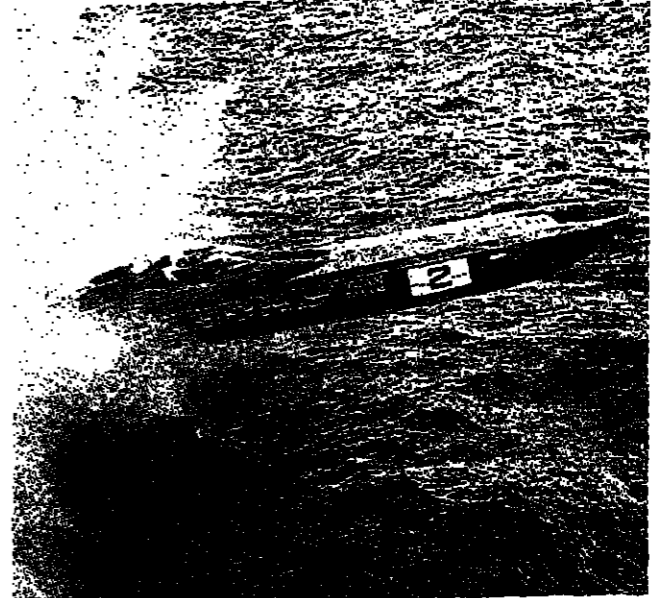
Nevertheless, a substantial fall in the Dow - which has not experienced a 10 per cent correction for six years -

would be hard for London to escape.

The US is an important source of liquidity for other markets, and if US investors decide to switch into cash, they are just as likely to sell European equities as their domestic market.

The ripple effect can be seen on stocks which tend to be internationally traded as part of a global sector. A good example would be mobile telecommunications; the fall in Motorola affected European stocks such as Nokia, Ericsson and, in the UK, Vodafone and Orange. Shares in Orange have now dropped well below its flotation price; some unkind stock market wags are now suggesting the stock should be renamed "lemon".

Another sector to suffer is biotechnology. The phenomenal rise of British Biotech in particular has been noted in this column before, but investors who bought at the recent peak of £35 will know to their horror that the shares had



Earnings growth has powered the rise in the Dow

slipped to £20.50 by lunchtime yesterday. When stock markets correct, the shares with the most extravagant valuations often suffer most.

The Wall Street decline still failed to knock Footsie out of its recent trading range of 3,650-3,850, which has held throughout 1996.

What has been noticeable in recent weeks, however, is that smaller company shares have lost some of their shine. The Mid-Cap index peaked at 4,568.6 in April and had dropped 4.9 per cent by July 11; the Small-Cap index hit its peak of 2,244.36 in June and had lost 3.8 per cent by Thursday.

There is no obvious reason for this decline. But surveys have indicated that UK investment institutions are reducing their weightings in UK equities and it may well be that they are selling some of their smaller holdings and concentrating their investments in the more liquid Footsie stocks.

International events seem likely to dominate the London market for the foreseeable future. The last meeting between Kenneth Clarke, the chancellor and Eddie George, the governor of the Bank of England, seems to have decided to leave interest rates unchanged; the results season goes quiet over the summer; and parliament shuts down, so political worries can be temporarily put to one side.

However, the summer lull can occasionally be dangerous. When trading volumes are low, marketmakers tend to take fright at a shift in any direction, and mark their prices sharply higher or lower in consequence.

Takeovers would, of course, enliven the market but the bandwagon appears to be slowing. Last weekend briefly promised a revival when the Sunday press published a leaked report suggesting that Guinness was set to bid for Grand Metropolitan.

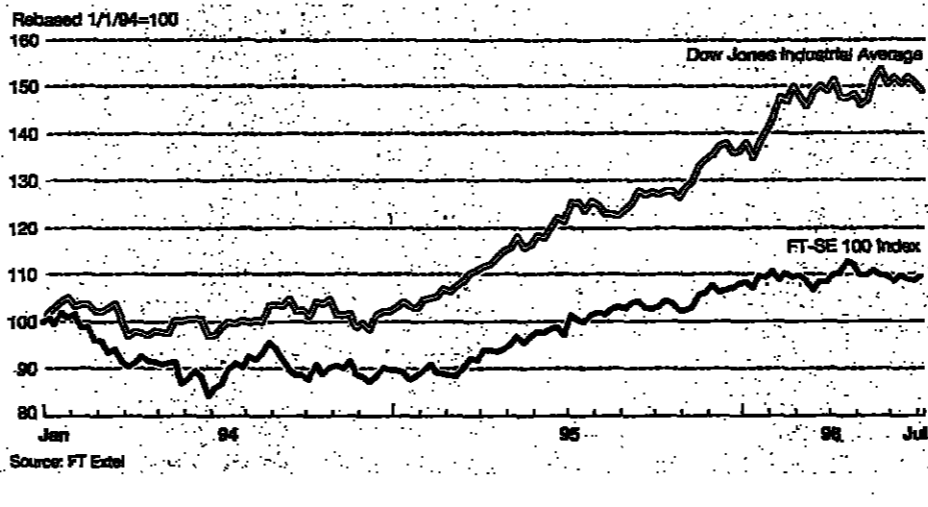
Alas for the speculators, Guinness was quick to announce that it would not be bidding, or demurring another option suggested by the report.

Merchant banks are always brainstorming for their clients and ambitious managements often wonder whether they can make a big acquisition to revolutionise their business. There is a long history of "takeovers that never happened" such as Hanson and ICI or Saatchi & Saatchi and Midland Bank.

This particular takeover cycle has seen relatively few of the kind of aggressively leveraged deals that characterised the mid-1980s. Most deals, notably Glaxo-Wellcome and the utility sector bids, have involved industry restructuring. The nearest thing to a 1980s-style battle was the Granada bid for Forté, but that does not seem to have set a trend.

With the general election getting closer (some commentators still suspect that the government might opt for an autumn poll), predators are running out of time before the likely election of a Labour government, which seems set to look far less favourably on takeover activity. So if your broker calls you with yet another takeover tip, it might just pay to be sceptical.

Does Footsie really follow Wall Street?



Highlights of the week

Instrument	Price	Change	52 week High	52 week Low	Notes
FT-SE 100 Index	3726.3	-14.9	3867.1	3400.4	Fall-out from Wall Street
FT-SE Mid 250 Index	3216.5	-20.7	4025.0	3008.7	Fall-out from Wall Street
BTG	1770	-145	1990	275	Profit-taking
British Gas	199	-9	227	171%	SGSIT turns buyer
BSkyB	472	+25	484%	311	Kirch group wants stake
BT	391%	+11%	415%	326%	US buying
First Choice		-14	100%	55	Disappointing summer sales
GN	1043	-48	1044	673	Merrill Lynch positive
ICI	630	-36	770	556%	Disappointing results
ICI	602	+25	959	725	Market reassessment
ICI	602	+25	959	725	Market reassessment
Matthew Clark	654	-20	800	590	Disappointing results
Scottish & Newcastle	654	-15	700	578	Fears over wholesale beer merging
Stanley Leisure	473	-29	509	314	Comment on results/exposition plans
Tornires	283	+15	294%	232%	Trading update

Barry Riley

Property boom in Westminster

Hints of the old boom-bust cycle are hardly encouraging

Summer economic forecasts ought to be, well, summery and the Treasury's duty obliged this week to accelerate from 2% to 3% per cent over the next year, underlying inflation (now 2.8 per cent) will fall to 2% per cent by next year and stabilise, the balance of payments deficit will remain trivial and meanwhile consumers will enjoy their biggest spending boom since 1988, with growth of more than 4 per cent.

Whoever would have thought there was an election coming next spring? The chancellor, Kenneth Clarke's biggest problem could be that it will turn out to be more of a post-election than a pre-election boom, with some big building society flotations threatening to make consumers more than £10bn richer some time in 1997.

Any clouds on the horizon? Well, the government is borrowing massively to help finance all this consumer-led growth. Gross general government debt - the Maastricht measure - is rising by £20bn a year and is currently shooting through the £400bn level. You and me, and all British citizens, are carrying a personal mortgage of upwards of £7,000. But don't worry, the budget deficit will soon be coming down, at least if people pay their taxes according to expectations,

although sadly they have not been doing so in the recent past. A Treasury inquiry into the weakness of VAT receipts has only been able to come up with the conclusion that it is "surprising".

There are a few sceptics around. Some of them are to be found at the Bank of England. One of this year's most often-quoted observations is the sting in the tail of the Bank's *Inflation Report* in May: "It was precisely at this juncture... that policy mistakes tended to be made in the past."

At any rate, Members of Parliament celebrated the victory over inflation this week by voting themselves a pay increase of 26 per cent. That will cost even more than it seems, because MPs' pensions will have to be expensively updated in respect of past service. They are riding the public purse in just the same way that fat cat directors are dipping heavily into the surpluses of their company pension schemes.

The juncture the Bank was referring to, by the way, was the point in the economic cycle when weakness in some sectors masks the emergence of buoyancy elsewhere. Recently manufacturing output has been hesitant and has offset above-trend growth in services. The temptation in the past has been to over-egg the upturn in these circumstances, piling new demand into an already buoyant economy.

The impetus from the yawning budget deficit - signified by the unwise tax giveaways of last November - is now being reinforced by cuts in interest rates. Another quarter-point reduction in base rates to 5% per cent is not far away. This is in spite of broad money growth of 10 per cent, and acceleration to 7.3 in the growth of narrow money. No, the Treasury's preferred measure. "There may have been a structural change in M0's velocity trend relative to GDP" is the Treasury's only response. No, I don't really understand what it means, either, except that it is intended to leave an open window for the chancellor.

Yet although the economy may surge inflation, in general, will not be a problem in the near term. Sterling's strength this year and the benefits of productivity gains as output recovers will keep retail price inflation down. But earnings inflation will pick up quite sharply over the next year - if not quite to Westminster levels.

The most obvious danger sign in the near future is going to be the emergence of a property price boom. This week the London Evening Standard got hold of some crude data from the Halifax Building Society which appeared to show that the average London house price went up 20 per cent between December and June. Curiously, the biggest increases recently have been seen in Westminster. Presumably those MPs can afford bigger mortgages now.

Even after "mix adjustment" and other refinements the increase across London as a whole was more than 8 per cent in six months. The Standard enthused that the figures were the "best for many years", underlining the populist appeal of the old 1980s get-rich-quick culture.

Remember that prices in London tend to lead values up nationally, and that house price inflation is itself a lead indicator of general inflation. In 1986 general inflation dipped temporarily to 2.4 per cent, but house prices were rising at 16 per cent a year nationally and more like 24 per cent in London.

These hints of the bad old boom-bust cycle are unlikely to encourage ambitious long-term planning by British industry. The Treasury finds it disappointing that business investment has not risen as a share of GDP even though the economy is four years into an upturn and non-Norfolk profitability is as high as at any time in the past decade. But the last capital investment boom of the late 1980s left many companies dangerously overextended as the economy dried. Today's corporate chiefs are not going to be very impressed by Kenneth Clarke doing a Reggie Maundling impersonation.

It does not have to be like this. That old Wall Street "Doctor Doom" Henry Kaufman this week painted his own uncharacteristically sunny picture of the US economy, with surging investment, high profits, manufacturing capacity rising at 4.5 per cent a year, low unemployment and the smallest budget deficit of any leading industrial country. Unfortunately, things are going so well that bond yields are going up, and the Dow Jones keeps suffering panicky 100-point falls. In the stock market boom can quickly turn to gloom.

But in macroeconomic management the Americans are right back on top. The UK Treasury's mandarins should humbly take note, and meanwhile, despite the season, they should grab a warm jumper.

British citizens are carrying a personal mortgage of upwards of £7,000

Offshore managed funds and UK managed funds are listed in Section One

International Trade Finance

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